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THOUGHTS CURRENT

BY ERNEST M. HOPKINS

TRAVELING in Europe last year, I had some unusual opportunities to learn about the grave changes in the fate of nations made by the rival philosophies of Communism and Fascism, and to reflect upon these. I saw Fascism at work in Italy, and I met friends who had been intimately in touch with affairs respectively in Russia and in Germany. The testimony was unanimous, and the evidence supporting this was indisputable, that the character of great peoples was altering and that fate, ever dependent upon character, was altering with it. Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin were guiding their nations to new and strange ideals and aims. Those aims and those ideals I abhorred, but I could not be indifferent to many phases of the spirit engendered by the austere and determined purpose which offered no bribe or bounty but demanded that men and women do something held up to them as duty, cost what it might in suffering, poverty, and death.

The aims to be reached seemed to me sinister, the very negation of that freedom which develops young men and

women intellectually and morally. But here, at least, the people were not told that material comfort was their right, that whether they sought work or not a comfortable living must be provided for them; and, more than all, they were learning to know that life held a purpose for them ampler and less selfish than their own individual salvation.

When I came home, how different was the scene! Here was the country dedicated by our fathers to the ideal of a commonwealth wherein the purpose of government was that opportunity should be open to all; where the age-long barriers between class and class should be no longer insurmountable; where men must work for their reward, and when work was done that reward should not be withheld; where self-respect carried with it the respect of the community; where it was a common obligation, not to be shifted to town or county or state, for a man to help his own, up to the very limit of his capacity.

Here in America it is doubtless true that the aftermath of war and the natural forces of 1920-1930 have helped to

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weaken the American spirit, but it appalled me to see the artificial political forces of the Roosevelt régime devoted to breaking down and making soft the whole structure of life among us, not only in its physical but in its mental and spiritual aspects. It seemed to me that all the forces of democracy dedicated from the foundation of the Republic to hardening the self-reliance and personal responsibility of every citizen were now being utilized to belittle and undermine the very qualities of individualism which made this country strong and through which its future lay. It seemed to me that a premium was being put upon class warfare rather than upon coöperation. In short, I had the acute sensation that instead of returning to the Land of Promise, which I had always considered the United States to be, I was returning to a land where erratic and ill-considered experiment was being substituted for anything like rational progress, to a land where for the first time the qualities which had made the country great were being abandoned and even held up to contempt as compared with new qualities, qualities whose validity had never been proved in any group, not even those centring in Moscow, Berlin, or Rome.

I am not saying that we are on the road either to Fascism or to Communism. I do say that we are abandoning the spiritual heritage of America, and as I think of these things I am tempted to bitterness. But I keep clearly in mind that the deeds and policies of the last four years are not all evil. I remember the gallantry and confidence with which the President took the helm at the height of the storm. I remember the determination with which through the Hundred Days he steered the ship.

But I think, too, of the New Deal. The New Deal is misnamed. It is, in truth, a New Game, the objectives of

which are vaguely defined and the rules wholly indeterminate. What its exponents purport to ask from us is something quite different from what they are likely to demand, if future practice is to be judged by past performance. Ever on their lips is the preservation of American institutions. They profess themselves desirous merely of modifying them. But it is simply a matter of record that the Administration has ignored most of the philosophic concepts on which our government was founded. It has been bitterly critical of any restraint upon measures which would in effect be the permanent abandonment of Americanism. The great question before our people is whether the nation shall still hold to the tried and proved principles of our history or whether it shall abandon them for new theories and practices of government the merits of which are wholly problematical.

It is not necessary to impugn the motives of the leaders who are dominating the government at the present time to question their wisdom. There is little point in arguing about their sincerity, although I, for one, do not doubt it. What is all-important is that there shall be presented to the American people a true diagnosis of the ills which affect them, and that they shall be given an understanding of the extent to which these ills are organic, or, on the other hand, incident to the supposedly curative treatment which is being administered to them.

II

As I write, I am thinking of the young men and women, educating themselves for life. In an American college, the measure of its accomplishment is not the improvement of a student body between matriculation and graduation. It is the extent to which that improvement is greater

than it would have been had it been developed under other circumstances at that stage of life. In somewhat the same way, the national Administration is entitled to credit for improvement of national conditions only as that improvement has been greater under its management of affairs than it would have been if that management had not been undertaken. Materially, we are better off than we were four years ago. That I grant. I do not grant that this improvement is greater than it would have been without the ministration of infinite government bureaus. But, absolutely regardless of this, it still remains a fact that the gain has been secured at a costly price. It has been purchased by the sacrifice of moral and spiritual values, for it has engendered a well-nigh universal spirit of covetousness.

One of the most sapient aphorisms of which I know is that it takes a tragic amount of time on the part of the wise to correct the mistakes of the merely good. The misfortunes of the present day may easily become catastrophes if the process is continued of dissipating our inheritances of courage, initiative, fortitude, and aspiration. Under the impulses of these qualities a struggling people organized the government and overcame great difficulties to set up the principle that every man is entitled to an equal opportunity. To argue that this ideal has not been fully attained is not to demonstrate that it has not been more fully attained in America than anywhere else in the world.

When, before the New Deal came to America, has it been assumed that no distinction should be drawn between men of varying capacities who strive to make use of America's opportunities? With the record behind us of accomplishment greater in magnitude than the world has ever known in the same brief span of years, we are asked to believe our slowly evolving form of

government a failure and to credit the absurdity that the welfare of the population at large is something other than the sum total of the welfare of the individuals which compose it.

I suppose that it is always an inevitable instinct of the reformer to disregard experience in order that he may be free for complete experimentation, but this is an unsafe claim to grant in political affairs. A story told by Graham Wallas in his Dartmouth lectures some years ago bears definitely upon the matter of accepting new hypotheses of life formulated from the data of half-truths. He said that in the middle of the last century, when Baron Justus von Liebig was one of the foremost chemists in the world and the outstanding authority upon food values, the Baron devised a model diet. At that same time there was a distinguished chef of the Reform Club, the descendant of a line of chefs through several generations. Mr. Wallas said that he had been at great pains to compare the menus of meals of the Reform Club, distinguished for their palatability, with the lists prescribed by Baron von Liebig. From a comparison of these Mr. Wallas stated it was perfectly clear, in the light of present-day knowledge, that one who held to Baron von Liebig's diet long enough would not only have sacrificed all enjoyment in eating but would likewise eventually have grievously impaired his health, while one who ate constantly at the Reform Club would have sacrificed neither health nor appetite.

So far as they went, Baron von Liebig's deductions were scientifically accurate, but there was no allowance in them for such intangibles as were later to be found in the properties of calories and vitamins. On the other hand, the Reform Club chef, who had inherited an art perfected by trial and error through generations of his an-

cestors, offered a perfectly balanced diet.

In some analogous manner, it may well be that a government committing itself exclusively to a new form of political action and social organization may in later days be found to have ignored the intangibles essential to social health. The hazard is great: instead of preserving social health it may prove to have induced social scurvy and spiritual death.

And the analogy suggests more than this to many of us who have been eager for reforms in our social and political life. A man may be such a glutton for nourishment that his body will reject all that it has tried to absorb. Think of our experiment with Prohibition. When the body politic bolts its measures of social advance too rapidly and in too indigestible a form, the unassimilated mass regurgitates and the patient thinks with nausea of all that he has attempted to swallow.

I do not doubt the idealism or the worthy purpose that has actuated the Administration in much that it has undertaken. Some positive performance was imperative. But I do believe that a plethora of unrelated measures hazily conceived, inadequately organized, and hastily put into effect *without any competent personnel to develop them*, is working to the detriment of the very purposes for fulfillment of which they have presumably been undertaken.

III

The nature of man is whatever it is. It is no fair criticism of what has been done to argue that political expediency might have been disregarded by the Administration in its attempt to secure authority for measures conceived with high moral intent. Nevertheless, I shrink from believing that politics has had to be so completely practical as it has been made. The blight of Farleyism

is on the land. For political expediency, Civil Service has been undermined. For political expediency, it is suddenly and violently stabilized. Political assistance has been required from the beneficiaries of public bounty. Vast sums in public works have been strategically spent for political advantage. Everywhere manifestations of practicality dissipate the aura of idealism which many of the Administration supporters attempt to exhale.

I am very doubtful of how much the consciousness of the President is alive to the significance of some of these matters. In the very nature of things the Chief Executive is surrounded by a neutralizing zone, in his advisers, which prevents such situations being allowed to become known to him, except as definite attempt is made to have counselors who will be real informants. Such attempt, certainly, the President does not appear to have made. His responsibility for conditions, therefore, is but little less than it would be if such conditions existed with his knowledge and approval. His artistry in the use of language is so effective and his dramatic genius for emphasizing promises rather than records is so great that it is difficult, in the face of one's desire to be fair to him, to be fair to the public whose minister he is. Nevertheless, admiration for his personal qualities and belief in his individual integrity do not justify us in judging him apart from the government which he has set up.

Madison, in the fifty-first paper of the *Federalist*, said: 'In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself. A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control on the government; but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary

precautions.' My reluctant loss of faith in the New Deal is based largely on my conviction that it has taken none of these auxiliary precautions and that it has made no attempt to control itself. If these things be true, our Ship of State is on an uncharted course, where the elementary precautions of a survey have been forgone and where the gambler's chance has been accepted of a speedy passage to a given haven or of shipwreck upon an unmarked reef. However one figures the odds, the hazard is not justified.

What, meanwhile, of the organization of society in the promised land, if it be reached? It is to be unlike anything our people have ever known or desired. I question if they wish it now. Initiative, courage, hardihood, frugality, and aspiration for self-betterment are to be penalized, and the fruits of these are to be taken from those who have undergone self-sacrifice to attain them and bestowed upon those who have never developed the qualities to possess themselves of rewards. Humanitarianism is to be reduced to the economic code of a managed society. The necessity for struggle, by which men have developed strength, and the discipline of hardship, through which they have achieved greatness of mind and heart and soul, are to be replaced by a specious security.

I say 'specious' because in the very nature of the system there must be attrition of the qualities which afford means to establish security. Thus security itself must eventually be made impossible. How can we escape the conclusion that society, for whose material welfare the Administration is so solicitous, instead of being graded up to a higher level of intelligence, culture, and achievement, is being graded down? And the level to which it is being *degraded* is the lower standard of men little competent to understand what constitutes the goodness upon

which humanity must depend for social advance.

I would not be understood as arguing that society must not assume responsibility for its natural dependents or that concern should not be felt for and necessary help offered to its underprivileged members. Neither would I attach blame to the Administration for the gradual disappearance of qualities of resourcefulness among an increasing number of our population in recent years for which the sordid materialism of public thought in the past has been responsible. What I would assert is that, under the New Deal, dependency is being encouraged to the point where it is rapidly and needlessly increasing, that the least desirable tendencies of a materialistic age are being accentuated rather than diminished, and that by the exclusiveness of solicitude for the incapable at the expense of the capable we are inducing a deterioration in our national character to a point little short of self-destruction.

Particularly, I resent the extent to which the New Deal has felt obliged to go in soliciting support for its programme by reiteration to the public, and particularly to youth, of the misfortunes to which they are pictured as being subject. We are being made a people sorrowing in self-pity for ourselves. If enough people tell a man that he looks ill, he begins to feel his own unhappy symptoms. The influence of suggestion is one of the most powerful forces in the world, and one of the greatest misfortunes of the present day is the effect upon our people of having had sympathy forced upon them for conditions the correction of which demanded but the exercise of due measures of intelligence and courage.

The foundations of American society were laid by men who endured economic want and physical hardships that they might gain access to opportunities few in number and inconsider-

able in importance as compared with those which to-day lie close at hand for all of us. There was no thought in their minds that the conditions of life ought to be anything but a challenge or that the rewards of life could be possessed except through valiant effort. They accepted the conditions and went their individual ways without dismay and without complaint, with definiteness of purpose and with high aspiration. Thus, from recognition of the fact that life must be a struggle for men to profit most from it, arose a great people.

IV

The New Deal was so fundamentally right in its assumption that positive action was necessary that it may seem gratuitous to criticize it for anything which it has done. It is to be granted that compromise was indispensable between the forces holding rigidly to tradition and those arguing for change in projected policies. The seriousness of the situation lies in the lack of recognition of subtle factors with which this compromise was undertaken.

Measures of humanitarian aspect have been adopted without attempt to safeguard them against subversive influence upon the stalwartness formerly characteristic of our people. Relief has been so administered that to many its appeal has become preferable to gainful labor. Without reflection upon the honest toil of some, conditions under which PWA projects have been set up in many an instance have made malingering a fine art. The Civilian Conservation Corps Camps, highly meritorious even as they stand, might nevertheless have been made infinitely more advantageous to qualities of citizenship by requiring either acceptance of the discipline of a military camp or the training of a trade school.

Granted the objections of the pacifists on the one hand, and the trade-

unions on the other, which would have made such requirements difficult, no great effort to overcome these was evident. In short, among scores of enterprises looking toward the amelioration of economic distress, little attempt has been made to develop any sense of moral obligation in the minds of recipients to build up their own moral stamina or to endure any measure of hardship as an aid to recovery for society as a whole. The dictum that all men are entitled to a more abundant life without regard to their willingness to strive for it, without the self-discipline of learning how to use it, destroys all sense of realism and works toward a disintegration of national character which rapidly is becoming tragic.

Nothing is more distasteful to me than to find myself cast in the rôle of a pessimist. However, if effective opposition is not soon offered to types of thought and modes of action which the New Deal cumulatively aids and abets, I can see little hope of escaping an age darker than this country has ever known. The mental, moral, and spiritual nature of individual men of genius and capacity will be stunted and stultified.

On the material side, the New Deal seems to me wrong and dangerous in that it destroys economic values on the incomprehensible thesis that the less there is, the more will each of us have. When it argues that money is not entitled to its natural return, it does more than penalize the rich. It endangers the welfare of hosts of citizens in humble circumstances. It cripples every charitable institution in the country, every hospital, every college. In the name of security it threatens the continuing stability of such agencies of real public security as life insurance companies, upon whose vigorous survival all sense of legitimate safety among millions of our people must depend. It inveighs against special

privilege, but it is blind to the fact that special privilege is still special privilege when taken from one class of our people and conferred upon another.

But it is the effect of the New Deal on the imagination and aspiration of youth that I most dread. I am desperately afraid of it because it teaches young men and women to unlearn the lessons of America which school and college have striven so earnestly to teach. It encourages weakness and penalizes strength. It diffuses throughout the masses of our people the spirit of acquisitiveness which it condemns in groups of them. It punishes accomplishment and persecutes individuals and industrial enterprises alike simply on the basis of the magnitude of their achievement without regard to the social value of the imaginative and creative talent which brought them into being. It thwarts mutual understanding and coöperation, and stimulates antagonism in our industrial life. It foments class hatreds and exploits them for its own political advantage. It is tragic for an educator to watch these lessons taught to young men. Shall they be instructed that comfort is theirs for the asking, that they have a right to things they do not earn, that ease and rest must not

be bought by toil and danger and struggle?

Young men have their heroes, and the heroes of the world have had a different gospel from the New Deal. As I write, I think of the appeal of Giuseppe Garibaldi to the battalions of young men upon whom he called to do the impossible. Of that scene the historian, Trevelyan, writes:—

In that stillness of the tempest, the sonorous, thrilling voice was heard to the outskirts of the vast crowd.

‘Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay nor quarters nor provision. I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country with his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.’

Hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, death. Such was the offer, nothing more.

No such sacrifices are demanded of us, thank God! I cite the striking passage simply to show that no selfish interest can make an appeal to manhood comparable to the call of devotion to a higher cause. Had such a call been the clarion note of the New Deal, how gladly would our united country have responded!

A PORTRAIT IN LETTERS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

To Mrs. James Pitman

18 COLEHERNE ROAD
April 7th, 1900

MY DEAREST MIMA,

Here I am, doing a shameful thing; I have just finished breakfast, and it is the hour for my daily wrestle with Greek, to be followed by the wrestle (of an even more discouraging nature) with literature, and I am calmly and brazenly neglecting all these duties for the pleasure of writing to you. Your letter came last night; how delightful it is to be able to visualize the shiftings in your room, and to see the place of the new Rivière, and to realize just what the rose and mauve of the anemones look like in front of it, and then the crocuses outside the window on that wonderful background of yours.

I do think that that view makes up for any of Edinburgh's other deficiencies; for my own part I fancy that life in 18 Coleherne Road, London, is a good deal more of a bore than your life in Edinburgh. One is really lost, as far as any large outlook on people goes, except for the few who ferret one out, and I sometimes find myself sinking into a mood of most sulky discontent, — because I am *not* adapted to C. Road. How would you like to look out every morning on the dingy bow-windows, with their pink and green crockery, of the lodging-houses opposite? It does need a strong effort of will, backed by a dip into Maeterlinck, to enable one to feel less 'grouchy' at times. All this is

not to imply that *you* have n't just cause for discontent; I want you to realize that my sympathy is based on experience — and I do claim that it is an *uglier* experience than yours!!!

Well, dear Mima, you can have, too, the comfort (if it is one) of realizing that you are one of the bright places in that experience. You are one of the few people I have met, with whom I am absolutely *comfortable*. It is a curious thing, and does n't depend a bit, as far as I can see, on agreement about this or that, or approval or disapproval, or even on taste; perhaps it is an intuitive understanding that is the basis, — but no, it can't be, because there are some people that one understands thoroughly, likes, and yet is not comfortable with. So it must be, *au fond*, some moral quality. You can't escape it; but I shan't force on you an analysis of the moral qualities in you that attract me, — they are many of them negatives; you are not mean, or petty, or vulgar (!) — (it's surprising, you know, how morally and mentally vulgar some very nice people are!) — you never jar on one, and you are an erect and fearless creature. There, madam!

Why *don't* you go about in a bath-chair in Edinburgh? I am sure you have strength enough, for on strength really depends the possibility of inaugurating new departures of this sort; and just as your wall-paper and Japanese prints were eagerly copied, so, no doubt, within a few months, one would

see the inhabitants of Edinburgh perambulating the streets in bath-chairs too.

Oh dear, it is maddening to think of some women with no men to cross oceans for them! and the nicest ones are so bereft! I am always dubious about the charm of the much adored woman. I don't believe that the really charming women are ever appreciated; — it's logical too, for one must realize that the vast majority of people have no instinct for the best in anything, and a true *appreciator* is just as rare as the thing-to-be-appreciated. What does disappoint and depress me, though, is the fact that people from whom one expects true discernment seem so gullible, so easily taken in by the second-rate posing as the first-rate, don't seem to hear, at all, all the false notes that the second-rate emit; in fact I do believe that 'great people' are the biggest frauds of all as far as practical appreciation is concerned. I could a tale unfold! — but no, I'll not; not on paper at least, though you do exercise a dangerously expanding influence upon me, and I could placidly purl out to you remarks that I would hardly whisper to my pillow. No, I 'take no stock' in 'great' people at all.

We have a delightful plan for this summer; you know Mamma, nor the children neither, have n't *really* been out of London since we came from Paris. Well, I have told you how lovely the country is in Sussex where the Everetts are, and near them live some friends, who have taken a farm-house, and will put us up for 15 shillings a head *per week*.

I wish you could come. Extremely simple fare, you know, but such enchanting country; not the dull field and hedge type, but woods, and hills, and deep lanes, and moors, and pine-woods, and *such* a heavenly park with deer and a ruined castle and beautiful slopes with groups of beeches.

Perhaps, one year, you might come with us.

Much love to you dear from
Nannie

To Mrs. James Pitman

10 CHEYNE COURT
CHELSEA

Sunday, April 21st, 1901

DEAREST,

It seems odd to read your letter telling of chilly air and snow-covered mountains when we are positively roasting; we three have just come home in a melting condition from a walk in Battersea Park, usually a lovely place, spring flowers, and trees all glittering buds or tufted with just opening leaves — delicious lake, and birds to look at, — but today crowded and hot.

Oh my dear, how, with every *fibre* of me, I agree with what you say about one's hateful dependence on the material circumstances of life, — how I echo your 'they loie' of those who say one does n't depend on them; not only one's happiness, one's 'holy, moral joys' (you are poking fun at me, Madam, but I echo you emphatically) depend on them, but, it seems to me — and this is to me the most terrible and perplexing thing in life — one's very character, the very 'spiritual' side of one that people have represented as so independent; as if the spiritual *could* react upon the material unless it existed, unless it had grown, — and it simply can't grow or exist where the material environment is too antagonistic. This is to me the most haunting nightmare. It almost makes the selfish, sordid people seem right in their scramble for the material thing. For after they have beaten down others and climbed the ladder, they proceed, once the top is reached, and they at leisure for finer things, to blossom into 'spiritual' graces! — Heaven save the mark! — but does n't one see it everywhere *everywhere*, in classes as well as in ir

dividuals? And yet, firmly, though blindly, I stick to it that it is much better — much more beautiful, if one can only claim an æsthetic standard, — to be jumped on than to jump on others; this was what I felt on first reading Darwin when I was a very young person: first the indignation and disgust at the seething, scrambling, egotistic Nature the ‘survival of the fittest’ revealed, and then the terror of ever being part of it, — of ever ‘struggling’ oneself, except *against* it — as dear old Huxley says.

I feel as you do about ‘Resurrection’ — it *holds* one but it does n’t charm one; and I have always felt that the officials of society were as much its victims as the crushed masses; indeed all that talk of ‘la sainte humanité,’ ‘labour’ against capital, the working classes against the leisured classes, has always seemed to me invalidated by the fact that every worker would, if he could, be one of the capitalists he so hates, would, if he could, use his brother men for his own advancement; — that all ‘honest labour’ has for its ideal leisure and freedom and would, if it could, be as lazy and as luxurious as the ‘bloated’ upper ten thousand. It is ridiculous to take sides — they are all poor, pathetic creatures, and some of them have attained the greater comfort and ease that all the others are crawling and clawing towards — a sickening picture of human life altogether; and the reason I love the Christian ethics is because they say that it is better to die than to crawl and claw, that it is losing one’s life to save it so, and that to profit by the misery and labour of others is to be degraded. Oh! for a church that would say it and *do* it — and be ground to powder if necessary in the doing. But only an individual here and there — a Socrates, a Jesus, a Mazzini (what a muddle), *acts* on it — on these ethics that are perfectly expressed in Huxley’s ‘all ethical ad-

vance consists in opposing nature’ (‘nature’ meaning the selfish ‘struggle for life’).

Well, meanwhile one can only ‘warstle’ on in one’s own bewilderments and troubles and feel that as long as one has people to love in the world the ‘warstle’ is worth while. How discouraged one becomes, though, over oneself — *the way one never seems to grow in self-control, charity and strength*; I find myself snapping and snarling (and at those I love the most), feeling injured over trifles (though such injury is usually only a momentary thing — but one is ashamed of it) — saying harsh, cynical things about people I dislike, and really feeling *savage* against people who in any way hurt the people I love, — this last I shall never get over, and, though it may be very unjust, I don’t feel that I want to.

To turn to other things, I have been reading a good many biographies lately, feeling like finding out more about all sorts of people, — especially reading their letters. It is a pity that biographies are almost always so badly written — so diffuse and so uninteresting, with no feeling for the essentials, the really characteristic things, and such insistence upon the unessentials, the *happenings*; but, inevitably I think, biographies must always be inadequate and unrevealing, — misleading even, for how few people can ever be really known as they are; it is, though, the part of a good biographer to give one a distinct impression of a distinct impression that he has received. . . .

I have been reading, too, Jane Austen’s letters and am really sorry that I have, for they have made me dislike her so much; all the *hardness* and lightness combined that one feels in her books — and that often make part of their charm — are intensified in these letters. Even allowing for the critical chatter that one allows oneself in writing to intimates, her criticisms are al-

most invariably acrid in their humour, sometimes really cruel; one can't believe that she ever felt anything in life to be solemn, or sacred, or tragic; there is n't a hint of tenderness in her; I am afraid that I shall always read her cheerful, stony little nature into her books after this. Another thing that is too amusing is to think that it is nowadays quite a commonplace for people to sigh over the departed feminine graces of modesty, bashfulness, gentleness, etc., and to cite Jane Austen's women as types of them. Now not only in her letters but in her books I have always failed to feel any atmosphere of these graces. Her heroines are brisk, independent, often very pert young women, and in these letters of Jane's herself the flavour is distinctly *dashing*, bold, even coarse; she cuts a joke on so-and-so's having taken a new mistress, continually alludes to her flirtations, and shows a most absolute self-reliance and decision of character.

A day has passed since I began this letter, and the heat is still quite dreadful. Do write at *once*, dearest; if you realized what a *great* pleasure your letters were to me you would at once sit down in the frosted blue drawing-room and begin.

Your ever loving

NANNIE

To Mrs. James Pitman

c/o MRS. RICHARD GILDER
FAIR BROOKS FARM
TYRINGHAM, LEE, MASS.
Sunday, June 15th, 1902

MY OWN BELOVED DEAR,

Your letter and your pictures came while I was with Mrs. Chapin at Lenox. I can't describe to you the *rapture* I felt at the sudden sense of your nearness in this strange setting. It's impossible that you should miss me as I miss you; for one feels such lacks far more poignantly, I think, in an alien land, — when not only the person, but

all their surroundings and background, become intensified in realization; so that I think of you and the white drawing-room, and winter Edinburgh afternoons, and Donnington Priory garden, and bits of London, all in one big lump of longing. . . .

I was for three weeks with Mrs. Chapin in Lenox and go back to her for July; it is a lovely place — and her house so dear and fresh and graceful. From the verandah one overlooks meadows and woods and a serene lake — and mountains all about. The *real* New England village is full of dignity and beauty. Broad streets, with a wide border of grass on either side, and great trees making all shadowy, and behind the trees the white of old colonial houses, with simple lines, and pillared porticos, and green blinds.

I sent you from N. Y. a very good reproduction of Cecilia's drawing of me. Cecilia has the original simply framed in a narrow dull black frame — like the ones you always use — and it is wonderfully improved by framing. A few points seem to me different from the original — the eye in light is too dark contrasted with the patch of light on cheek-bone; but as a drawing I think it very exquisite, and hope you'll think it worthy of a place among your Raeburn prints on the white drawing-room walls.

It is really *strange* in America to see how few unhappy marriages there are — indeed I've not seen one; all a matter of the more normal and more truly *civilized* relations of the sexes here, I feel sure. Husbands after years of marriage as dependent upon their wives' companionship, and as eager for it, as lovers. Worldliness has come so little into the idea of marriage as yet. One would hardly ever hear of a mother hoping for a son to marry money; indeed it would be against the feeling of the country for him to do it. Some of the couples I have seen really embody

my *ideal* of married life. And it is because, on the whole, they only marry when they are, in the first place, *really* friends — *congenial, sympathetic* friends — and then, added to that, *really* in love. The thing is to have the conditions *more* civilized, rather than less so; to have the old barbarity of the intercourse between the sexes (the ignorant, helpless, undeveloped girl, and the man who wants a mother for his children and a pretty housekeeper) die out. But of course where the initial situation has been barbarous (founded on *undevelopment* and ignorance of life and of one another) tragedy is bound to follow if one or the other grows.

It's queer, that though it is charming here — so many *dear* people, so much that is so sympathetic — I could never be happy living here. I wonder *why*; because in *temperament* and point of view I am far more American than English; and yet here I am supposed to be typically English!! I have been trying to define to myself various things that I feel about Americans (the best type, I mean). As a people they are given, I think, to drawing exaggerated inferences from unimportant facts. They see everything magnified, — so that after a time the atmosphere of unnecessary emphasis wearies one. They are always making big theories out of little things. Their children's idiosyncrasies; little habits of thought of their friends; the meaning of a book or picture; — at once they are ready with an unnecessary amount of feeling for each occasion. And what is so fatiguing is that they expect you to be keyed up to the same pitch of vivid interest. They are too *grand sérieux*, all the time; ask you, earnestly, *what you think* of this or that, when really you have n't thought it worth while to think of it at all.

Goodbye, my own dearest,

Your ever loving

NANNIE

To William James

c/o MRS. EUGENE CROCKETT
ARGILLA FARM
IPSWICH, MASS.
Aug. 17th, 1902

DEAR PROFESSOR JAMES,

I heard some time ago from Mamma you had sent your book to me in London. Thank you so much. I have already looked through it in the American edition, and loved it greatly. I hope that you are going to be very severe and *snubbing* for the mystics! I noticed, in my skim, several encouraging passages about Saint Theresa, etc. Mysticism (perhaps I am ignorantly unfair) always seems to me a sort of *pâté de foie gras* of the spirit; — its ecstasies, instead of being a losing of the Self, are, rather, a ludicrous and gigantic *inflation* of the Self — which seems lost because it is no longer in relation with anything real. Do I express at all what I mean, I wonder? — The only *real* things that we have any business to be in relation with, are other human beings, — and if we *are* in contact with a larger consciousness outside us, from which we draw sustenance and life, it should n't be for the purpose of *losing* ourselves in it, but of becoming more ourselves, and helping other people to become more themselves. I am afraid I am in a dreadful 'state of sin,' since religion has never been for me a sense of wrongness with myself, and its solution. — The sense of wrongness that urges me to seek solution is the wrongness of things in general: the world and its conditions that are not in harmony with what *I* like! And the worst wrongness is the *impermanence* of the things one loves, — so that I am dreadfully sorry to see that you find immortality of 'second-rate importance.' It really *is* n't egotism either, — because what fills me with most rage is the thought of the people I care about being merged into some horrid Whole, where no one

will know any longer how much nicer they are than other people (!! — this is a pretty sentiment, is n't it, but don't take it too literally!) What I am trying to express is that it is *differences* that we love; — and differences don't mean discord — do they? — necessarily? — don't they mean charm — variety — life? — so that eternal differences would be the only guarantee of eternal love. — Now I am becoming very muddled — so I'll stop — only I do wish — dear Mr. James — that you felt immortality to be of first-rate importance!

I hope that you and Mrs. James won't fail to look me up the next time you are in London.

Please remember me to her.

Yours very sincerely

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

To Richard Cabot

c/o MRS. JAMES PITMAN

GILLINGSHILL, PITTENWEEM, FIFE

October 8th, 1908

DEAR RICHARD,

Your letter is so dear and wise and interesting. I wish I were more of a worthy Eppie sort of a person to receive it. But I must n't claim clevernesses and heroisms that I've not got and so I must insist that my only link with Eppie (I'm afraid) is my love for her. At the same time I *entirely* — wholeheartedly — agree with you as to the barrenness of all criticism (addressed to a person) that is not founded in love. I suppose my difficulty in quite seeing with you comes in with the question of *degrees* of value. Some people are 'first-rate,' others (excellent and estimable though they may be) are only second; others again really oppress one by narrowness, vulgarity or meanness and must, if one is sincere with oneself, be felt unflinchingly as third: if one *flinches* one loses the discriminating sense of those *differences* that are the salt of life. Now it's quite true that if one

were, unfortunately, brought into close personal contact with second- and third-rate people, the only kind and wise and right thing to do would be to try to get at what they mean to themselves, to get at the effort for good that must be somewhere at the core of their unpleasing qualities; but, even though one recognizes and admires that effort (*expressed* though it may be in ways obnoxious to our taste) that does n't at all — and *should n't* at all — abolish the distinction between first-rate people and third-rate people. To *express* that distinction with sincerity is criticism. My idea of criticism includes 'speaking the truth in love,' and yet that truth might be felt as very painful by the 3rd rate (if they understood it — which is n't likely), for it must consist in putting things in their places; and no one really likes that! Of course any touch of disdain, or inhumanity, or hardness, warps criticism; but I do feel that in any conscious effort to love, an effort we *instinctively* dislike, lies a very definite danger of abolishing *distinctions*.

I must tell you a really funny thing: with almost all my friends I pass for a person so *irritatingly* an exponent of your ideas of tolerance and understanding that it often leads to discomfort. I won't dislike the people they do — so entirely and finally; and it's constantly: 'How can you put up with *her*?' 'What do you find in *him*?' — or, 'Poor Nannie, she sees everybody *couleur de rose*' — or, *most* painfully to me! — 'Well, Nannie's likes can hardly count for much, since she likes everybody!' And it's true, you know, in a way I *do* 'like' almost everybody I come into any real contact with; but to imagine that to 'see something' in everybody is to destroy one's sense of *relative* likeableness, was *unimaginative*, as you and I know. But do believe that, though I'm not much of an Eppie, I *am* nearer your idea of a critic than,

I think, you've been able to see, or, rather, I able to make you see.

As a family we are all feeling rather *limp*, for we've had most horrid anxieties which, we feared, would drive us forth from our dear Chelsea nest to seek still cheaper quarters in the wilds of Battersea; but, thank goodness, the crash is, I trust, averted. But I still feel exceedingly *tired*. I like nothing so much as my work, but I *do* wish I were a person of leisure with an income beneath my feet. Life without an income can be excessively *nasty*.

Goodbye, dear Richard. Your letter was more than a great pleasure; it came at a very *queer* time and *did* something. You know how sometimes, when one has to face *crises* in life, one feels curiously inadequate — can't get hold of what strength or faith one *has*; and, without something coming, from *without*, one would fare badly. Well, your letter came to me on a day of crisis and meant a *great deal*; more, perhaps, than I can yet know: — the 'spirit' made manifest just when I most needed it.

Give my love to Ella.

Your affectionate friend

NANNIE SEDGWICK

To Richard Cabot

INGLEWIDEN, August 31st, 1910

DEAR RICHARD,

I have been carrying your dear and charming letter about with me for a week or two until we got here, a spot that I associate with leisurely and happy letters to friends. It is almost like a second home with all the responsibilities left out. I am so glad that you liked my Franklin. I thought that if you ever read him he would be after your own heart; he is very near mine, and even yet I can't read the bit about the nasturtiums on the fence in his boyish home — or the letter to Helen (that *is* good!) without crying.

How sweet and tactful and delightful of you, Richard, to say that you'd like

me to write about Basil! The only difficulty is that, while I find it very easy to spin forth reams about the people I imagine, I find it very difficult to describe any one I know. My first impression of Basil I well remember: his queer, swarthy, forcible face, its sweetness and a sort of boyish fierceness, his intent eyes, his ugliness and his charm. I thought him at once one of the *best* and most significant people I'd ever met and I've not changed my mind. He has been through a great deal; suffered a great deal; is full of a childlike capacity for admiration and delight; curiously untouched by the ordinary *train de vie* of towns and up-to-date culture (in spite of a family *thick* in it), a sort of scholarly rusticity of outlook and an unspottedness from the world combined with such shrewdness of perception and directness of feeling that Alice dubbed him *Basanos* — the touchstone. In talking of things he cares for he might give an impression of dogmatic arrogance and there is in him a controlled violence of feeling; but in manner and speech he is rather stately and deliberate. Fanatic touches; can look very ill-tempered; is extremely sensitive and has the tenderest heart. He has *beautiful* teeth! a beaming, irradiated smile and a laugh like a very little boy — *à gorge déployée*. His father was French — domiciled in England — his mother is English. Basil is of the *gypsy* French type — the swarthy skin, black hair, jutting aquiline nose, wide lips; but in character (with amusing little variations) he is intensely English.

I shall love having your book. I'm glad you can't manage to pour your wine into Chestertonian bottles! *His* wine is often excellent — but I *am* tired of his bottles — and I think his measure is getting *tricky* — I really do.

Affectionately yours

ANNE DE SÉLINCOURT

Nannie, of course, but Anne goes better in writing the new combination!

To Stephen Tennant

FAR END

Wednesday (October 5th, 1927)

DEAREST 'SEA-MAIDEN'S SON,'

My letter to your mother crossed yours to me; and this morning Alice sends me your delicious account of your *enfolded* condition in the American newspapers. Alice will tell you about our *delicious* time in Paris — marred only, for her, by failure to see *all* the old churches; but I am a feeble sight-seer: 'not a strong woman on churches' — as my enchanting American relation, Aleck Sedgwick, remarked on *his* failure about birds: 'I'm not a strong man on birds.' And if one has already lived for five years in Paris I feel that one has outgrown sight-seeing! We went to *four* plays, three on successive nights: an unprecedented experience for me.

I *adore* 'To the Lighthouse' and had finally to write and tell her so; I'm afraid she felt me very school-girlish and sentimental, but she wrote back kindly. The process of having one's heart broken by life, and yet of feeling it worth while, has never been so distilled into a book. Don't you want to lie down at Mrs. Ramsay's feet — and kiss them — and bathe them with your tears! I do. The sea-green shawl over the elk's skull: — and how it reappears in the *emptiness* afterwards: — and the beach where Mrs. Ramsay sits: — and the marvellous description of Mr. Ramsay's mental progress: — 'if Q is Q — what is R?' — the wit of it — all the marshalled analogies for his heroic effort, — it's a *matchless* book, I think. Someone said it was 'elusive.' Only in the sense that one's own heart-beats are; it's so much deeper and nearer than the world we can describe.

It's a dreadful story, that of K. Mansfield and J. M. M., I feel; and that brilliant metaphor horribly applies to this end of it. What a story she would have made of the boiling of her

own bones! Yet there is something in J. M. M. that touches me; he sees truth — in flashes, and loves it; and his own horrible egotism keeps him from holding it.

D. H. Lawrence infuriates and revolts me so that I can hardly read him; but I've not tried 'Mornings in Mexico.' I think he has genius, and some of his poetry — the fruit and flower poetry — is beautiful; but his bleeding '*complex*' is so apparent through all he writes, that one feels at once abashed for him, and disgusted for him. I could n't describe exactly what I feel about this, or even mean by it; but I am sure that he has been humiliated, to his very core, by a woman, and that through all his writing there runs the frenzied effort to *assert* himself and — if possible — abase his scorner. (I *know* nothing about him.)

My 'Childhood in Brittany' is a reprint, I'll send you a copy. I wrote it during the war — to amuse and distract Carmen's old grandmother, for they are all her reminiscences — arranged and elicited by me; and I *kept* her in a piano to the day of her death, poor old darling, with part of the proceeds. It's the *thinnest* little book; but it never intended to be anything else. Carmen is *lovely* — she was with us here for a fortnight and then crossed with Alice and me and lunched with us every day, as Prince Yousoupoff's shop was just round the corner; she is very happy there, I feel, with all the sweet young archduchesses, and they are all, evidently, devoted to her and have learned from her all our special Far End *howls*! — (so spreads a good deed in a naughty world!)

Farewell, deare childe.

Oh, and tell your mother that the rose Lady Love has been perfectly exquisite. Is she still happy with her shingle?

Your loving

ANNE

To Richard Cabot

FAR END
May 28th, 1931

What a *darling* letter, Richard dear! and Basil carried out your instructions at once, with the finding that my nurse has made for the last 2 months, that *heart is sound*. My London doctor, 4 days before, had told me that I was like a motor-car; — machinery all right but *magneto* broken down; and that's what it felt like: not an 'attack,' to my consciousness, but so much *more* 'more so' than it *had* been, that it seemed only sensible to say goodbye. It was really, once I made the wrench, *lovely*, Richard. For 24 hours I felt serenely *ready* to go and pretty sure I was going, and it *stayed* all the while quite beautiful and I kept saying to myself when the sorrow came, 'Father, into Thy hands,' you know: — so when on the second night I woke at 3 and suddenly seemed to hear myself saying to myself, 'You are going to *live* — after all,' do you know, I was, in a strange way, *dismayed*! To have gone through it all, and then *come back*; and have to *face* everything again; and no strength to face it with; so that one is so afraid one may *botch* things: — yes: I was dismayed: because it can't be a long way off; and can it ever be so *perfect* again?

That's what puzzles me: if I sank so low, after a winter of *complete* rest, how shall I ever be strong again to *live*, in any sense worthy of the name? *Everything* becomes too difficult when one has no strength; the happiest life reveals its underlying elements of *extreme tension*; and it's that tension alone of which one is aware when vitality fails, so that my mind, working, working in distress and questioning, seems to burn up all the strength I accumulate: a sort of vicious circle. So many things: — darling Mamma, unhappy when she died: — a Spirit of Love, yet creating this world which only exists through

violation of the spirit of love, everything preying on everything: — the Keats insight, that 'is misery and will not let us rest': *you* know: it goes on and on: and one is simply *so tired*: — so that the beauty *gained* from this experience is to know that I *thought* I was dying, and that it *all* became holy; one accepted it all for *oneself*, and was glad. Now I have no right to be writing this; only I wanted to thank you at once and explain how it really *had* been; quite the contrary from 'awful,' — for *me*. But of course I'm glad to be here now, and Spring is simply heavenly.

So much love to you both
from
NANNIE

To Grace Zaring Stone

SHERWOOD PARK
TUNBRIDGE WELLS
November 8th, 1932

DEAR MRS. STONE,

May I tell you how deeply I have enjoyed your 'Bitter Tea' — read thus belatedly? You, I see, since this is only your second book, are a young novelist, and I am such an old one that I feel this a sort of farewell salute, as my masts sink below the surface. — What a *marvellous* book you have written! — with that mingled richness and reticence that rests in a bloom of mystery and beauty on every creature you depict. I exercised a rare self-control in not allowing myself to forage excitedly forward as I read, and so was rewarded by the full *over-whelming* of your climax — almost too much for my weak frame; and never, never shall I forget that figure — 'young, fugitive, afraid' — in the lantern-light.

The racial problem — seen with such profundity and depicted with such grace — makes me think queerly of the blood tests they draw from me here; will my blood do its various *sums* properly? and will it rise towards the ideal angle soaring on the chart above its

sulky curve? Shultz, so immeasurably Yen's inferior as an individual, yet displaying that 'indisputable diamond' of his race, — the racial attainment as a *whole* in which the meanest component individual may partake, — so that his racial curve, in that marvellous moment of Yen's humiliation, attained a point above any that the Chinese man could reach. — Tears rushed to my eyes at that — 'What do you think I am?' Shultz is a triumph. — And yet one wonders. — Might not *we* be abashed by such an instinctive, effortless attainment as that of poor little Mahli handing over the rings for the parents?

I wonder if you could give me the pleasure of sending me a line and telling me who you are? — from where? — and how you have come to write, so quickly, like this?

With many thanks for a most moving experience.

Yours sincerely
'ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK'

To Grace Zaring Stone

FAR END
February 11th, 1933

DEAR MRS. STONE,

I can't begin to tell you how 'mimsy' your letter made me feel, — sad and joyous at the same time. I can't help feeling that I *am* going very soon, and it's so sad to leave such lovely things as the revelation of my own relation to you — through my books, and through my admiration; almost, if I may say it, my affection; for your letter makes you seem so near. We seem to have so many things in common and to dip from the same stream of experience. I left America when I was little more than a baby and England has always been home; but I think it always remains a different kind of home if one has those different roots, and I have always been aware of a nostalgic yearning, and of severance. But I went back once, in childhood, and again, 30 years

ago, and at last, a *wonderful* trip with my husband, two years ago, to the lovely New England country. New England, the Berkshire hills and the North coast, is my *nostalgia*; but I wonder if I can't match your young contact with the West in my memories of the little town in Southern Ohio where my mother was born — memories that I can't revive in any of the arid, glaring novels of the modern 'Middle West' I read; it was a dear little place — all Emerson and Wordsworth and the Episcopal church! Then, I follow you in the *wandering* experience: *we* wandered, though no further than France; ten years there, counting the war years; and I have had no schooling: none at all; and I can't help feeling — when I remember your historical grace and assurance in 'Doña Elena' — that your governesses were much more efficient than mine. My ignorance of the machinery of life has always been a terrible handicap to me. — And then I think, from what you say of our terrible 'need to be loved,' that you speak personally as well as racially. I've struggled with that problem since the early age when French determinism rose like a spectre before me. Have I solved it at all, I wonder? Sometimes I think glints and chinks have come. — I wonder who you read. Von Hügel at all? — only I can never be a Catholic.

No; I should never have imagined, not for a moment, that one of the Young could care for and remember my books. It was worth while having gone on to learn *that*; and 'Adrienne' and 'The Old Countess' are, I think, the two I would most want you to like. I *love* my own books — in many ways!! (though, on re-reading, their faults leap at one) and those two are among the most loved: — especially 'Marthe Luderac,' who haunted me so that at night I sometimes thought I should see her in my room. But I feel that in its essence your art is more mature than

mine and grounded on a more iron *acceptance*. Though I am so *very* much older than you are, I feel that in some ways I am less 'grown up.'

I live here, in a tiny house, in the depths of the country, and have, since my marriage 25 years ago. I am very happy in many ways, and want to go on living for many reasons, so that I feel like a child at bed-time begging for one hour more. I shall *get* it, if I *can*, I promise you.

Ever yours

ANNE DE SÉLINCOURT

To Mrs. J. C. Alsop

8 THE PRYORS

February 10th (I think), 1935

DARLING CHILD,

To organize my writing-board, and pen, and pad, seems impossible; so I scribble a few lines to say how I loved your *dear* letter and the feeling about little things — which I so share. I have my silver christening-mug on the table beside me now, filled with anemones — every shade of purple, Velasquez-pink, and freaked red and white; they are a joy, and the *lovely* white hyacinths in bowls that Basil's nice funny friend brought to me; he must tell you about her, and her ring! — that he never noticed! I had a radiant glimpse of lovely Ba, fresh from her glaciers, and now everyone seems to be in bed with a cold, including B. — I fear the strain of my 'unconscionable time a-dying' is, in part, the reason for his break-down; but I am like the scorpion in the ring of flaming embers, Jay, and as the fire narrows about me, I seek every chink and crevice for escape. I can't brush my teeth any longer! yet I have *invented* a longer tooth-pick that I can still use! Quite amusing to see how long I *can* circumvent the flames! And it is odd — the way in which the nightmare when it *becomes* a reality is easier

to bear! I still enjoy 'life'! — and the sense of *loving* people more and more. Dear Max, meanwhile, accompanies me *indomitably*!

While I write I am lending an ear to that dear good 'Dick Shepherd' conducting a service — more like Martin Harvey in 'The Only Way' than I should have thought possible: innocent *artifice* and *pathos* — a sort of sincere religious 'patter.' Goodnight, darling.

Your loving

ANNE — B

To H. E. Conway

8 THE PRYORS

April 7th, 1935

DEAR TED,

I am so much touched by your letter and its thought of help still being possible for me.

Indeed I *accept* the fundamental Christian Science position — the power of spirit over matter — which is demonstrated by Lourdes and suggestion, as well as Christian Science. I can't *write*, for my *last* means of communication is *very* weak — this poor right hand; but would like to tell you that over a year ago wonderful friends rose like guardian angels in my path — (hearing of me from J. D. Beresford, to whom I wrote after reading his 'Camberwell Miracle') and since then Max Plowman has either written to me or been with me *every day*: it is too marvellous — such devotion — and that of his wife. His faith in my recovery is *absolute*, and so is *my* faith in *him*; but alas, so far we have had no reward: I get steadily worse and worse, till now my state is terrible indeed, 'speechless and motionless'; so *slow*, too, like being devoured by an *ant*! How much better a swift *craunch* by a Tigress!

What a lovely winter you have had!

Ever yours

ANNE DE S.

THE PROVIDENTIAL STATE

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

'There will be some fundamental assumptions which adherents of all the various systems within the epoch unconsciously presuppose. . . . With these assumptions a certain limited number of types of philosophic systems are possible, and this group of systems constitutes the philosophy of the epoch.' — A. N. WHITEHEAD, *Science and the Modern World*

I

In the violent conflicts which now trouble the earth the active contenders believe that since the struggle is so deadly it must be that the issues which divide them are deep. They may be mistaken. Because parties are bitterly opposed, it does not necessarily follow that they have radically different purposes. The intensity of their antagonism is no measure of the divergence of their views. There has been many a ferocious quarrel among sectarians who worship the same god.

For though the partisans who are now fighting for the mastery of the modern world wear shirts of different colors, their weapons are drawn from the same armory, their doctrines are variations of the same theme, and they go forth to battle singing the same tune with slightly different words. Their weapons are the coercive regulation of the life and labor of mankind. Their doctrine is that disorder and misery can be overcome only by more and more compulsory organization. Their promise is that through the power of the state men can be made happy.

Throughout the world, in the name of progress, men who call themselves communists, socialists, fascists, nationalists, progressives, and even lib-

erals, are unanimous in holding that government with its instruments of coercion must, by commanding the people how they shall live, direct the course of civilization and fix the shape of things to come. They believe in what Mr. Stuart Chase very accurately described as 'the overhead planning and control of economic activity.' This is the dogma which all the prevailing dogmas presuppose. This is the mould in which are cast the thought and action of the epoch. No other approach to the regulation of human affairs is seriously considered, or is even conceived as possible. The recently enfranchised masses and the leaders of thought who supply their ideas are almost completely under the spell of this dogma. Only a handful here and there, groups without influence, isolated and disregarded thinkers, continue to challenge it. For the premises of authoritarian collectivism have become the working beliefs, the self-evident assumptions, the unquestioned axioms, not only of all the revolutionary régimes, but of nearly every effort which lays claim to being enlightened, humane, and progressive.

So universal is the dominion of this dogma over the minds of contemporary men that no one is taken

seriously as a statesman or a theorist who does not come forward with proposals to magnify the power of the government and to extend and multiply its intervention in human affairs. Unless he is authoritarian and collectivist he is a mossback, a reactionary, at best an amiable eccentric swimming hopelessly against the tide. It is a strong tide. Though despotism is no novelty in human affairs, it is probably true that at no time in twenty-five hundred years has any western government claimed for itself a jurisdiction over men's lives comparable with that which is officially attempted in the totalitarian states. There have been despotisms more cruel than those of Russia, Italy, and Germany. There have been none which were more inclusive. In these ancient centres of civilization, several hundred millions of persons live under what is theoretically the absolute dominion of the dogma that the state is their master and that only under its orders may they live, work, and seek their salvation. But it is even more significant that in other lands where men shrink from the ruthless policy of these régimes it is commonly assumed that the movement of events must be in the same general direction.

Nearly everywhere the mark of a progressive is that he relies at last upon the increased power of the state to improve the condition of men. Though the progressives prefer to move gradually and with consideration, by persuading majorities to consent, the only instrument of progress in which they have faith is the coercive agency of government. They can, it would seem, imagine no alternative, nor can they remember how much of what they cherish as progressive has come by emancipation from political dominion, by the limitation of power, by the release of personal energy from authority and collective coercion. For vir-

tually all that now passes for progressivism in countries like England and the United States calls for the increasing ascendancy of the state: always the cry is for more officials, more power over more and more of the activities of men.

Yet the assumptions of this whole movement are not so self-evident as they seem. They are, in fact, contrary to the assumptions bred in men by the whole long struggle to extricate conscience, intellect, labor, and personality from the bondage of prerogative, privilege, monopoly, and authority. For more than two thousand years, since western men first began to think about the social order, the main preoccupation of political thinking has been to find a law which should be superior to arbitrary power. Men have sought it in custom, in the dictates of reason, in religious revelation, endeavoring always to set up some check upon the exercise of force. This is the meaning of the long debate about natural law. This is the meaning of a thousand years of struggle to bring the sovereign under a constitution, to establish for the individual and for voluntary associations of men rights which they can enforce against kings, barons, magnates, majorities, and mobs. This is the meaning of the struggle to separate the Church from the State, to emancipate conscience, learning, the arts, education, and commerce from the inquisitor, the censor, the policeman, and the hangman.

Conceivably the lessons of this history no longer have a meaning for us. Conceivably there has come into the world during this generation some new element which makes it necessary for us to undo the work of emancipation, to retrace the steps men have taken to limit the power of governments, which compels us to believe that the way of enlightenment in affairs is now to be

found by intensifying authority and enlarging its scope. But the burden of proof is upon those who reject the oecumenical tradition of the western world. It is for them to show that their cult of the providential state is in truth the new revelation they think it is, and that it is not, as a few still believe, the gigantic heresy of an apostate generation.

II

Like the man who said he knew the earth was flat because it had looked flat to him in all the places he had ever visited, each generation is disposed to regard its main assumptions as self-evident when in fact they have merely been adopted uncritically. Generally this disposition is fortified by some large interpretation of experience supplied by the learned men of the age. The doctrine of the divine right of kings stands as a classic example. The claim of the king to unlimited power was removed from the field of debate — that is to say, was made axiomatic — by the assumption that he ruled by the grace of God. The men who might question the king were silenced because they did not dare to question God, who had appointed the king.

The current return to the authoritarian principle in politics finds its principal sanction in the belief that the new machine technology requires the control of an omnipotent state. There are many versions of this basic idea. By some it is said that only the strong arm of government can protect men against the brutal oppression of their machines; by others that only the power of the government can realize the beneficent promise of the machines. But all agree that in the recent progress of technology there is some kind of deep necessity which compels mankind to magnify the scope of political authority and to intensify its intervention in

affairs. The modern state holds its sovereign powers by grace of the gods of the machine.

'As industry advances in mechanization,' says Mr. Lewis Mumford, 'a greater weight of political authority must develop outside than was necessary in the past.'¹ It is from this thesis that the intellectual leaders of the modern world have derived their belief that the liberal conception of the state belongs, as President Roosevelt put it, to a 'horse and buggy' era, that in the age of automobiles, dynamos, and highly mechanized industry a much stronger government must, in Mr. George Soule's words, prescribe more 'suitable ways of behaving.'

Yet this thesis, which our generation has come to think of as self-evident, involves an extraordinary paradox. Thus Mr. Mumford, using a scheme invented by Professor Patrick Geddes, suggests that 'looking back over the last thousand years, one can divide the development of the machine and the machine civilization into three successive but overlapping and interpenetrating phases: the eo-technic (based on water-and-wood), the paleo-technic (based on coal-and-iron), and the neo-technic (based on electricity-and-alloy).' This is a convenient and illuminating classification. But what must interest us here primarily is Mr. Mumford's deduction that in the neo-technic phase — that is, the phase we are now in — the state must regulate production and consumption, that at least in the field of what he calls the 'basic requirements' of food, clothing, shelter, and 'necessary luxuries' the state must impose 'rationed production,' 'communized consumption,' and 'compulsory labor.'

Is it not truly extraordinary that in the latest phase of the *machine* technic we are advised that we must revert to the *political* technic — that is, to the

¹ *Technics and Civilization*, p. 420

sumptuary laws and the forced labor, which were the universal practice in the earlier phases of the machine technic? I realize Mr. Mumford hopes and believes that this time the omnipotent sovereign power will be as rational in its purposes and its measures as are the physicists and chemists who have invented alloys and harnessed electricity. But the fact remains, he believes the beneficent promise of modern science can be realized only through the political technology of the pre-scientific ages. For the whole apparatus of a politically administered economy, the fixed prices and fixed wages, the sumptuary laws, the forced labor, the communized consumption, the directed production, not to speak of the censored and managed opinion in the totalitarian states, is a reversion to the political technic which had to be rejected in order that the industrial revolution could take place. It is therefore by no means self-evident that men must once again adopt an archaic technic in order that the promise of the industrial revolution may be realized. For the regulation of industry by the state was never more minute than in the century before the great technological innovations.

Think for a moment what that regulation meant. Take, for example, the famous system of *règlements* whereby Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, sought to codify and generalize the industrial law.² From the year 1666 until 1730 the regulations of the textile industry alone are contained in four quarto volumes of 2200 pages and three supplementary volumes. The rules for Burgundy and four neighboring districts, covering the manufacture of woollens, specify that the fabrics of Dijon and Selongey are to be put in reeds $1\frac{3}{4}$ ells wide, a warp is to contain 44 x 32 (or 1408) threads, including the selvages, and when it

comes to the fulling mill the cloth is to be exactly one ell wide. But in Semur and four other places the warp is to have 1376 threads, whereas Châtillon is to use 1216 threads. Somehow the town of Langogne seems to have been overlooked until 1718, when an edict was published stating that 'His Majesty is informed that no *règlement* specifies from how many threads those cloths are to be composed; a matter which must be attended to without fail.'

If we ask how His Majesty was to know how many threads he should call for in Dijon, Semur, or Langogne, the answer is, of course, that he found this out from the established manufacturers and that his *règlements* were essentially a device for protecting their vested interest against the competition of enterprising innovators. This is the inevitable method of authoritative regulation, for no king and no bureau can hope to imagine a technic of production other than the technic which happens to exist. Occasionally the government may have a bright idea, but its normal procedure must inevitably be to throw the weight of its authority behind established interests. What Colbert did under Louis XIV was precisely what General Johnson and Secretary Wallace did under President Roosevelt. Colbert regulated industry and agriculture by fortifying and subsidizing the established producers, and he tried to be thorough. The manufacturers of Saint-Maixent 'had to negotiate for four years before they could secure permission to use black warp.' They never were allowed to weave in black weft.

Naturally the system did not work very well. The more the *règlements* were violated, the more they were multiplied. Lawsuits were endless, smuggling and bootlegging omnipresent, and every so often the government set out to prove that it not only issued

² Eli F. Heckscher, *Mercantilism*, Vol. I, p. 157

regulations but meant them. It was particularly aroused over printed calicoes, for the French printing industry was backward and the textile producers demanded protection. Certainly the government did its best. 'It is estimated,' says Heckscher, 'that the economic measures taken in this connection cost the lives of some 16,000 people, partly through executions and partly through armed affrays, without reckoning the unknown but certainly much larger number of people who were sent to the galleys, or punished in other ways. On one occasion in Valence, seventy-seven were sentenced to be hanged, fifty-eight were to be broken on the wheel, six hundred and thirty-one were sent to the galleys, one was set free, and none were pardoned. But even this vigorous action did not help to attain the desired end. Printed calicoes spread more and more widely among all classes of the population, in France as everywhere else.'

Authoritative regulation of an economy is not a modern invention. On the contrary, it was practised by the Pharaohs in Mr. Mumford's eo-technic phase of machine civilization. Under Diocletian it was the recognized method of government, under the Byzantine emperors, under Louis XIV, under Hapsburgs and Romanoffs. Far from being something new, deduced from what Mr. Soule calls 'the growth of technical civilization,' it has been from immemorial antiquity the practice of governments in a pre-technical civilization. As a matter of fact, it was the polity of the Ancien Régime.

Now there is a very good reason why the authoritative regulation of industry is appropriate to a primitive economy and inappropriate to one in which technical change is continual and radical. Rules of law must by their very nature be general. Only occasionally can they be changed. They are suited, therefore, to a well-established routine

which has to be altered only at rare intervals. But the very essence of the industrial revolution is its constant technical change, due to continual invention. The best machines of yesterday will be old-fashioned machines tomorrow. The legislator cannot legislate as fast as the inventors can invent. If he bases his law on yesterday's process, he must either suppress to-morrow's process or he must give up the law. The introduction of new methods cannot be legally regulated. For until the new methods have been tried out no one can know what to legislate about. Men learned in the eighteenth century that they must either forbid new inventions, as the French monarchy did when confronted with printed calicoes, or they must give up the attempt to stabilize by law the processes of production. It is, therefore, no coincidence that minute regulation has always been found in a relatively unprogressive economy and that the lack of regulation is characteristic of a technical progress.

The truth would appear to be this. The absence of the regulation of production is a necessary condition of the continuation of experimental science. The new inventions are made in a laboratory by trying out all sorts of schemes to find out whether they work. But the experiment does not end at the laboratory door. It goes on. The next step is to install one or two of the new machines in a factory or to build a small experimental factory which is something between a laboratory and a commercial concern. Even then the experimentation is not ended. For if the new scheme is to work, the process of adopting it throughout an industry must be carried on experimentally over and over again in relation not merely to the technic but to all the other factors, such as the cost of capital, the wages and skill of labor, the aptitude of the managers, and the like. That is why directive laws which are by their

nature static and inert are technically unsuited to the highly dynamic character of an industrial revolution.

III

Those who argue that the advancing industrial technic requires increasing political authority have probably been misled by certain phenomena of modern industrialism. They see, for example, that in some branches of production a few large concerns — or even one alone — control the industry, fixing prices and wages. They then assume that this concentration of industrial power is the result of machine production, that it does not regulate itself in a competitive market, and that therefore it must be regulated by a very strong government.

But in this argument the basic assumption is a fallacy. The concentration of control does not come from the mechanization of industry. It comes from the state, which began about a hundred years ago to grant to anyone for a nominal fee what had hitherto been a very special privilege. That was the privilege of incorporation with limited liability and perpetual succession. President Nicholas Murray Butler has said of this momentous policy, 'I weigh my words when I say that in my judgment the limited liability corporation is the greatest single discovery of modern times, whether you judge it by its social, by its ethical, by its industrial, or, in the long run, — after we understand it and know how to use it, — by its political, effects. Even steam and electricity are far less important than the limited liability corporation, and they would be reduced to comparative impotence without it.'

This is no exaggeration. For, without the privileges and immunities of the corporate form of economic organization and property tenure, the

industrial system as we know it could not have developed and could not exist. So fundamentally true is this that we should do well to follow the suggestion of Messrs. Berle and Means and speak not of the capitalist system but of the corporate system. If that system exhibits a high degree of concentrated control, the cause is not to be found in the technic of production, but in the law.

What, to take obvious examples, has the machine technology to do with the chain store or with the United States Steel Corporation or the General Motors Company? They exist because of a special and recent development of the law which permits one limited liability corporation to own other limited liability corporations. There may be some small industry, perhaps one based on a secret process or an exclusive patent, where control is concentrated without use of the privilege and immunities of the corporate device. But it would be neither representative nor significant. The concentration of control in modern industry is not caused by technical change, but is a creation of the state through its laws. This is obviously true of public utilities, which hold a franchise for a monopoly. It is no less true of all other industries which approach monopoly.

We must not let ourselves confuse monopolistic control with the large-scale production required by expensive machinery. The scale on which factories have to be organized in order to make the most efficient use of new inventions and labor-saving machinery may look big. But it is practically never as big as the industry. In other words, while large factories may, up to a point, be more efficient than small ones, no factory need or can be big enough to supply the whole market. Mass production does not require monopoly. When the Steel Corporation enlarges its business it does not

necessarily enlarge its plant in Pittsburgh. It builds another somewhere else. What holds together these various plants is not the technic of mass production but the legal devices of incorporation.

The assumption that great corporate capitalism is in some mysterious way the inexorable consequence of machinery is an illusion. What is more, it is by no means certain that the highest development of technology is favored by this concentrated corporate control. It is a matter of common knowledge that beyond a certain point increasing size yields a diminishing return, that many of the biggest corporations are too big to be well managed, and that they become rigid and opposed to change. There is sound reason for thinking that the laws which foster concentrated control are from the point of view of technological progress reactionary, that they retard rather than promote it, and that industrial laws suited to the genius of modern technology would vary in important respects from the laws which exist. Such laws would almost certainly seek to discountenance a scale of production beyond the point of technical efficiency, to discourage concentrated control inimical to the incentives and the criteria of competition, to prevent the erection of great and rigid capital structures which make technical change ruinously expensive.

The collectivists who think that business must grow bigger and bigger until only the government is big enough to dominate it would pile Ossa on Pelion. They are not interpreting the inward principle of the modern industrial revolution. They are ascribing to the technicians results which have been produced by lawyers and politicians. They are proposing as a remedy for the evils resulting from the mistakes of the lawmakers political measures which long ago had to be abandoned in order

that the technicians could do their work.

There is no doubt as to the evils of corporate concentration. But those very evils the collectivists accept, sanctify as necessary, and then propose to multiply a thousandfold by effecting a super-concentration in the state. They are not necessary evils. Concentration has its origin in privilege and not in technology. Nor does technology require high concentration. For technical progress, being in its essence experimental, calls for much trial and error. This means that if industry is to advance technically, it must be flexible, not rigid; change must be possible because it is not too costly; managers must be free, as technicians are free, to make many mistakes in order to achieve a success.

Those who do not like such a programme, who would prefer to have industry stabilized into routine and administered by bureaucrats, are entitled to their preference. But they must not pretend that they are the spokesmen of modern science seeking to make more effective man's mastery of nature. If what we are seeking is an economy in harmony with the genius of the scientific method, we must look with the profoundest skepticism upon the claims of the collectivist movement. Whatever form collectivism takes, whether the great corporate structures of private enterprise or the national collectivism of the fascist, the communist, or gradualist parties, its adherents claim to be adapting the organization of industry to the progress of technology. Against that claim there is a strong presumption. For these great centralized controls which have to be governed authoritatively by corporate officials or by public officials are of their nature unsuited to a system of production which can profit by new invention only if it is flexible, experimental, adjustable, and competitive. The labo-

ratories in which the technic is being developed cannot produce their inventions according to a centrally directed plan. The future of technology cannot be predicted, organized, and administered, and it is therefore in the highest degree unlikely that an elaborately organized and highly centralized economy can adapt itself successfully to the intensely dynamic character of the new technology.

It is not probable, therefore, that 'as industry advances in mechanization a greater weight of political authority must develop outside than was necessary in the past.' There is, on the contrary, a strong presumption that the collectivist movement is a tremendous reaction in human affairs, that on the main line along which western society has advanced it is carrying mankind backward and not forward. The collectivists generalize from an interpretation of a relatively short historical epoch. They have confused the phenomena of the latest phase of the corporate system with the consequences of modern technology. They have come to think of these phenomena as fatally determined, when in fact, without foreseeing the consequences, the nineteenth-century states permitted and provoked them. This was done, as I hope to demonstrate, because the liberal democrats who created them, mistaking the privilege of corporate bodies for the rights of man, the immunities of artificial persons for the inviolability of natural persons, the possession of monopolies for private property, failed to develop their own intuitions and their own doctrines.

Because they have assumed that the development of concentrated corporate capitalism is the natural and necessary outcome of the new technology, the collectivists, whether they be big business men or socialists, have turned from the liberal to the authoritarian conception of society. Had they taken a

longer view, they would have questioned their basic premise, remembering that the scientific achievements which they now regard as compelling the establishment of authority became possible only as scientific inquiry was emancipated from authority. However pleasant its promises, they would have hesitated to revive the absolute state. They would have remembered that before modern society could be created the state had to be subjected to a constitutional system. They would have been slow to return to compulsion as an instrument of 'synthesis, coördination, and rational control,' and as the specific for private acquisitiveness and antisocial behavior. They would have recalled the long experience of mankind with the corruption of personal power. They would not have talked so easily about socializing and unifying nations by commands from the government had they remembered that the ascendancy of national kings over local barons, the unification of national states from discordant tribes, were a revulsion against vexatious, exclusive, and intimately despotic authority. They would never have forgotten that modern technology and the greater abundance which have come from the division of labor *followed* the emancipation of men from the elaborate restrictions of the guilds and the mercantilist policies of landed interests and of ecclesiastical and dynastic power.

But these things have been forgotten by the teachers and leaders to whom this generation listens. In the past sixty or seventy years it has become the primal premise of thought and action that human progress must come not through a larger emancipation but through a revival of authority. The plain fact of the matter is that under the dominion of this doctrine progress has been arrested gradually but cumulatively, until at last there is a spectacular regression to lower standards

of life and to a more degraded level of civilization. Though the apparatus of government was never more elaborate, the world economy has been disintegrating into diminishing fragments. Even in the United States there has been a notable tendency to set up within the highly protected national economy all kinds of covert regional and occupational barriers by means of which special interests use political power to obtain exclusive advantages. It is unnecessary to do more than point to the atomization of Europe, where the separatist tendencies not only among states but within them are everywhere provoked by the exercise of authority and with difficulty suppressed by the exercise of more authority.

But it should be noted particularly that the intensification of government is not only aggravating the disunion which it seeks to prevent; it is arresting that very advance in science which is the reason given for the magnified state. In several great nations, proclaiming themselves the advance guard of human progress, free inquiry, which is the condition of scientific discovery, has been abolished in order that government may be more effective. Thus the naïve interpreters of the modern world who have justified the increase of authority in order to realize the promise of science find themselves facing the awkward fact that science is being crushed in order to increase the authority of the state.

IV

The events we are witnessing should not allow us longer to remain blind to the truth that our generation has misunderstood human experience. We have renounced the wisdom of the ages to embrace the errors the ages have discarded. The road whereby mankind has advanced in knowledge, in the mastery of nature, in unity, and in personal security, lies through progressive

emancipation from the bondage of authority, monopoly, and special privilege. It has been through the release of human energy that men have lifted themselves above the primeval struggle for the bare necessities of existence; it has been by the removal of constraints that they have been able to adapt themselves to the life of great societies; it has been by the disestablishment of privilege that men have risen from the status of slaves, serfs, and subjects to that of free men inviolate in the ways of the spirit.

And how else, when we pause to ponder the matter, can the human race advance except by the emancipation of more and more individuals in ever-widening circles of activity? How can new ideas be conceived? How can new relationships, new habits, be formed? Only by increasing freedom to think, to argue, to debate, to make mistakes, to learn from those mistakes, to explore and occasionally to discover, to be adventurous and enterprising, can change be more than the routine of a recurrent pattern. If those who happen by inheritance, election, or force to achieve the power to govern are not the sole originators of new ways, it follows that the energy of progress originates in the great mass of the people as the more gifted among them are released from constraint and stimulated by intercourse with other free-thinking and free-moving individuals.

This was the faith of the men who made the modern world. Renaissance, Reformation, Declaration of the Rights of Man, Industrial Revolution, National Unification — all were conceived and led by men who regarded themselves as emancipators. One and all these were movements to disestablish authority. It was the energy released by this progressive emancipation which invented, wrought, and made available to mankind all that it counts as good in modern civilization. No government

planned, no political authority directed the material progress of the past four centuries, or the increasing humanity which has accompanied it. It was by a stupendous liberation of the minds and spirits and conduct of men that a world-wide exchange of goods and services and ideas was promoted, and it was in this invigorating and sustaining environment that petty principalities coalesced into great commonwealths.

What reason, then, is there for thinking that in the second half of the nineteenth century the tested method of human progress suddenly became obsolete, and henceforth it is only by more authority, not by more emancipation, that mankind can advance? The patent fact is that soon after the intellectual leaders of the modern world abandoned the method of freedom the world moved into an era of intensified national rivalry culminating in the Great War and an era of intensified domestic struggle which has racked all nations and reduced some to a condition where there are assassination, massacre, persecution, and the ravaging of armed bands such as have not been known in the western world for at least two centuries.

We belong to a generation that has lost its way. Unable to develop the

great truths which it inherited from the emancipators, it has returned to the heresies of absolutism, authority, and the domination of men by men against which the progressive genius of the western world is one long increasing protest. The spirit of man is rent, and those who by their deepest sympathies seemed destined to be the bearers of the civilizing tradition have turned against one another in fratricidal strife.

What could be more tragically and more preposterously confused than this choice? Must men renounce all that their ancestors struggled to achieve, or abandon the hope of making the world a better place for their children? Must they disregard as so much antiquated nonsense the principles by which governments were subjected to law, the great made accountable, the humble established in their rights? Shall they not remember the experience by which the violence of civil factions was subdued? Must they forget how their forefathers suffered and died in order that tyranny should end and men be free?

It is the choice of Satan, offering to sell men the kingdoms of this world for their immortal souls. And as always, when that choice is offered, it will be discovered after much travail that on those terms not even the kingdoms of the world can be bought.

STALE POISON

BY GENERAL ARMAND DE CAULAINCOURT

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE LIBAIRE

IT was 3 A.M.¹ when the Emperor finally sent for me. He was in bed; as usual his room was dimly lit by a night lamp.

'Come here and sit down,' he said, as soon as I entered — a most unwonted procedure, this, on his part. He foresaw, so he told me, that they would sever the Empress from him; that there would be indignities of every sort in store for him; that they would surely seek to assassinate him, or at least to insult him, which for him would be worse than death.

It was not as though there were anything distasteful to him about the life he might lead at Elba; solitude held no terrors for him. He was under obligation to write the story of his campaigns — to repay the sacrifices of so many brave men by doing homage to their memory. No; he found pleasure in the prospect of that opportunity for proving to his old comrades that he was mindful of the services they had rendered to the country. But he could not

become reconciled to seeing himself at the mercy of an insolent conqueror, or perhaps even a jailer; and he would have to be prepared for anything. He saw himself in danger from assassins because the traitors who had forsaken him would stop at nothing to rid the Bourbons of him: they would never let him reach the Island of Elba. He had weighed his position well, and had carefully considered where he stood. He could not bear to think of seeing his name in a treaty which mentioned only himself and his family, — which contained no stipulations for France and the army, — not he, in whose name such treaties had been devoted so often to the glory of the nation and the troops.

'Always remember all I told you yesterday,' he said; 'in short, remember all I have said to you since your return from Paris, and note it down.'

After pausing a moment, he bade me take from under his pillow and put in my pocket the letter he had just written to the Empress. He then ordered me to go and fetch from his study, from a dressing case which he described to me, a little red morocco folder marked with the portrait of Marie Louise and his son, and with all Her Majesty's letters inside it. After a further moment of silence: 'Give me your hand,' said the Emperor; and he clung to it. 'Embrace me' — and he drew me with emotion to his heart.

¹ On the night of April 12-13, 1814. 'The concealment of this vain attempt of Napoleon's to escape from his destiny, and from the final necessity of setting his name to his dynasty's downfall, was taken for granted. The Emperor himself gave a brief injunction to that effect. The secret was carefully kept for a long while: so absolute was the sway of prudence and discretion in that austere establishment' (Ségur, *Histoire et Mémoires*). These pages, and an earlier article in the September issue, are from the American edition of Caulaincourt's second volume of *Memoirs*, to appear in November. — EDITOR

I tried in vain to choke back my tears; I wept despite myself, drenching his cheeks and hands. The Emperor seemed greatly affected, and with moving kindness he said, 'I want you to be happy, my dear Caulaincourt. You deserve to be.' There followed another pause, and then: —

'Soon I shall exist no longer. Take the Empress my letter then. Keep her letters, with the portfolio they are in, to give to my son when he is grown. Tell the Empress that I trust in her devotion; that her father has not played fair with us, — that she should try to have Tuscany for her son, — that it is my last wish for them both. There is no excuse for Europe to deny him that proper settlement — seeing that I shall exist no longer! Tell the Empress I die in the conviction that she gave me all the happiness within her power, and that she never gave me the least cause for disquiet, and that I regret the loss of the throne for her sake only and because of my son, whom I would have made into a man worthy to rule France.'

He requested me to remain devoted to them, to ward off the consequences of the bad advice that would inevitably be given them, to stand guard lest they ever act contrary to France's welfare; to speak of him to his son when the latter was come of an age to comprehend what the Emperor had done for the glory of our dear France — to be as plain-spoken with him as I had been with his father. 'You have my esteem, Caulaincourt,' he added; 'you always have done everything that an honorable man should. In your conscience, — in your own feeling of secret satisfaction, — you will find the reward of your integrity; there, and in the esteem of men of good will. I have nothing to offer you but the cameo that is in my jewel box. Take and keep it as the last memento of your Emperor.'

He spoke in a faint voice, the utterance of a man in anguish, and often

haltingly, after the fashion of a sufferer whose faculties are numbed with pain.

I cannot say how much this scene distressed me. Vainly I ventured several questions: 'Listen to me — the time runs out'; such was his only answer. I tried to discover what it was he had taken. He had the hiccups, and was in great pain. I besought him to let me go and call somebody — to permit me to help him in some way. In vain I strove to get away for a moment, or rather to escape; he held fast to me with his whole strength and did not reply. Once in a while he uttered a few words of affection for me, expressing his regret that now, after all the hardships I already had suffered for his sake, he was making me witness the sorry spectacle of his last moments.

For my own peace of mind, I begged him, would he not allow me to send for the Grand Marshal? My intention was to take advantage of that opportunity for summoning Yvan [the Court Surgeon]; but the Emperor stubbornly refused to see anyone soever. 'I want only you, Caulaincourt!' — and he ordered me to feel his pulse, adding that he began to notice the effect of what he had taken; that his head was growing heavy and his body insensible; wherefore he hoped the full effect would not be long in coming, and that he would be able to sleep at last.

Upon my renewed insistence that somebody be sent for, he told me not to thwart him: he demanded that of me as a final service. With my knowledge of his position, he went on, I was bound to perceive that his death might perhaps be the saving of France and of his family. My force of character was sufficient, so he had thought, to make me understand the advisability of the course he had chosen, and to prevent my seeking to prolong his anguish, since what he was feeling now was as nothing to the agony of the past fortnight. I tried vainly to break loose —

to call some of his attendants. He clung to me with such strength that he would have been left with the side of my torn jacket in his hand if he had not gripped me from the other side as well.

The doors were closed; the *valet de chambre* did not hear me. The hiccups increased; his limbs grew rigid; his chest and stomach heaved. The first seizure of retching was ineffectual, though for a moment the Emperor seemed certain to surrender to it. An icy chill had given way to a cold sweat, then to a burning fever. He seemed to be trying his best not to vomit; his teeth were clinched. During a breathing spell he told me to send his handsomest dressing case to Prince Eugène for a memento, and to keep his finest sabre and his pistols for myself, in addition to the cameo portrait of him. 'You are to tell Josephine that she has been much in my thoughts. . . . Give the Duke of Taranto one of my sabres,' he added; 'it will be a souvenir of his loyal behavior toward me.'

The voice was barely audible; the closing sentence, like those before it, had been interrupted by recurrent hiccups and violent nausea. His skin was parched and chill; all of a sudden it was covered with an icy sweat: I thought he was about to expire in my arms. And this time I managed to escape for an instant to call the *valet de chambre* or Roustam, and send for Yvan and the Grand Marshal of the Palace.

The Emperor cried out to me, reproaching me for disturbing his last moments. He complained fretfully about the slow effect of the opium mixture that he had taken.

'How hard it is to die,' he exclaimed; 'how wretched to have a constitution that fights off the ending of a life which I am so anxious to see done with!'

His fretfulness and impatience were so extreme as to beggar all description. He called for death more eagerly than anyone ever has pleaded to be let live.

Then he mentioned opium to me. I asked him how he had taken it, and he answered, 'In a little water.' I examined the glass, which, along with a scrap of paper, still stood on his dressing case. There was a trace of something in the glass. The Emperor, growing now more nauseated, was no longer able to keep himself from vomiting. I was too late with the vessel, though part of what he first gave up was caught, and, as the seizure was renewed, a little something grayish followed from it.

The Emperor plainly was in despair because his stomach relieved itself of that preparation. My questions then led him to confess that ever since the surprise attack at Malojarslavetz he had carried the poison suspended in a little sachet bag around his neck; that he had had that packet made up for himself in case of accident, out of his unwillingness to risk falling alive into the enemy's hands. The dose, so he had been assured, was more than enough to kill two men.

He told me afterward that he thought it was the same preparation Condorcet had used, and likewise Cardinal de Loménie. He added that he felt repugnance for any other means of dying, by which the body was left blood-stained or the face disfigured; that, in the supposition that he would be exposed to view after his death, he had wished his faithful Guard still to recognize the calmness of expression which they had known his face to wear in the midst of battle.

The vomiting continued — or the spasms, rather, for now but little came of them. I found the waiting long before anybody arrived; but everyone was asleep — it took time for them to get up and dress. At last the Grand Marshal came in. The Emperor spoke not a word; so I told Bertrand what had happened, and what I had learned from the *valets de chambre*. 'What a task it

is to die in bed,' the Emperor said to us; 'when in war the least thing is enough to end one's life!'

Yvan had entered; I questioned him, and announced him to His Majesty, who told him to feel his pulse. The Emperor complained incessantly of the longing to vomit.

'Doctor,' he told Yvan, 'give me a different dose — something stronger, that will make what I have taken finish its work. It is your duty to do so; it is the bounden duty of those who would serve me.' The surgeon voiced his refusal by saying that he was no assassin; that he was in His Majesty's service to take care of him and keep him alive — wherefore he never would act contrary to his own conscience. Furthermore, he had told him as much a while ago, when the Emperor had asked him for something to induce death; and he could do no better now, said he, than repeat what he had told him then.

We were all of us panic-stricken and depressed; we stood silently gazing at each other in abject misery. For every one of us felt that death would have been a blessing indeed for the Emperor — yet nobody gave the desired response to His Majesty's urgent pleading. His nausea redoubled. We summoned Constant, the valet; and M. de Turenne came in with him. The Emperor renewed his importunities to Yvan. The Court Surgeon declared that he would rather quit him on the spot than leave himself open to any more such proposals. He went out and never came back.

The Emperor's suffering was extreme. He was calm and frantic by turns, and his face had undergone a profound change; it had fallen in, so to speak, contracting the features.

We all of us stayed with him until nearly 7 A.M. I searched his dressing case and interrogated the Mameluke and Constant, who was his body servant. They told me that for several days

past his whole talk had been of nothing except ways to commit suicide. Yesterday, they said, he had given his pistols much scrutiny, and had taken some bullets from his dressing case. Roustam added that when the Emperor did not find the powder flask which customarily was with his weapons, and which he, Roustam, had just made off with (for he had noticed His Majesty fondling his pistols, which was most unusual), he had asked for it. I learned from the valets that several times he had gone so far as to tell them he meant to take poison; that he had begged them both, but Constant in particular, to bring him a panful of coals while he was in his bath, so that he might asphyxiate himself.² All these details went to show that, as devoted servants of their master, they thought they had taken every precaution; moreover, that they had let him out of sight as little as possible.

II

I went out for a minute to speed the copying of the ratifications, for which Orloff was waiting. I would gladly have had the Russian well clear of the Palace just then, for I was fearful lest some news of what had happened might leak out to him. We had enjoined the strictest silence upon the valets and the domestic staff, who must in any case have had but a vague knowledge of what went on.

The Emperor sent for me to come back a moment later. He asked me if the night's event was known in the Palace. He was plainly in despair because his strong constitution had fought death off when his whole heart was set on dying. He spoke to me again of his predicament, of the move he thought it

² It may be recalled that the bathtub of the period commonly was fitted with a close canopy — a sort of pup tent — to keep the drafts out and the steam in. — EDITOR

probable that Austria would make to part the Empress from him. Life, he repeated, was insufferable to him. He dwelt incessantly upon the means of ending it, and complained that he had been deprived of them all.

'That is mere childishness on the part of my *entourage*,' he told me. 'Mine is no common predicament. To treat me now like some nobody with the spleen is an insult to me, not a proof of attachment. Tell me honestly, Caulaincourt: in my place, would you not prefer death to the fate in store for me? To the insults I may be made to suffer? To the disgrace of ratifying this treaty that mentions nothing but my personal interests? I never will sign it. Russian captivity suits me better. That will set seal to the dishonor of those who have betrayed me, and of the monarchs who recognized me, who made treaties with me, allied themselves with me and my family, and who reject my family to-day as they do me because Fortune deserts me and smiles on them instead. Was that how I acted toward them when their capitals were mine — when I could have dethroned them?'

So moved was I by the justice of the Emperor's remarks that his statement of the case affected me as deeply as it did him. Seeing eye to eye with the Emperor, I told him frankly that if this vain attempt at suicide became known there were many who would consider it mere stage play. The Emperor talked of his death, of devices for killing himself; and he demanded that I, as his loyal friend, should put him in the way of achieving it after the fashion of those old Romans who drank the hemlock. Had the cup been there, I would have handed it to him. But to plot out a death, contrive for it, bring the means to him, arrange the whole matter in cold blood — there was a task that lay beyond the compass of my devotion. 'Even so, Caulaincourt,' he repeat-

ed, 'it is the greatest proof of devotion you could give me. Prolong my situation and you force me to sign the treaty — you prolong my anguish.'

The Emperor was suffering severely from pain and thirst. His face looked shriveled; he was drowsy, and had sunk into the lethargy of total exhaustion. He took a swallow of water and seemed to feel the need of sleep. Despite that, however, I made mention of the propriety, and the vital importance, too, of his seeing the Duke of Taranto, who wished to return to Paris and already had asked twice for an audience. I begged him to brace up — to let Macdonald see him for a moment, even if he had to stay in bed and claim that he was ill. I suggested that the marshal, after seeing His Majesty, would be able at a pinch to give the lie to whatever anyone could say about last night's event. 'Let me have your arm,' he told me.

He tried to take a few steps in his room, but his legs were too weak to support him. He had changed alarmingly, and I was barely able to hold him upright. I dragged him to the window, which he made me throw open. The air seemed to revive him a little, but Roustam had to be called to help me put him back to bed — nor was this easily managed with the Emperor so nearly unconscious. His arms and legs seemed to be asleep; there was no spring to them. I conversed with him for a moment longer, urging him to take some nourishment and to rest, so that he would be able to receive the Duke of Taranto at noon; and then, telling him that I was going to attend to all the business I thought it imperative to wind up, I left the Emperor's quarters.

III

No details of this secret drama had transpired. I found evidence to that effect as soon as I had left His Majesty.

Upon returning to my apartment, I jotted down the particulars and all that the Emperor had said during this dreadful night. Thereafter I was with the Duke of Taranto, who was anxious to take leave of the Emperor.

At about 11 A.M. I returned to His Majesty, to urge him to receive the marshal. They had made the Emperor drink something, and his stomach had not been upset by it. He was more composed; he had seen the Duke of Bassano, and knew that all was in readiness for the exchange of ratifications. He had talked also with the Grand Marshal, who had resolved to go with him to Elba. This lofty devotion touched him, nor could he speak of it without emotion.

'My mind is made up,' he told me then, after a momentary silence. 'I have just had a talk with Maret. He will give you the State Secretariat's orders for ratifying the treaty. I shall live, since death cares as little for me in my bed as it does on the battlefield. And there will be courage, too, to make life endurable after such happenings as these. I will write the History of the Brave!'

He instructed me to make everything ready for the signing of the ratifications, so that he could send the Duke of Taranto on his way, and so that Orloff might clear out of Fontainebleau. Feeble though he was, and of a deep, persistent pallor, he left his bed. He could barely stand; we had to put him into a chair and throw open a casement. The air revived him, and he came to his senses sufficiently so that we could dress him to receive the marshal.

Count Orloff was dispatched at last, and took his departure. The Secretariat prepared the ratifications with the other Allied Powers; the Emperor wished me to have charge of those formalities, too. I also worked with the Grand Marshal over the arrangements for the Emperor's departure. It seemed

to me that the journey to Elba was a foregone conclusion.

The Emperor was eager that I should return straightway to Paris, in order to hasten the settling up of all his affairs that remained unfinished. It was necessary to secure the immediate dispatch of the Allied commissioners who were to accompany His Majesty. Whatever pertained to the title transfer of the Island of Elba had to be settled, and likewise the outfitting of the corvettes that were to serve as transports. In short, it was needful to clear away the thousand-and-one difficulties that every objective presented when one was dealing with a malevolent government whose agents took delight in obstructing everything. The Emperor was eager, also, for me to go and see his wife and son at Rambouillet. He talked for a long time with me about all these details. First he would be resigned; he would realize how vital it was for him to leave as soon as possible — and a moment later he would relapse into his earlier frame of mind.

'I was not able to die,' he said, sorrowfully; 'has Fortune held some fresh outrages in store for me? You might far better have given me the means of ridding myself of this unbearable existence. If they have me assassinated along the way, or if they put me through humiliating experiences, you will have to blame it on yourself, Caulaincourt!' These outbursts of complaining recurred with each moment that passed, and were voiced sometimes with steady resolution, sometimes with the accents of despair.

He saw that I did not bend before his importunities. Consequently, after several hours of indecision and many successive conferences with M. de Bassano, the Grand Marshal, and me, he began discussing the particulars of the plan which he was definitely forced to settle upon. It seemed to him, however, that his strength was not equal to

the effort of crossing France slowly with his battalion of escorts; of being received with cheers, oftentimes, but perhaps with occasional coldness or embarrassment; of viewing once more every detail, so to speak, of the France he loved so much; of appearing before her as a piteous object — he who had been her glory and delight. This brought forth the reflection that doubtless those who received him well would get a black mark for it, and that he would feel hurt by those who received him ill. After weighing everything carefully, he thought it preferable, for the public interest and his own, that if he resigned himself to leaving he should travel by post chaise, without any suite, and incognito. With that in view, he then maintained that the sooner he left the better; for he felt that here was perhaps the only way of escaping the ambushes laid for him by the Provisional Government.

IV

A circumstance happened to settle his resolve: just at that moment he had a letter from the Empress. It affected him greatly, and at once restored the confidence which he had placed from the outset in the Emperor of Austria's religious principles. 'Surely,' he told me, 'his principles will make him anxious to have his daughter go with me at the earliest occasion when she can show me proofs of attachment and give me the consolation I need. Besides, it is one of my father-in-law's moral convictions that a young wife ought not to quit her husband's side.'

He made me read the Empress's letter, which was full of tender and touching phrases. She stated in the most positive fashion that it was her wish and pleasure to rejoin His Majesty and be his consolation, as soon as she had seen her father.

This letter brought him back to life

again — that I must say. It was as though another future opened out before him, with a glimpse of unknown happiness. He felt certain, while the moment lasted, that Her Majesty would join him instantly at Elba if he resigned himself to going there. Feebly then, after so many days of untold misery, he still was divided between the prospective pleasure of seeing her, of his reunion with her and his son, and the ever-recurrent idea of writing finis to a burdensome existence. And now, after so prolonged an agony of grief, Nature vindicated herself: the instinct of self-preservation prevailed over that great character's fatal resolves. He was gladdened by the attachment, let me say, that his wife showed for him, and by the thought of writing his memoirs — of giving their due to the brave men who had stood France in good stead. When he reflected upon this, it seemed to make the future endurable. To live, it struck him now, was a courageous act in keeping with his character. People who have had frequent opportunities of conversing with the Emperor will be less astonished at this veering about than at his having resolved to die; for we had always heard him condemn suicide as an act of weakness.

The bitterness upon which the Emperor had fed for some time past had given way now to kindly thoughts. It appeared to me that his mind was altogether made up. The main thing was to speed the Empress and her father to their interview, upon which the Emperor kept harping constantly because of the ill-starred hope of getting Tuscany for his son. Another prime consideration was to escape as quickly as possible from the dangerous vicinity of Paris, and from the plots which he knew his enemies would surely lay for him. Consequently, the Emperor urged me to be off and lend speed to everything. That lively imagination of his,

passing with inconceivable readiness from one point to another, already flattered itself in possession of its every desire. Since the Empress's letter, there could not be the slightest doubt, so it seemed to His Majesty, either of her success when she approached her father or of her reunion with himself for the journey to Elba.

At that moment, however, he was so wretched that one would have been ashamed at the very thought of anything which might have broken a single thread of this hopeful clue to future consolation. I too bent every wish toward that reunion — and the more especially because it appeared to us an effective safeguard for the Emperor's security. A vestige of respect and consideration for Austria was certain, during the journey, to preclude any attempt against his life: Marie Louise's presence would have that effect upon French secret agents and the foreign troops. We interpreted everything in such a way as to ease the blows of adverse Fortune. In spite of memory and reflection, — carried away, as it were despite myself, by the need of letting my mind rest momentarily upon some happier thought, — I now seized as readily as the Emperor upon any kindly and consoling sentiment that was able to cheer and comfort him. This letter from the Empress seemed to me a present from on high, so timely was its arrival. She had put new heart into the Emperor, she had brought him to life again — wherefore I longed to see her, and to thank her on my own behalf for being so kind to us. That *us* is pardonable, I hope; for my feelings at that instant overleapt all bounds of rank and mere propriety. My gratitude was one and the same with my Imperial Master's: I had suffered no less than he, and I needed as much consoling for his grief.

The Emperor, reverting now to other ideas, was apparently astonished that

the Allied commissioners had not yet arrived. That was silly, however, for here it was only April 13, and ratifications had thus far been exchanged with none but the Tsar of Russia. Very judicious, though, was the Emperor's further remark: that for him to travel incognito by post chaise simplified everything; that no doubt they would be only too glad of his speedier departure from French soil, and he likewise. Besides, that way of traveling would leave at the government's disposal the escort of the Guard, fifteen hundred strong, which they were to give him, and which might arouse suspicion if placed in his hands. That, said he, was a weighty consideration for a new government, full of uneasy misgivings. 'They are wrong,' he added; 'for my sole intention is to reach the Island of Elba, and to lead a private life there.'

The Emperor discoursed with his usual acuteness upon the whole question of the new French government's best interests. To hear him, you would have thought he was discussing someone else's affairs. It was inconceivable how disinterestedly he held himself aloof from every question, and with how impartial and superior a sense of judgment. There was not a trace of bitterness in his observations, not a personal remark, not an *arrière-pensée*: in his fondness for France, he could see but her. Since his day, so he thought, was past, he cared only for her future — for the prosperity that he maintained was to be hers. 'Talleyrand is probably right,' he told me. 'With me out of the way, the Bourbons filled the bill better than any other faction, for they have roots. No alternative party had a leg to stand on.'

I must confess that I could not believe my ears. My imagination was stunned by this transition from the deathbed and last wishes of the age's hero to the fitness of the dynasty

chosen to replace him. These lofty and temperate comments upon what should be the guiding principles of his successors' government, and upon the men who had brought him to his present pass; this calm self-abnegation, heedless of all personal concern, while danger hemmed him in from every side; this preoccupation with France's welfare and the Restoration's progress, when but a moment earlier his own immediate peril had been too much for him — such contrasts, I repeat, left me dumbfounded. I doubted my memory's power of retaining all I heard.

'Here,' he went on, 'I cause uneasiness; and I feel uneasy. But before I can leave Fontainebleau you must have everything arranged, and you must inform me whether they mean to abide by their pledges concerning Elba and what is planned for the Empress. Be on your way, my dear Caulaincourt! Stay in Paris; that is where I need you. The Tsar Alexander feels kindly toward you; that can simplify the whole business. He has no motive whatsoever for opposing the award of Tuscany to the Empress, and he is honor-bound that the French government shall abide by what he has promised me. I do not doubt that the Empress will rejoin me in another three days. In view of her situation, her father cannot refuse to let her have Tuscany; that will be decided immediately. Then nothing can delay our reunion. Her father will put no obstacles in the way of that — surely not, if she applies direct to him. If Metternich interposes, though, his intrigues will ruin everything.'

The Emperor said this to me in so rueful a tone that I saw plainly that his self-flattery, like mine, had lasted but a moment. Thereupon he urged me to go and get ready, and he added that he was about to write to the Empress; not wishing to constrain her in any way, he would leave her free to do whatever she might please or think fit; if she re-

joined him, he wished it to be owing wholly to her affection.

'If you see her, do not insist that she join me; I would rather have her at Florence than at Elba, if she came there with a frown on her face. I no longer have a throne; there are no illusions left. Cæsar can be content as a common citizen. It may cost his young consort something to be plain Cæsar's wife! At the Empress's age one still needs toys to play with. If she is not going to pride herself, of her own accord, on her devotion to me, then it is better not to be urgent with her. That would chill her enthusiasm for the Tuscan matter, which is far more important for my son, and even for her. When a few months have passed, she will wish of her own accord to spend some time with me. Things can be arranged so that every year I may go and spend a few months with her in Italy, when it becomes apparent that I have resolved to meddle with nothing, and that I am content, like Sancho, with the governing of my island and the pleasure of writing my memoirs.'

I saw the Emperor once more before I left. He was extremely pale and worn out, but calm and resolute. He repeated everything that he already had told me. With the journey to Elba decided upon, the arrangements for it had to be made in two ways, one for going with the Empress and the other without her. He still flattered himself with the hope that she would rejoin him at Montargis — in which case the journey to Saint-Tropez would have been made in ten days, instead of by traveling day and night.

I went down with the Emperor into the garden, where he alternately sat and walked for some little time. The open air did him good: though weak, and in need of an arm to help him down the stairs, he was better once he was out of doors.

THE QUICKSANDS OF THE MOVIES

BY GILBERT SELDES

I

THE permanent situation in Hollywood is this: every producer says, seriously and with the greatest sincerity, that the pictures he will offer next year will be in every way superior to those he has made this year; but it is an offense against the current morality to suggest that any of this year's pictures are in any way short of perfection. To hint a fault or hesitate dislike is not only bad manners; it brings you, directly or indirectly, to the final argument, that the picture you have criticized has made, or will make, a million and a half at the box office, with the implied rebuke that any improvement you have mentioned would have cut down that excellent figure.

The error of criticism so far has been that the critics accepted the producers' finances and disagreed with them about art. I propose, instead, to take the cue dropped by Bernard Shaw many years ago, in one of the most famous, and probably most authentic, of all the stories about Samuel Goldwyn. Hagglng over prices for his plays, Mr. Shaw was assured by Mr. Goldwyn that the movies made out of the plays would be in every way loyal to the original intent of the author and, as productions, incomparable. 'You are a business man, Mr. Goldwyn,' said Shaw, 'and interested only in art; I am an artist, and interested only in money.'

For the critic, that is the correct line.

The movies are not making nearly enough money; my estimate is that they should yield a third more profit — or, to put it another way, the movies are operating at only two thirds of their capacity and are earning 33 per cent less than they should. As for art, we shall have better pictures only when the producers learn how to attract all of their potential patrons; it is quite possible that we shall not get better pictures until the producers learn how to make more money.

II

For the past ten years the movies have been living by a series of shocks, and their almost incredible improvement, year by year, has come about while the industry has been going through one convulsion after another. Accustomed to a feverish life, the producers, actors, writers, and directors hardly winked an eye as the market crash of 1929 destroyed the value of stocks; they were, in fact, isolated from Wall Street by a crash of their own, the destruction of the silent picture on which they had worked for a generation, and the destruction, at the same time, not only of physical property, but of a hundred priceless popular figures. Plant, players, methods of writing, acting, and directing, all had to be altered, and hardly had this been done when the competition of radio

(virtually free entertainment in the midst of the great depression) began to squeeze the movie producers, who had sold their souls to the bankers and were undergoing the miseries of financial subjection. The radio was not conquered, but a long armistice was declared, when the movies encountered their next crisis: the censorship-boycott movement. A masterly series of political moves blunted the edge of this weapon temporarily (it has just been sharpened again by the direct approval of the Pope) and the movies had nothing to face except the coming of color, which is not so revolutionary as the coming of sound, but is perplexing; and in the distance, all the more menacing because of the uncertainty, lies television.

These are 'the headaches of Hollywood,' suffering which Hollywood has turned out, in addition to an incalculable amount of trash, such excellent pictures as have made even the diehards forget the ancient glories of the silent screen. It has mastered, tardily but surely, the complicated relation between dialogue and action; its average pictures, even, are more intelligent than they ever were; it has timidly touched upon serious themes; it has filmed Shakespeare without vulgarity and Dickens without artiness; and the movie director, central figure in the whole business of production, has grown in authority and independence.

There is, however, another crisis, far removed from Hollywood: the crisis at the box office, which is reflected in the bankruptcies, reorganizations, and mergers or outright sales of the great producing companies. Mr. Leonard Lyons, of the *New York Post*, recently reported 'the serious suggestion, made by the owner of a Brooklyn movie house, that his colleagues unite with him in eliminating feature pictures, movie shorts, and newsreels from their programmes. "All we need," he pro-

posed, "is Bank Nights." Bank Night, Screeno, and a dozen other devices for attracting customers to the movie houses on one or two nights a week, are forms of gambling which manage to be within the law; prizes ranging from five dollars to a thousand or more fall to the lucky ones, and energetic enthusiasts for the art of the cinema, in large towns, can manage to see pictures every night in a different neighborhood, and never pay an admission without a chance at a lottery.

These exciting attractions are only a well-organized version of the older method of giving a piece of china to every woman in the audience (there is the story of the operator who went to the booking office with a specimen prize and asked for a film 'to go with this china'), and all of them go back to the system of double-billing, giving two full-length feature pictures, plus a newsreel and a short subject, on each bill. The exhibitor does not want to show two features — he could empty his house and fill it again much faster with one; but he has found that to fill his house at all he has to offer a second picture which roughly corresponds to the orchestra and stage show of the elaborate 'downtown' houses. To the producer, the double feature is an unmitigated nuisance; some of his more than usually super super-features are made so long that a second full-time picture cannot be added. But even such a successful picture as Chaplin's *Modern Times* was shown in double billing within a few weeks after it had finished its first run.

If the producers have long memories, they may recall the time when a single, fairly short feature picture, a comedy, and a newsreel made up a programme which millions of people eagerly paid to see; if they have any mathematics, they can take the double feature as proof that the pictures they produce are not making enough money. Single

pictures roll up huge grosses, and an individual producer when he has to lower his salary from a half to a quarter of a million dollars is still doing well; but the industry as a whole lags far behind its own possibilities and may soon give ground in a far more serious way.

III

Hollywood is living to-day on the virtually automatic habit of 'going to the movies' which was created in the past generation. Some of us go to see the exceptional or exceptionally publicized pictures; but every week there are seventy million paid admissions at movie houses, mounting to half a billion dollars a year and totaling, as engineers say, something like six billion man-hours of attendance annually — and this happens because for twenty years going to the movies has been almost as common a thing as having dinner. The phrase itself explains a great part of the popularity of the pictures: we say 'We'll go to a movie' a hundred times for every time we definitely name the picture we shall go to see; going to the movies is still far more important than going to see Clark Gable or Joan Crawford in *His* (or *Her*) *Great Night*. The only reason people ask, 'What's playing?' is to avoid seeing a film twice; otherwise any movie is as satisfactory as any other movie.

There was a time when the theatre enjoyed this uncritical patronage. On the road, theatregoers went to see whatever was offered, any play being better than none; but even in cities with half a dozen or more theatres, people planned to 'go to a show,' and the theatre for many years has lived on what remains of this habit, the faithful taking their chance on any play which has not been vigorously condemned by the critics, ultimately going to see every production which manages to last long enough; the others, fundamentally the

movie public, go to a 'show' only if it becomes a spectacular success. The producers of movies are well aware of the existence of people who have never seen a stage play; but they do not begin to suspect that a generation may rise which will not habitually go to the movies.

This does not mean that the movies will cease to exist; only that their popularity will dwindle. Already children will not go to the pictures at certain hours of the day because at those sacred hours they must listen to serial adventures on the air; during the height of the madness about Amos 'n' Andy there was a perceptible falling off of movie attendance for the period preceding their broadcast, and it was reported that certain theatres suspended their screen show and brought the comedians to their audiences through loud-speakers; in the past five years, which included the time of the great comedians on the air, millions have stayed at home to listen to the radio, and so consoled themselves for being unable to afford the price of the movies. Add television, and you multiply by a high coefficient the peril to the pictures.

If the time comes when people go to the movies *only* for an exceptionally attractive picture, the whole foundation of the industry will have to be altered. To anticipate that serious change, the producers should now eliminate as far as possible those pictures which serve merely to pass the time, those from which people depart not actively displeased, but not particularly enthusiastic. To capture and hold the two million new patrons who annually arrive at the age of going to the movies, the pictures must be definitely above the grade of those 'seconds' from which the producers themselves expect little return and which are manufactured largely to satisfy the commercial requirement of the double bill.

IV

The fundamental defect of the movies to-day is that they are made to be forgotten. 'Memorable' is one of the last adjectives to appear in the vocabulary of the movie press agent, and, strictly speaking, is applicable to perhaps a dozen, at the most a score, of pictures made since the days of the peepshow. The life of a picture is limited to its first performance, so to speak, and the producers have no intention of extending it.

If a well-founded rumor suggested, six months in advance, that Sinclair Lewis might be nominated for President or Ernest Hemingway win the Nobel prize, the publishers of their books would issue new editions, perhaps with a fresh preface, but leaving the text unchanged. The producers of the movie versions of *Arrowsmith* and *A Farewell to Arms* would hastily make the pictures over again, especially if the stars of the original productions were no longer at a peak of popularity. Already one of the pictures with which the Warner Brothers and Al Jolson launched the talkies has been remade, all new except for the star. The death of Will Rogers led to showings of his pictures, and any award or prize won by a picture or a player may bring a few films back to neighborhood houses. But the only films with permanent revival value are those of Chaplin, to which sound has been added, and the animated cartoons, chiefly from the Disney studio.

I have suggested a comparison between books and movies, and the parallel should be carried still further. The movies are at about the level of the detective story, which, with a few exceptions, is also made to be forgotten. The algebraic formula of the mystery novel is almost always the same: X murders Y; suspicion is thrown on A and Z; but D (for detective) discovers

the truth in the end. In the movies, X seldom commits murder. X is in love with Y, but is thwarted by Z, usually through the creation of a misunderstanding which is cleared up by B, the comedian friend of X, so that the truth is discovered at the end, with love and kisses.

Unless the alphabetical symbols have special points of interest as human creatures, there is no more satisfaction in reading a detective story a second time than there is in reading the mathematical formula. In the movies, special interest lies in external circumstances: how Z interferes with X and by what enterprise X overcomes his difficulties. The transcontinental bus and the courtroom are not only settings, but mechanisms for developing the plot. But, once the answer is known, there is nothing to attract a second view. It may be true that the shopgirl identifies herself with Joan Crawford, or with anyone else in gowns by Adrian, but she does not want to do this twice in the same picture, and the more rapidly she forgets the first movie, the more ready she is to see another.

Far too many books are published for their immediate sensation, but the great publishing houses do not live by these, nor by the windfall of best-sellers; they have a backlog of books which sell steadily from year to year, and are constantly adding to that list. Moreover, the automatic habit of reading is nourished by a steady supply of books which can be, and are, read over and over again. It is to the solid and permanent foundation of the publishing business, and not to the accidental and haphazard situation of the theatre, that the movies should look for a guide in their own perplexities. The reel of film in the can is as permanent as the bound pages of a book; it has nothing to do with a performance on the stage which is over when the last curtain falls.

v

Haltingly, half-consciously, the movies have discovered new fields. Fifteen years ago when I would suggest biographical or historical feature films, I would be told that the movies had to have stories and the stories had to be love stories. (The success of the gangster cycle of films a few years ago put an end to the last of these illusions.) The movies still make fiction of the lives of Pasteur and Florence Nightingale and Dr. Mudd of Shark Island; there are half a dozen eminent biographers who do the same thing with their subjects. The significant event is the appearance of the character of human beings as the prime element in pictures, and this event, if I am not mistaken, can be traced back to the activities of the boycotters who in 1934 became a serious menace to the prosperity of Hollywood.

The intimidated producers — they are never arrogant to organized groups — cast about for safe subjects and with a fine instinct landed on the Victorian novel. The very name 'Victorian' was a guarantee of purity, and the fact that passions existed in these novels was an added advantage. The producers discovered when they went to work that if they wanted sin they had only to remove a slight veil of sentimentality from the Victorians' fiction, and there sin was, protected by the sanctity of time from anything the censor might do. Out of the vast three-decker novels they could always salvage enough action for an average feature picture, and prestige could be counted on to offset any possible distaste for costume pictures.

It was a happy choice; how happy the producers do not yet know, for they seem unaware of the free gift which the Victorian novel made to them: the gift of rounded, complete, human characters. For the first time,

audiences began to be interested in what a person is, more than in what he does.

The perfect example is *David Copperfield*, in which David himself was of little interest, being chiefly the carrier of the plot or action; Uriah Heep, Micawber, Aunt Betsey Trotwood, and Murdstone were absorbingly interesting because all of their words and actions revealed character. The same cause and the same effect were seen even earlier in the movie version of *The Thin Man*. Unable to transfer the brutal sexual play of this book to the screen, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich made it into a light comedy, and at the request of W. S. Van Dyke, the director, put in eight scenes between a husband and wife who, by some miracle, loved one another. In those scenes the characters of the pair were fully developed; but those scenes did not carry the plot a foot forward, and in fact, in this excellent and remarkably successful picture, the plot was negligible.

Bemused, apparently, by their experiment in color, the producers of *Becky Sharp* made the primary error of considering *Vanity Fair* as a series of dramatic episodes instead of a typical Victorian character study, and the film was altogether unsatisfactory; even biographical films have made the same error, *Barnum* coming to the screen with hardly a trace of the original character and *Diamond Jim* doing nothing whatever with the human being Brady, and a great deal too much with a plot which, I suspect, he would have despised. On the other side, the violent action of *Viva Villa* became absorbingly interesting because Villa himself was not a movie bandit, but a remarkably attractive human being.

The importance of character in the movies is that it provides a sustaining interest which continues after the picture is ended. That a man beats his wife may, if we see the action, satisfy

some sadistic impulse in us, but unless we know what kind of man he is (and what kind of wife she is) our interest ends with the event. The cavalier treatment of women which was for a time the mark of James Cagney's pictures was effective beyond the duration of the act, because Cagney is an actor of unusual natural talent and applied intelligence, so that he can render a character completely. The Hollywood habit is to abandon such renderings of character to the minor actors, while the stars carry the plot and the emotional charge of the film.

In the gay escapade, *It Happened One Night*, there was a faint suggestion that Claudette Colbert was playing the part of a willful daughter of the rich, but what species of man Clark Gable was representing could not be told, and what remains in the memory of this remarkable film is such an episode as Miss Colbert's fixing her garter, to attract the attention of passing motorists, after Mr. Gable's 'thumbing' had failed. Working with material not nearly so light in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, the same director, Frank Capra, made Gary Cooper portray a simple but definitely known human character and, by delaying the plot to give the character time to unfold, insured himself against any failure of interest. Mr. Deeds took part in the orchestral serenade to himself, playing the tuba part of 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow'; for comedy, the scene was worth a great deal of time, but its greater value was that when Mr. Deeds went into philanthropy on a grand scale, and became as tiresome and involved as most philanthropists do, that memory of his simplicity carried the spectator through until the next exciting episode began.

The carry-over of interest is precisely what the film of action-without-character always lacks. In the old days, when a preview was held and the producers found a sequence which was

tiresome, they either cut it out or inserted a train wreck. The dialogue picture does not permit such summary operations, and as not even the best movie can continually hold the pace of its most exciting moments, something else must be found. The current practice is to insert comedy, and this has brought to prominence a number of excellent players like Frank McHugh, Henry Armetta, Edgar Kennedy, Zasu Pitts, and Edna May Oliver, most of whom are far superior in ability to the stars whom they support. The defect of this grafting method, however, is that it often throws the interest of the spectator to minor characters in the film and, what is worse from the producer's point of view, diverts attention from the players on whom he is currently spending vast sums for exploitation.

Mr. Capra's experiment with Gable and Cooper, giving them comedy in the first case and character in the second, is an indication of the proper method. It corresponds to our common experience: we do not expect our most intimate friends to be always witty, or always picturesque, or even always interesting; we are not aware of their being below their usual form, except in rare instances, because they have remained themselves, the persons who have always attracted and interested us. So in a movie, if a character has once caught our attention, we are willing to let him proceed at his own pace and do not clamor for a succession of thrills.

The development of characters as a primary element in the movies will, therefore, make them more interesting and interesting for a longer time. Destined to be universally popular, the movies cannot abandon any of their superficial attractions: beautiful women, handsome men, coarse comedy, and everything that appeals to the simpler emotions. As they lie in peril

of exhausting the instant appeal of these elements, they must build them, as the popular novel does, on a firm foundation. For the moment they are safe in the arms of the Victorians; Brontë and George Eliot will follow Dickens and Thackeray. Eventually they will find that the well has run dry; they will have to create their own material; then, if they remember the lesson of the Victorians, that human beings are perpetually interested in human character, they will be safe.

VI

For the most part, the players in the movies have been animated illustrations of a plot. They have walked, shrugged shoulders, looked coy, and otherwise been decorative, but they haven't often played in a 'cast of characters.' The dozen outstanding men and women of the screen are, most of the time, counterparts of the men and women created a generation or so ago by Gibson and Coles Phillips and Keller and Wenzell and the other gifted illustrators of that period. Fashions in illustrated books changed, and finally illustrations disappeared entirely. Fashions in stars change also. But stars need not disappear.

The moment the producers (with the coöperation of their directors) instruct their stars to create characters on the screen, the effective life of the movie star will be perceptibly lengthened. The gain in longer runs for each picture and the creation of a permanent repertory of revivals will be matched by the greater return on the enormous investment which a film star now represents. In the remorseless turnover of Hollywood, a few stars persist, with an unusual power to renew their appeal to the public. The rest are energetically exploited, tossed into one picture after another in which they play substantially the same part, trusting to a

novelty of plot or a new headdress to make them appear fresh; and presently they are going downhill, carrying with them a part of the investment by which they were created. To prolong their lives, by the standards of the box office, should be the first concern of the producers; and the only way to prolong their lives is to give them variety, to make them ten times as interesting because they play ten times as many characters. Once in a lifetime, perhaps, a Garbo can walk through a part as if in a trance and still be completely fascinating; she is often permitted to do this by directors who seem unaware of the range of her talents, and many of her pictures have been failures. Those who have less magic — or into whose legend less magic has been injected — have to act. The audiences demand it.

I am aware of the general impression in Hollywood that the audiences demand nothing but what the producer happens to give them. There is evidence, however, that audiences have a feeling for character. Miss Myrna Loy for many years acted a part, a purely conventional, attractively villainous seductress. She was sufficiently liked, but it was only after she deserted that rôle and deftly played the character of the wife in *The Thin Man* that she became sensationally popular. Victor MacLaglen's magnificent performance, under the direction of John Ford, in *The Informer*, was another instance of the progress of an actor. *The Informer*, in many ways the most important picture Hollywood has made since sound came in, was not remarkably successful, but MacLaglen's reputation rose almost to the highest point attainable by an actor who is not also a matinee idol. By one of his many shrewd guesses, Mr. Goldwyn divined the presence of a capable actress under the famous slant eyes of Merle Oberon; he discarded the highly advertised make-up, gave her a simple character to play, and vastly

increased the range of her appeal. Cagney, E. G. Robinson, Roland Young, and a number of others, being actors in the first place, have had to fight only against stereotypes; Paul Muni, definitely a character actor, provided a memory as Pasteur which contrasted with Muni as a fugitive from a chain gang. Although the voice of W. C. Fields as Micawber was the voice of the most endearing comedian of our time, the character he created was fresh and complete, accomplishing the small miracle of convincing even those who 'saw' Micawber totally different in physical aspect.

Charles Laughton, as Bligh, Ruggles, and Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, is the most conspicuous instance of an actor escaping from a type; Mae West and Shirley Temple are the two most obvious examples of players compelled to neglect their great creative talents — they are both remarkable actresses — in order to exploit a specialty in as many films and as rapidly as possible. Bette Davis, like Spencer Tracy or Warner Baxter, will either exhibit a bag of tricks with sufficient talent to fool an audience or blaze into an astounding creation as she did in *Of Human Bondage* and *Bordertown*.

The last moment, in which the player's intelligence about the part he is playing is fused with the talent by which the part can be rendered and the emotion can be communicated, is what we always look for and always recognize in acting; it is seldom called for on the screen.

This assumes that players are capable of understanding the characters they portray and are permitted to know what the characters are. In the old silent days, D. W. Griffith preferred not to tell his players anything about the plot or the characters; he dictated the emotion to be shown, with a meagre hint about the episode then being filmed; and actually he got excellent

results. In talking pictures the players have to know enough to give sense to the words they speak; whether they always do is a question.

Last year the favorite story in Hollywood, a story told by writers and actors, but by no directors, concerned an actor who was called in on short notice to do a small part. The director explained it: 'You are an old retired sea captain and you're sitting here at this desk, and then you look up and you see Jack coming down the stairs, over there. You get up — you have n't seen him for ten years — and you say, "Why, if it is n't my old friend Jack!" Then you remember, and you put your hand behind your back and you sit down again. Do you think you can do it?' The actor thought he could, but every time he did it the director cried out in pain that it was all wrong; after dozens of rehearsals and retrials the director repeated the instructions over again, and in desperation the actor asked, 'What is it I'm supposed to remember?' and the director said, casually, 'Oh, did n't I tell you? You're supposed to be suffering from leprosy.'

If this is fantasy, the solemn testimony of a distinguished actor is not. He was to play the governor of a district in a costume play. 'Shall I take it frivolously,' he asked, 'or solemnly, or shall I make him a damn fool, or what?' And the director, one of the best in the business, replied, 'What are you asking all those questions for? You're playing the governor. You know — Merriam is governor of California — well, you're governor of this place.' He knew nothing more of part or plot — and turned in a much applauded performance.

VII

We on the outside, to whom the moving picture is a miracle perpetually renewing itself, are not aware of the producers' difficulties, and it is only as

a matter of strategy that we promise greater profits from better pictures. Actually the producer is timid. It took the movies about three years to move the camera away from the face of the speaker; the producers were apparently afraid that audiences would be confused if they heard the voice of a man saying 'I love you' and saw the expression on the face of the woman he addressed. They have always underestimated their public. Yet they are not without experience. They remember that Zasu Pitts gave a remarkable performance as a tragic mother in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, but had to be eliminated from the finished picture because the preview audiences, accustomed to laugh at her fluttering hands, refused to believe that the emotion she expressed was to be taken seriously. This is their justification for keeping players within a narrow range; it actually proves that the actress should have played many parts before any particular mannerism had become too familiar.

Mr. Laughton broke away from the type of the cynical sadist in good time, and the audiences which saw him in *Ruggles* did not for a moment think he was meant to be funny in *Mutiny on the Bounty*, although many of the gestures he used were identical. In spite of an excellent theatrical make-up as Uriah Heep, Roland Young was recognizable as the man who had played a dozen light and sardonic parts, but he was even more recognizable as Uriah Heep. Actors, even the most talented, have found that they express certain emotions best in a way of their own, a trick of gesture or voice, and they will revert to this way whenever those emotions are to be communicated; their trouble, a perpetual one on the screen, begins when the mannerism conveys nothing, and is merely a trademark by which they, individually, are identified, just at the moment when

they should be submerged in the character they are playing.

In a sense the producers do not want their stars to act. It is only after the primary charm of their personalities has evaporated that stars are allowed to play what they call 'character parts,' as if the principal rôles in any dramatic action were carried by people without character. The producers themselves foster the idea that their beautiful women have no talent. Miss Jean Harlow, having been launched as an actress because she was a platinum blonde, actually startled the public with comic talent of a rather high order; but the second wave of her popularity is based on the discovery of a new shade of hair dye, somewhat revoltingly called 'brownette.' The cosmetic talents of Hollywood are incalculable, but it is easy to see that the variations are not limitless; whereas the appeal of good acting is everlasting. For instant results, a new make-up, a new lover or divorce, a touch of synthetic glamour, and a good leg are excellent commodities; ten thousand are interested in what Miss Carole Lombard thinks about acting with her divorced husband and only one or two individuals care about art. But as a sensation dies, its beneficiary ceases to be attractive at the box office, whereas a success firmly grounded on good acting asks no outside help. So long as the movies live by the drivel in the fan magazines, they are wasting their substance, building up reputations only to see them die, and, what is far worse for themselves, destroying their long-run hold on the public.

One of the longer-lasting sensations of the movies was 'It,' which was something beyond the normal exploitation of the sexual interest. Yet sex appeal as a dominant theme does not occur three times in the twenty-five pictures which have brought in the largest gross receipts in the history of the industry.

After the great spectacles and the musical shows, moving pictures based on characters and the interrelations of human beings hold a high place: there are the character comedies of Chaplin, far surpassing the action comedies of all his rivals; far up on the list are the character pictures starring Marie Dressler; there are *Anna Christie* and *Little Women* and *Daddy Long Legs* and *The Champ* and *State Fair*, and almost alone as representative of Sex Appeal there is *The Sheik*, far down the list, and I can discover no picture featuring Clara Bow, the 'It girl' herself.

This does not mean that the exploitation of sex appeal was a financial error. It probably paid as well in its time as the exploitation of the gangster interest a few years ago. But it added nothing to the permanent strength of the moving picture, and the gangster pictures, being conceived as melodramas of human beings, definitely did.

VIII

The moving picture has to attract some two million new patrons every year; that number of children arrive annually at the age of going to the movies. Moreover, it has to keep nearly all its adult clients; and if producers cling to the idea that the average adult intelligence is no greater than that of a child of eleven or twelve, they need to reexamine the child's intelligence, to note how rapidly a child distinguishes, at his own level, what is faked and what is sound, how soon he is tired of imitations, and how quickly he responds to everything powerful and clear.

The producers cannot throw away their immediate attractions; there is no reason for them not to exploit a passing interest, a new fad, a style of dress, a child player. There have been exploita-

tions at least as meretricious in grand opera, portrait painting, book publishing, and the theatre. What is lacking in the movies is only the deep background of these other arts, the background which creates *permanent* interest. It would be a pity if the movies forgot that they are a business and tried too hard to be an art; but to be a good business the movies must learn something of the way in which human beings are entertained. People go to hear the same symphonies played dozens of times, not to mark differences, but to repeat a known pleasure; they listen to popular tunes being played dozens of times a night on the air, or play them endlessly, for months, on phonograph records; in books, in plays, they surrender to the known as well as to the unknown; and it is this disposition to go over in our minds the pleasures we have had, and then repeat the experience which gave us the pleasure, which makes us book lovers or music lovers or playgoers or constant visitors to museums and galleries.

The lasting satisfaction of enjoying a movie long after we have seen it is very rare; Chaplin and Fields are the only two players who always give it, and no director since Griffith, no producer, no writer for the movies, can be counted on for it. Until some five years ago, this lack of the third dimension of human interest did not cost the movies a penny; ten or fifteen years from now it may cost them all the millions they have made, because it will have cost them the *habit* of going to the movies. The way to make the movies more interesting, for a longer time, is not by attempting to make artistic films, but by discovering the true source of the movie's power, which lies in its magical and matchless capacity to convey all the variety and richness of life through the actions of human characters.

SECOND WIFE

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

I

I RECOLLECT how crazy I was about Sissy Whitley.

She was a thick, deep girl, and turning eighteen, though as old in body and head as she'd ever be, I allow; I always thought of her as a big Jimson weed, or maybe a pokeberry bush, growing in deep loam behind some old barn, in burning June sunshine.

Her hair was matted, and yellow-like; it had streaks of sunburn in it, making an uneven tone of brass on her head. I know that don't sound much; but when you think of her warm red cheeks, and her fine strong teeth, white as anything where the black-gum brush reached them; and how she laughed, and how healthy she was, and all — well, she just got me, that's all.

I was seventeen, myself, then; but mighty big for my age. I was a grown man, in fact; at least lots of people took me for voting age. Twenty, not less.

All I can say is, Sissy got me. That laugh of hers — insulting, happy, loud, goading; and her deep thick body . . . I remember the first time I had the feeling of all of her in my arms — as Dennis Sawyer would have said it, the log-load of her. It was a Sunday night, on our way back from preaching. Sissy had climbed up on a rail fence, and she slipped off and I caught her before she hit the ground. I thought, then, it was accident, but — anyhow, the brass of her hair in the moonlight; her body — and you know how spongy and queer

and nice girl-flesh feels, when you're a boy; her breath, with just the faintest odor of snuff on it; and that laugh, husky and tempting — you can see for yourself, and me only seventeen, though big for my age and all that, and Sissy a year older, and as grown up and everything as she would ever be.

She must of wanted me to kiss her, but I did n't know that then. I set her on the ground. She was giggling, and I tell you I felt queer. A little blind, maybe.

'You just ain't fitten for nothing *a-tall*, Bud!' she snickered.

It made me a little mad. I reckon it was because I wanted her to get on the fence and fall again.

'How come I ain't fitten for nothing?' I asked her. 'Old Dennis Sawyer will tell you himself I'm about the best sawmill buck in these Forked Deer bottoms! And *he* ain't a man to brag on his wage hands.'

Sissy looked at me and choked back her giggles, until she liked to bust. Finally she asked me, as if inquiring after the health of Dennis's old woman: 'How is Mag Sawyer coming along?'

'Poorly. Mighty poorly.'

'Bud, reckon Mag will die?' Now Sissy's laugh was really gone.

'She can't last much longer, in reason.'

'A year, reckon, Bud?'

It seemed strange to me, all at once, that Sissy was so het up about an old

woman. 'Not apt,' I told her. 'But how come you so interested, huh?'

She just stood there in the moonlight a minute, looking odd; she started to giggle, then did n't, and put her arm through mine, and hummed and kind of shoved me along, till we come to her gate. I still did n't think nothing, but back in my head I must of been thinking something, too. But when Sissy dallied, smiling through the palings at me, and swaying herself and humming that silly song — well, the back-head thinking stopped. She wanted me to try to kiss her. But I was scared. What could a boy of seventeen that did n't know nothing about girls do, in a fix like this?

She said, 'You still ain't fitten for nothing, Bud! Good night.'

'Good night, Sissy,' I told her; and I waited, and she waited.

I turned away a little, and so Sissy went in the house. It was a boxed, weather-brown shack of a house, on a rise of ground above the swamps of Forked Deer. It was a littered dump; kind of trashy, when you thought of it. But I was n't thinking. I went home, not able to think much.

'Well, Bud,' Dennis Sawyer asked me next morning at the breakfast table, 'where was you out last night so late?'

'Preaching,' I said. 'And seeing Sissy Whitley there and back.'

I still was n't thinking, you see. For I knowed that Sissy had worked here at Sawyers' a little, but that was before I come here. Well, Dennis looked at me, and red went over his flabby old face. Mag, his bean-pole hag of an old woman, she took to coughing. She got up and went out. It all got strange in there. It liked to took my appetite. But I finished my biscuit and butter and molasses and got out and went down to the shelter where the oxen were kept. It was inside a pole-fenced lot.

There was a lot of log wagons and

log carts here, for Dennis Sawyer was running a sawmill. It was n't a big sawmill, nor a little one, neither; I reckon he could cut, in a twelve-hour day, eighteen or twenty thousand board feet — that size mill. He farmed some, too. In the open lands back from the swamp he had a right smart patch of fresh land open, and in corn and peas for the bulls, and a little cotton, for cash crop, and to give him the flavor of being a big planter. He had maybe fifteen hands in the woods and at the mill, and some nigger tenants working the land. I boarded at the house, the only wage hand fed and bedded; that was because, I reckon, I could cook at a pinch.

Well, I hitched up the bulls and cracked the whip and drove off to the woods, wanting to get off from the house, and to think of Sissy, too.

Well, Dennis was grumpy when I drove back with the load. He looked at me pretty sour and mad. Mag was in bed. I seen her laying there, by the open window. At noon me and Dennis et our cold corn bread and Yankee beans and boiled pork on the log ramps above the mill. Dennis kept eyeing me. He said finally: —

'Well, Bud, how was the sermon last night? I bet you did n't hear a word of it.'

I said, not thinking, 'It was the same old hellfire-brimstone stuff. But you can't skeer me with that mush.'

For some crazy reason that made old Dennis mad. He wagged his finger under my nose. 'Darn your pop-eyed infidel picture, ye'd better be skeered of hellfire! Bub, when ye get to roasting I reckon you'll respect God and the Devil, too! By durn —' He was panting, and red in the face as a beet.

Heck, I did n't want old Dennis Sawyer to get on my neck and fire me! I had to hang on to this job and stay close to Sissy. Well, did I back some water! 'Ah, I did n't mean it that

way, Uncle Dennis.' That was the name I called him by. It saved mistering him. 'Not the way you taken it.' Then I got mealy-mouthed. 'Anyway, me and Sissy did n't talk foolish stuff on the way home. Why, she talked mostly about you-all. How she liked to work here, for Mis' Mag — how good you was to her, and all that —'

Dennis stopped a hunk of pork-meat midway of his red unshaved jowl. He was as still and quiet as a froze rabbit, or something — like a clock when you wake and hear it stop in the night. He just looked at me, odd-like. And I had to go on, messing myself deeper, still not thinking, except I knowed I had got his mind off *me*. 'Yessir, we talked about you, Uncle Dennis!'

'What — what did she say?'

Then I wished I had n't got in so deep. But I floundered on, making it up as I went.

'Ah, about all this, here —' I waved at the logs, the sawmill and house, and bulls. 'Cows, land, big sawmill, big bank account — you know, all that —'

'She talked about — about that, did she?'

'That's right.' I looked at him close. His eyes was yellow and narrow, like a big tomcat's. It give me the creeps, I ain't denying. He all of a sudden finished his grub. Then he knocked the crumbs off his overalls legs. He motioned for the jug of water, and I reached down and handed it to him.

He drew the cob stopper and threwed his head back and drunk, the sunlight in his red, deep-cut, warty face. Then he handed the jug back to me to drink. I rubbed off the jug mouth on my sleeve when he was n't looking, and drunk, while he lighted his pipe.

Dennis then slid about so that his body fit the log, and he leaned back against a sapling. It was June, I recollect, and burning hot. I got drowsy after I'd packed my belly. But I was

wide-awake, too, watching old Dennis, and him tomcattish yet. It begun to crawl into me — I mean, funny ideas, that made me mad, and hurt me, and kind of tickled me too, they was so crazy.

Dennis talked in the voice of a man who has done a lot of thinking about something. 'I've often thought about men, and second wives, Bud — young wives, I mean.'

I said, 'Well, I still got my first one to get.'

He puffed and spat, not hearing; and I recollect how I just sat and looked at him close. I'd always thought of Dennis Sawyer as a big man, but he was n't; he was fat around the belly, and his chest was right smart thick, but his legs was skinny, and his neck thin and weak-like. It was his shaggy head that made him seem big — and the way he hunkered himself. When you looked at him, not thinking, you'd have said he was old. But he was n't; that is, he was about forty-five, and had the way of somebody not quite forty. Bright eyes, thick healthy hair, and all that. There was just a lot of man in him — too much when you got to thinking how mean he was. To hear him carry on about sin, and talk in pious-preacher talk about hell and eternity and the like, you'd figure he was a good man; but when you seen him, as I did once, kick a steer that was bogged down in the blue-black mud of West Tennessee till he broke its bones and it died — well, you'd get a different notion. I used to be scared of him. That was past. I only got sick at the stomach, looking at him, now, thinking of his hangdog way and poor mouth about hard times and lack of money, and him with a bank account at Dyersburg, and Mag dying because he was too stingy to put her in the hospital.

Well, he droned on, talking stuff he'd thought of, I reckon, in many a midnight.

'But, then,' he sort of argued the matter with himself, 'they is second wives, *and* second wives. Young women *and* young women.'

'I allow so,' I grudged him.

He went on directly: 'Take old Oliver Mingle, now. He lost his first wife. Right prime woman she was, too. So she kicked out, and old Mingle got to poking his nose about and exercising his eyeballs in s'arch of a fraish female. He was, I recollect, sixty-five. He had a right smart passel of money laid up, too. Them's the kind the young critters look for, and take in. You know how it shapes up — first wife works her fingers to the bone, saving and scraping; she does without so's to accumulate for her old age and his; so she works herself to death. Then the second wife, more apt than not a lazy hunker, comes along and lives on the fat of the land. So this-here wench Jo Landis, from down Reelfoot way, she takes in old Ol Mingle, and the way she leads him around by the nose and unlatches the pucker-strings of his purse is a sin and a shame. Know what, Bud? She had no more principle than a skunk. All the while she was making out like she went back home to Reelfoot to see her mammy and pappy, why, she was going back to a sweetheart she left there. Did Oliver raise hell when he got wind of it!'

'Then what?' I asked, grumpy.

'The gal lied out of it, drawed the wool over his eyes, till she finished getting his money; then she snapped her fingers in his whiskers and walked out and taken her young man. Can you think of a human being that lousy?'

'I'd better gear the bulls,' I said, 'and haul some logs — some of Mis' Mag's logs.'

I seen him squinch at that. It was virgin timber. He was cutting it and shipping the lumber, and putting the money in the bank, while Mag died by inches.

II

I went to see Sissy soon after this, a night when the moon was plumb full. Sissy wanted to walk, so I said all right, and we started off. I liked to of fell over a pile of junk on the crazy porch. Sissy's old trashy paw could pile up as much as a boxcar load of plunder on a porch — ploughs, harness, plough points, grass sacks, shoes, stovewood, dogs, dirty clothes, the devil only knows what. And the smells that Sissy's maw kept the place varnished with, where she was too trifling to scrub and scour — well, it did n't make you hanker to eat there regular. But they was clever folks, at that; they laughed a lot, and made you forget how trashy they was. They drank, and cussed, and fought; but they got on, maybe a lap or two ahead of starvation. But Sissy was different. You've noticed how pretty and purple the bloom of the Jimson weed is? She was like that. You mash the flower and it lets out a stink, of course; but I was n't thinking of that now. Besides, you kind of like to be around trashy folks, for it makes you feel you're somebody yourself. Now, I never felt like much around folks like Tom Hornbeak, and his sister Mary, what lived out at Roellen, where I'd come from down here to work for Dennis Sawyer. Mary was studying for a school-teacher, and was she keen! Tom was finishing high school, and went well-dressed, and he could talk proper like nobody's business. They liked me, too. But I always had to be on my *p*'s and *q*'s around them.

Funny enough, to-night Sissy was thinking about Mary Hornbeak, too. You see, I'd told her about Mary, and about Tom, and how they was n't high and mighty around me, though they had a right to be, if they wanted to. Mary'd tried to learn me a little proper talk and manners, and Tom thought

him and me might go into some kind of a business. That is, if I'd come back and maybe go to school some. They liked me — I could see that; and I just thought worlds of them. So I'd told Sissy about it, you see; and how me and Mary sometimes wrote letters, though I had n't answered Mary's last letter.

'Because,' I had started to say to Sissy; then my tongue got thick and I could n't finish that it was because I was in love with Sissy — crazy about her, to tell the truth.

So, as Sissy and me walked along in the moonlight, she bumped close to me, and laughed that funny intimate laugh of hers. It got me, I'm telling you.

'Have you writ that letter to Mary Hornbeak yet, Bud?'

'Aw, how could I be writing letters to anybody when I'm thinking of you all the time, Sissy — night and day?'

She stopped in the path. 'Do you mean that, Bud?'

'I sure do mean that!'

So we stood there, looking at one another. Sissy peered back, to make sure the old man was n't following us. You see, the old folks must of been thinking about old Dennis Sawyer, and those things older folks think of but young folks don't. Then Sissy laughed, and looked back at me; then she took my two hands and put them on her, and showed me how to hold her tight, right up close. All the while she kept giggling.

'You are just the no-fittenest boy ever I seen, Bud Bane! Darn your trifling picture, I never seen the beat of you.'

I told her something — I reckon it must of been what could you expect in a boy that was only seventeen, and backward, though he looked like a man. So she said: 'I aims to show you how to kiss a girl.'

And she showed me. I don't mind saying, now, that it was a funny experience, that first time I ever kissed a girl,

and crazy about Sissy like I was. The second kiss had a different taste — that is, some different; but it was a right smart while before I actually got the full flavor. Of all the things I ever seen Sissy work at, kissing was just about the best job she could do. When you thought of it, she was like a song that comes from away down deep and goes away on the dewy wind. Or maybe she was like a stream of water gushing out of the side of a hill. A Jimson weed, blooming in the hot day in delta land. You know what I mean. I don't know book learning enough to make it sound right. But she was terrible and awful pretty to me, in that little time there in the moonlight on the path. She finally laughed.

'Bud, do you like it?'

My voice was choked and funny and flat when I told her, 'God, yes.'

'You love me, don't you?'

'God, yes. A long time.'

'You never told me.'

'I did n't know how.'

'You are just the no-countest boy ever I seen, Bud!'

'Anyway, old Dennis Sawyer has been talking about you.'

'Me?' She laughed, a lazy crazy-girl laugh, and I thought she'd be mad; but she was a little pleased and interested. 'What's that old mudwump been saying about me, Bud?'

'He's been talking about second wives.'

She echoed in a voice like something across a slough, 'Second wives!'

'He's got eyes on you, that's what! And his old woman not dead yet. It makes me sick!'

'So Dennis got his eye peeled on a young gal for a second wife, huh?'

'God, I hope you ain't thinking of being her!' I was hot, shocked, and my feelings got in my voice. 'Durn his low-down picture, he might at least be decent enough to wait till Mag's dead and cold in her grave!'

Did Sissy get mad? No. She just laughed. It was a lazy, funny sound. She held up her rich mouth, filled with them good teeth of hers, and it just got me. I took to practising on kissing her some more, and I may as well admit I got good fast. You got to remember that I was only seventeen, and she was older, and as growed-up as ever she'd be. A girl like Sissy could do what she wanted with a boy like me, as well as a old man like Dennis Sawyer. So she puffed a little breath in my face when I stopped kissing her.

'Listen, Bud,' she said, soft.

'Well, what, Sissy?'

'Listen, and if this pinches you some place, don't you beller too loud.'

'I reckon I can stand it,' I told her, getting warm some more.

'All right, then. Mag's going to kick the bucket. All right, what if I did marry old Dennis, then? Wait — whoa! — you said you could stand it, and now you stop hollering till I'm through.' She held me, though I tried pretty hard to let her loose. She went right on: 'What if I married him? I could loose up the pucker-strings of his old sock-bank, I'm telling you, Bud. He's a low, stingy old devil. He's got it coming to him. Bud, quit trying to pull loose, now! It would n't mean you and me breaking up. I'd make Dennis make you head man about the works. You'd be boss, and everything. Don't you see? I could fix you up a nice room there — better'n any you got now; and cook good for you; and you'd be mister. Boss the niggers and hands at the mill. Be the whole works. And I'd have silk underwear, and silk stockings, and silk dresses, and fine shoes, and everything. Would n't you like to see me in silk underwear, Bud?'

I tell you, I was shocked. Me only a boy — there was n't enough man in me yet, and the boy did n't know what to do about this woman he had to contend with. I was shocked, sick, dizzy. In

that funny caressing voice, with kisses now and then, Sissy went on to outline it all. How she'd be better off, and so would I; and then later we could marry, when she had milked the old cow dry. Besides, how many years would it take us, being married, to accumulate a half, or a third, as much? She had reason in her, Sissy did. And I did want money. I liked to boss niggers and sawmill labor. I loved Sissy so awful and terrible that, scandalized as I was, I just could n't think about going away and leaving her, though she tied herself to old Dennis Sawyer. I tell you, I was a changed man, in that little while I stood there with her in my arms, and thinking of old Mag dying, and her marrying old Dennis, and me hanging around the farm and sawmill, waiting. Old Dennis had it coming to him, all right. But it hurt me, away deep.

Sissy shook me, and shook me. 'All right, Bud — say something.'

'I can't.'

'Well, think about it, then. He's got all of fifteen thousand dollars. Two years would about fix it, now would n't it? If a second wife is such and such, can a second husband be such a much?'

So we walked again, and talked — Sissy done most of the talking, and it was all sense. I reckon I got mad, after I'd begged her not to do it. We turned back, going to the shack. Well, it was deep late when I left her and went back home.

III

A light was burning in the front room at Sawyers' when I snuck through the gate and tried to get in without Dennis knowing. But he heard me. He was listening, waiting, I was to know. I got my door open, and was slipping in, when there he stood with a little brass lamp in his hand. He had n't pulled off his clothes or laid down. He looked funny, and his voice was empty.

'Bud, she is dead. Mag's gone.'

That was all he said. For a little my flesh crawled. You never saw a man, as I did, whose woman had gone, when he was waiting for her to go to marry a young girl, and seen her gone for good. And I knowed why Mag had kicked out so much sooner than she might have. It was the thought of Sissy. I allow as Mag and Dennis must of had a fight after I left the house — about the girl. Maybe Mag openly accused Dennis. Women are like that. And I never knowed, for Dennis was there alone, and he would n't talk — never.

Now she was dead.

Well, they put the poor old soul away with a prayer and song or two, there not far from Forked Deer. And right off the women began to talk and snicker. You know how folks talk about such things. Would Dennis Sawyer start out to get him a fresh wife? Would he stop at old Whitley's shack? Dennis done both of them very things.

It got me in a terrible mess. I'd see Sissy now and then, and I'd give her hell. She'd keep me pacified with her passion and her soft words and kisses. When I was with her, it was like being under a spell. She'd kiss me till I was drunk. I'd never loved ary other girl, and she wound me around her little finger. She'd plead with me not to get on a high horse.

'Don't go off on a high hoss, Bud!' she would plead, in that honey voice of hers. 'It's for us both, all for you. You just lay low and keep calm. Don't start any hell-raising. I'm going to marry old Dennis anyway; so you just stick around and have yourself a good job.'

She shook me affectionately, but I tell you I was sick in my soul.

'You'll have a lot of brats by him!' I said bitterly.

'Who, me? God, no!'

'But —' I just looked at her, pop-eyed, I reckon.

'No, not me. Not Sissy!' So I had the feeling, more than ever, that Sissy was ages older than me, though only a year in time; and she talked of things I'd never quite know about. For my part, I could n't tear myself from her, hating and loving her like I did. If I'd been older, if I'd knowed more about girls — but you see how it is. When a boy is in my sort of fix, he stays; so I stayed. Me and Sissy sometimes would fight, and I'd say I was going to kill her. But she'd only say, in those honey tones, 'Bud, would you kill me? You could n't watch me die. You know you could n't.' She had me; for I could n't. There were nights I could n't sleep. I'd go out in the woods and try to walk it off. I planned sometimes to murder old Dennis Sawyer. But he owed me three months' back pay; it would be late summer before he could sell off his lumber and pay me up. You can't kill a man when things are messed up like that. And old Dennis was simply crazy about Sissy. At first he said that for the looks of things he would wait a year. But it was n't long before he wondered if he could hold out six months. Finally he said to hell with the gossips.

'To hell with 'em, Bud!' He overlooked my sullen ways, my open hate for him, and even told me all that went on in his head. 'If I waited a year, they'd blob; if six months, they'd blab; if no time a-tall, they'll only blab-blob, so what the hell?' Then he might reach over and slap my back and grin. He was an evil devil when he grinned like that. 'Don't take it so hard, Bud. Don't look so down in the mouth. I could n't help beating your time, now could I?'

I did n't say nothing, only glowered.

'You see, Bud, gals will take up with growed-up men, men of some means, some experience and all, lots quicker

than with a sappy boy. But you'll have your inning — just wait. Wait for *your* second wife.'

'Anyhow, I won't pick her out before the first one's cold in her grave.'

But it did n't faze him. And I decided not to say the next thing that popped in my head: —

'And second wives come high — when they're young. But fools like you pay the price, thinking all the time maybe you won't have to.'

That, as much as anything, kind of reconciled me to sticking around. Then, maybe I hoped at the last minute Sissy would get cold feet. But I did n't know Sissy.

I heard them that night, when they had a big fight in the path. It was dark-moon, and I was on my way to see Sissy, and run into 'em there in the woods. Sissy and old Dennis was at it, tooth and nail. I hung to the fence, listening.

'Well, we're going to have a church wedding, or else!' Sissy said.

Dennis Sawyer clamped his foot down on that. 'No, sir! Not by a dang sight. Walk up that church aisle with you, and all them damned women grinning up at me? God, no!'

'If that's the way you feel about it, then, no wedding for me and you!'

That got Dennis stirred up bad. He began to beg, then to plead, and for all the world it was like a dog when you take it out to shoot it, and it knows. I wanted to laugh and was sick at the stomach at the same time.

'You can't go back on me now, Sissy — after we've —'

'All right, a big church wedding, or nothing!'

If it'd been Mag, Dennis would have pawed up the earth, put his foot down, and that'd been the end of it. But this was Sissy, and she was young, and her flesh was like sponge. Well, she won, as I knowed she would. So, as the days went along, there was a scrap of

some kind every time they met. Next it was about these here invitations with the letters sticking up above the surface of the paper. Sissy wanted to send them to all her kin back up at Obion, over on Reelfoot; send 'em to all Mag's kin, Dennis's kin, and the old women he hated to march up the church aisle before. The church she picked out was Middle Fork Baptist Church, and it was about the biggest and high-and-mightiest here on Forked Deer. I reckon Sissy picked it because she wanted to show 'em. In a way I did n't blame her, sick as I was over the whole mess. Anyhow, Sissy told me about it when I met her one night off from the shack; for now that Dennis Sawyer was courting their gal, old Whitley and his squaw told me to get and stay got, or I'd wish I had.

I tried to beg Sissy out of it. 'Let's you and I marry, Sissy. I am strong, and willing, and can always get work. We can marry —'

'And live on what?'

'On bread and water. I'd do it for you.'

'No bread and water for me, Bud.' Her lip was turned. 'Not even to be your wife. I've had plenty of bread and water in my time with old Whitley and his wife, thank you; and I got my fill. But, honey, don't you get discouraged and go away. You just stick around and be head man. Don't you understand, darling?'

I don't know that I did. I was bitter. I told her, 'Well, Dennis has been talking to me, too. You think you're going to pluck his feathers. You won't. He's not going to turn loose of his cash for you!'

She laughed lazily, a nasty trifling laugh, the like of which I hope no woman ever laughs about me, for I would n't marry a second wife made of gold that laughed about me that way.

'You don't know Sissy!' she said.

So there it was. I could never touch

her with an argument or pleading. She loved me — Sissy did; but she loved silk things, too. The invitations went out and the decorations were bought and hung in the church, and old Dennis had paid for Sissy's wedding duds, and diked himself out in new clothes, the like of which would have paid for a span of prime mules. Dennis had a sick and happy look. There was a watery-mouthed youngness about him. He'd worked off his belly some, and got a haircut, and looked, funny-like, sort of like regular folks. But deep down he had his sick moments. I could see that, watching him when he did n't know I was looking. All told, he'd put out enough cash to buy a good second-hand portable sawmill already, and still had to walk up the aisle between rows of watching old women. Then how long did he have any guarantee of keeping Sissy after he got her? I saw him watching me, now; the question was in that mean look in his face. But I'd stay around. Sissy would see to it that I was made head man. I might catch a load of buckshot in my belly; but there I was — I could n't go away. Maybe something would happen. I'd stick around. So it came the Sunday morning for the wedding, and at last I realized what men about to be hung come to see.

IV

I tell you, the last place in the world I wanted to go was to that church. I could n't go. But I would go, I knew; and so, after I dressed and ate a bite of grub, I got ready. But just before going out I stood a long time in the middle of this room where I had stayed while working for Dennis. It was a drab old room, and unkept and a little smelly. Houses where men stay are like that. Well, this room I would keep staying in when Sissy ran the house; but it would be changed. The bed would be made; maybe there'd be a

carpet on the floor; curtains would flutter at the window. Sissy would cook and wash for me and look after me. I knew that. She'd crack the whip and poor old Dennis Sawyer would jump. He did n't think he would, but he did n't know. As for me, I'd stay on, and make the best of it, seeing Sissy come and go the bride of this old heathen. Two years, three, at most. In the meanwhile I'd live off the fat of the land; then Sissy would have milked the cow, and we'd go away with the bucket of cream. Dennis Sawyer had it coming to him. Men like him make their beds, even to their second-marriage beds; they're selfish, and so they have coming to them just what they get. Dennis thought he and Sissy would fill that marriage bed and not kick the slats out; but he did n't know Sissy.

There was a letter on my table that Dennis must have brought from the post office late last night and put there. But I was so sick that I did n't even notice who it was from. I only knew that I was sick. I had grown up. I was, I reckon, as mature as I'd ever get, though but seventeen, going on eighteen. For I'd seen down to the soul of a female, and what a little ugly wart of a thing it was! A girl can make a man feel more sick than anything else under God's heaven. Or she can lift him higher. I got my hat and went toward the church.

Well, the place was crowded. All the old women, that Dennis had feared, were there, setting like buzzards waiting for fresh meat. Some kin of Sissy's, seeing me, got up and give me the seat on the left-hand side, on the aisle; and so I knowed she had looked after a place for me. It give me a creepy feeling. The church was awful pretty. Flowers like you buy — and how they must of set old Dennis back! Then the organ started, with that wedding march, and everything got still as a

tomb. So here Sissy come, walking by her paw, who wore a new suit that come out of Dennis Sawyer's pocket. Dennis come from another direction, his brother walking with him, like they do in town at weddings. I never seen one, but so they say. You thought of money. But I was looking at Sissy. I tell you, in her white satin dress, her veil of that funny stuff like dew on cobwebs at dawn — it got me. She seemed like an angel, for all she was a devil away down deep. The only color was her cheeks, scarlet lips, and that brassy hair, like dull fire, through the silk lace. Her and Dennis met before the preacher; and I liked to bit off my tongue to keep from yelling when they come to that part where if anybody's got anything to say why these two should n't be joined in the holy estate of matrimony — *holy*, good God!

So they were married.

Now they were coming back down the aisle, straight toward where I set. Sissy's face was curious — it was a little hard, twisted, but when her eyes met mine it went tender and color come fast into her cheeks. I knew she was going to do it, had planned to do it, when she passed — seemed to turn her ankle, and stopped a second leaning close against me. The perfume filled my nose. I reckon in that little time I was blind. It was Sissy's way of saying it was all right: Bud, don't you beller so loud, or take this too hard; and two or three years is n't so long. The filmy veil got hung between me and the end of the bench; and so Sissy leaned against me a longer time till I got it uncaught. Then she went on, me setting there with the color of her hair and eyes and white teeth as a sort of mem-

ory in my own eyes. I reckon I was plenty sick. The music stopped then and I got up. I don't remember how I got out of that place. I must of shoved and jammed my way through the old women, who blab-blobbered like crows going to roost on the arms of a skeercrow. When I got out I must have run, for I was sweating and out of breath when I got to the house ahead of the bride and groom. Maybe I had in the back of my mind that letter. There it lay. It was from Mary. I ripped it open. She and Tom spoke of me so often — how I was such a strong, happy boy, so bright, and clean, and good. Why had n't I written? By this time surely I had saved enough money to come on back home and enter school. Tom was wanting help now in his work.

I'd have to look to my *p*'s and *q*'s. There'd be bad moments. I slung my duds into an old grip, took the cash for my work Dennis Sawyer had paid me a day or so ago, and jumped out of the window as Sissy and Dennis come in at the front gate. So I run, thinking how it would change it all for Sissy when I was no longer there . . . her young, spoiled now by being a second wife, and married to a mean old skinflint like Dennis . . . would it be, I wondered, hell?

I ran, toting my suitcase as I did. And as I went I knew by a twist of instinct, just like a flash, what lots and lots of men have to grow old and take a second wife to learn about.

What was it? Never mind. But you'll know, yourself, that day when you are n't any longer young, and marry a girl for a second one, thinking it's youth that you want.

EARLY AUTUMN

ALL the long night
Crickets in the grasses.
The dusk growing colder —
Another year passes.
Another year older;
And the wind and the stars,
And my blood growing colder.

Stretch out your fingers
Lest, groping, I miss them;
As in their smoothness,
Now wrinkled, I kiss them.

You will see morning
With birds in the hollow.
Spring will be lonely,
But soon you will follow.

THE OLD PRINCESS

AND by the dying embers sits a princess.
But she is old now — old.
Her hair thin wisps of curling gray
And her bony fingers cold.
She remembers when his horse's feet
Were loud on the bridge,
And his boyish voice, for her alone,
Rang sweet across the ridge;
She'd come running out to meet him,
With the moon on her left shoulder,
And smile — as only she could smile —
At the lovely things he told her,
When he tied his horse to the apple tree
And met her close embrace,
And poured the boyish soul of him
His lips against her face.
But he heard the call of the flying geese
And left her sitting there,
With the slamming of an empty door
And a creaking on the stair.

BROTHER

Not long ago when we were dragging hounds
An old hound left the youngsters far behind him,
And wandered off beyond the paneled grounds.
I rode ten miles in vain, that day, to find him.

I failed to track him; but on brittle nights,
When not a cloud obscures the northern lights
And frost holds other creatures snug and still,
I hear his lonely baying in the hill.

Weary of phantom game and aniseed
His brave old heart yearns for ancestral habits,
And hungry, lean and cold, as fits his breed,
He roams in frugal freedom, hunting rabbits.

OLD MEN IN A CLUB

HERE they forgather when the trading's done.
Groups form in corners as the twilight passes.
Has the day been a profitable one?
Olives glisten in cocktail glasses.
Is the market disturbed from Washington?

The twilight deepens; electric candlesticks
Glow here and there as others wander in.
A noisy corner argues politics.
Yon dozing dotard, prone, with sagging chin,
He stroked the Cambridge crew in 'eighty-six.

Loud laughter, startling, signals wantonnesses,
The latest gossip's lush salacities.
One whom it has amused but yet distresses
Wanders away. Another slaps his knees,
Obsessed with that he no longer possesses.

In time a mellow fellowship appears,
Spirits a waned virility begetting.
Some off to dine, others to scan the years
With reminiscent anecdotes — and setting
Flat words like tombstones over dead ideas.

R. S.

THE ART OF PLEASING EVERYBODY

BY RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

I

AFTER listening to current broadcasts and to the critical outbursts common among discriminating listeners, many of us have concluded that the increasing dissatisfaction with many American radio programmes has some justification. Outraged listeners blame the commercial broadcasters, who, fortified with arguments which I shall presently disclose, patiently suggest that the public is responsible for its own discontent. Recent sales figures for receiving sets have convinced the broadcasters — and very logically, too — that theirs is still a 'reasonably satisfied' public. Furthermore, 1935 was a banner year for the industry as a whole: according to a report recently published by the Department of Commerce, the total net revenue produced by eight national and regional networks and 561 stations was more than \$86,000,000; New York, California, Ohio, Illinois, and Pennsylvania accounted for 42 per cent of the total station revenue; 14,561 employees received \$26,911,392 from the networks and stations during the year. Technical progress, substantial profits, and the smiles of satisfied advertisers constitute still another chapter in the phenomenal success story of an adolescent industry.

Its leaders, however, are far from complacent. Most of them regard their stewardship of the air as a serious, sometimes a dangerous, trust and they are seeking punctiliously to uphold

the ethics of commercial broadcasting. The more influential and public-spirited radio executives speak unaffectedly of 'building traditions' and lament the stubborn survival of meretricious programmes and slovenly production methods. Chain officials state proudly that only one per cent of to-day's listeners habitually tune in to small stations lacking network affiliations. If this is so (and the independents poke fun at such estimates, claiming, with reason, that a good programme always builds a loyal audience, no matter who broadcasts it), then the big broadcasters are wise in their determination to enforce high programme standards themselves; to advise and encourage, whenever possible, a similar course for associate stations; and to investigate and act upon critical suggestions in their attempt to improve the quality of air presentations generally.

To-day the chains function almost paternally as pacemakers for American broadcasting, and, having already earned considerable prestige and public confidence as the result of costly pioneer efforts and large investments, they stand to lose most if dissatisfied listeners, through legislative or reform agencies, persistently challenge their right to administer the best air channels for profit.

There is still another very good reason why the major broadcasters are anxious to conquer legitimate criti-

cism: the vast, democratic radio audience has one royal prerogative, and need only say, 'We are not amused' — then where would radio be? The cheapest as well as the most effortless of amusements, for the audience, is also the most easily rejected. To register disgust or protest you do not have to burn the offending book, stalk out of the theatre, hiss the fat tenor, or cancel your subscription. It is almost too easy, and that is why radio men digest editorial rantings and the more temperate magazine articles carefully; why they frown over indignant correspondence, telegrams, and telephone calls.

Radio programme directors do not bristle at criticism. I would not say that they enjoy it (although one chain official states that one fifth of all critical letters received by his company contain constructive suggestions), but they are thoroughly accustomed to it. Individual reactions described in letters, solicited or otherwise, are still the best barometer that we have to measure changing radio tastes. Diligent statistical surveys have been made, with conflicting results, to impress advertisers, but they have not been ideally conclusive.

In March of this year, results of trials with a new radio meter, designed to record audience preferences, were disclosed in Boston. Invented at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the new meter, when attached to a receiving set, shows investigators when the radio is turned on or off, the station tuned in, and all station changes. Ultimately, though extensive surveys may be difficult and expensive, this new device may tell broadcasters what kind of people and how many of them listen to each programme. Listeners may then be classified and graphs will supply an answer to what the American public really wants. At the present time, though the radio people probably possess more tangible proof of likes and

dislikes than their voluble critics, generalizations about popular taste are likely to camouflage private pleading.

Radio lacks the box office which provides motion-picture producers with unanswerable arguments as to what will and what won't please a mass audience. Because of enormous production costs and the difficulties of distribution, the cinema seldom dares to seek any but the largest audience for its popular creations, but the economics of radio have permitted much experimentation in bringing outstanding musical and educational material to special groups whose existence, at the outset, was merely optimistic surmise. An examination of facts and figures resulting from broadcasts of meritorious programmes should prove illuminating. Enough is known already about that gratified 'public' which finds pleasure and contentment with Major Bowes and his ardent amateurs, with radio's lisping troubadours, popular newsmen, gossips, homespun serials, and persistent jazz. The malcontents are in another camp: thoughtful, discriminating listeners, alarmed by vulgar popularization and disgusted with much that they hear.

This 'second public' may not be getting what it wants, but I am afraid it is getting only what it deserves. Readers who doubt this statement should ask themselves: 'Have I ever directly indicated to a programme sponsor or station owner my approval or disapproval of his policies?' Unless the answer is a quick and unequivocal affirmative, then you are one of the many whose silence and chronic apathy are actually responsible for radio's frantic efforts to win an impossible *cum laude* in the art of pleasing everybody.

II

What have we been able to learn about discriminating radio listeners

and their habits? Stations KFI (50,000 watts) and KECA (1000 watts) are both in California, but no geographical prejudice is intended in selecting them for illustration. These stations have long and enviable records in serving a large and loyal audience. KECA is regarded by the radio profession as the consistent champion of the best classical music, as far removed from commercialism as is possible under the present system. Both stations are now part of the NBC network, carrying programmes familiar to the whole country, but it is with their individual experiments and achievements that we shall be concerned.

In 1925, two years before the first great broadcasting network was established, KFI gave the United States its initial uncut Wagnerian opera, *Die Walküre*. Three years earlier the station had offered a complete performance of *Carmen*, and, when radio was barely emerging from its total preoccupation with vaudeville 'turns,' had the temerity to offer good chamber music as regular fare.

KFI existed to make money, and it still does, charging high rates for its time. A spot announcement of twenty words (readers may not realize how profitable brief announcements are to station owners) costs as much as fifty dollars. But the commercial success of the larger KFI enabled its owner to purchase KECA in 1929 as part of a projected chain. When plans were changed and he was left with an extra station on his hands, he turned it over to his associates, giving them *carte blanche* to 'go ahead and gamble with it.' The men to whom he entrusted KECA have worked tirelessly for years to give that 'second public' what they believed it wanted and deserved. They construed the owner's offer cheerfully, and in less than seven years have lost that patron of the radio arts half a million dollars, while KECA has been

gaining its reputation and increasing the number of its listeners.

The station publishes an attractive monthly magazine, which costs each of four thousand subscribers one dollar annually and brings them complete concert programmes and broadcasting schedules, together with interpretative notes and critical comment, weeks before the programmes go on the air. From seven in the morning until midnight, KECA offers every variety of worth-while music from Palestrina to Schönberg, embracing all musical forms. Because recordings are used, for the most part, the station offers during a month more concerts than the most indefatigable critic could cover during a metropolitan season. The listener selects what he wants far in advance, studies composers and compositions if he cares to, anticipates pleasantly, and is certain that at the scheduled time he will hear what he has been promised — fine music, admirably performed, un mutilated by advertising, presented without clowning or rehearsed applause or obtrusive comment. To be sure, much of the music is mechanical to begin with, but so is radio itself; and, since transmission is excellent, few KECA listeners see any reason to prefer the broadcast of a real concert to perfect recordings by the world's greatest artists. They hear the music as it should be played and are spared the distortions practised in many studios so that some masterpiece may terminate at the same moment as the advertiser's allotted time.

Each month KECA produces one play in its Shakespearean cycle, presenting good casts and careful productions of such works as *Richard II* and *Coriolanus*, requiring two and one half hours for each broadcast. The station offers educational material regularly, coöperating with universities, schools, and civic organizations. Periods are devoted to news, to French, Italian,

Spanish, and Chinese lessons, to an informative financial service, pertinent talks by members of the American Medical Association, and such subjects as 'Law in Everyday Life,' 'Fishing and Hunting,' 'The Better Business Bureau,' 'Friendly Forum' (religious), and the like. Programmes have been entertaining, as all radio programmes *must* be, but they have been, generally, dignified presentations, intelligently prepared for an intelligent audience.

Members of this audience responded loyally to a questionnaire sent out by the station in February of this year. More than 25 per cent of the subscribers to the station magazine answered in detail, — a very high return, incidentally, — but the figures which follow are based on the first 955 questionnaires received, enough to be representative. The total of 'hours listened' was 4546: 949 morning, 1282 afternoon, and 2315 evening. The average hours per person were four, and this figure confirms what most of the writers said: 'We are tuned in to KECA almost exclusively.' News broadcasts were heard 298 hours in the morning, 452 in the afternoon, and 574 in the evening. The average age of the listeners was forty-four years. Occupations were interesting: professionals (doctors, engineers, lawyers, teachers), 202; housewives, 116; students, 52; miscellaneous (policemen, soldiers, salesmen, laborers, clerks), 332. The average income was \$3259 per year — which is astonishingly high, enough to make the advertising agencies think twice. This income was derived from 373 employees and 280 who were in business independently. Homes were owned by 41 per cent, — again an exceptionally high figure, — with the average valuation of \$6812. Figures for age, income, and home ownership show that the audience is firmly established economically, settled in habits and locale, and

highly responsible. Automobiles were owned by 71 per cent of the respondents. Forty-seven per cent said they were definitely influenced by radio advertising.

What of the listeners' tastes? The majority voted for instrumental music of the highest type, but reservations and comments were so numerous that generalizations were impossible. Sixty-five per cent listened to organ music, and preferred — quite remarkably — music written originally for that instrument, rather than transcriptions. Unqualified approval was registered for the Shakespearean cycle. Magazine preferences were also listed: *Reader's Digest*, 332; *Time*, 272; *National Geographic*, 173; *Saturday Evening Post*, 168, closely followed by several in the 'quality' group.

In 1935, about one year before the above figures were obtained, KECA, having consistently devoted 40 per cent of its time to good music, asked its listeners to vote for or against the policy. It was conservatively estimated that 50,000 families approved of good music, — and unknown thousands may have approved tacitly, — so schedules were revised, and, to meet the overwhelming demand, classical music, or its equivalent in other programme forms, was increased to 100 per cent of the station's sixteen daily hours on the air. Thereafter complaints were received that the swing to the classics had been too great, so listeners were given Blue Network programmes, furnished by NBC, to balance the ration. Then many KECA listeners complained that the network offerings were greatly inferior to KECA's own material!

It is not easy to please even an intelligent minority, and before we hand over all or part of existing radio facilities to high-minded but inexperienced groups we can learn from the experience of those radio practitioners who

are now frankly 'fed up' with the apathetic reception of efforts intended to awaken the 'second public' to its cultural responsibilities. With but few exceptions, those progressive executives who have tried to produce programmes of the highest quality for a limited audience confess that they are discouraged or disillusioned or even resentful after years spent in fighting indifference. They still believe that discriminating listeners dial in to programmes designed for their pleasure, but the broadcasters lack tangible proof of their appreciation or loyalty. Without such proof how can they convince the gentlemen who pay for the programmes that higher standards may prove profitable?

In May, KECA's magazine commented: 'It is necessary that lovers of fine music *thoroughly and permanently convince advertisers that the best way to gain their good will and custom is to provide them with the programmes they prefer.* A rising graph in the sales chart is the most convincing argument. No merchant of sagacity and judgment will hesitate, in face of such a demonstration, to preserve and sponsor fine music and to restrain his advertising to the smallest duration and frequency.'

III

Here, I believe, we have the most practical and the best temporary solution of radio's programme problems. Under the present system — probably the best, for a long time to come — the broadcasters must always debate the question of prestige versus pocketbook. Although the networks and many independent stations offer frequent and sometimes satisfactory sustaining features, sponsored programmes are still most popular with the public, and advertisers have to pay the bills. Yet the agencies are obviously anxious to obtain good will as well as sales for their

clients, and as stubborn realists they are well trained in measuring public response to air offerings.

Under present conditions the American radio fan has potential control over every programme he listens to. Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend are heard because millions have indicated that they wish to hear them. Mindful of the deluge of telephone calls that would disrupt service on his trunk lines, a station owner used to think twice before choosing not to broadcast a Huey Long speech. The supporters of the late Senator were quick to action. So were the adherents of Upton Sinclair in his California gubernatorial campaign. Rugged individualism persists in radio circles, but usually, when policy is not involved, the broadcasters defer to the desires of the audience. Every listener may cast his vote, but not all listeners do. Experience has shown that if Toscanini and the Brahms 'Requiem' have been promised and subsequently are not put on, three or four disappointed people may take the trouble to ask what is the matter. But if tonsillitis keeps Jack Benny from his rendezvous with the 'mike,' the telephone switchboard will have St. Vitus's dance for hours.

Last winter a radio executive, who, like many others, does not disguise his impatience with discriminating listeners, addressed a great conclave of educational workers assembled to berate that evil monster, the commercial broadcast. He asked, from the platform: 'Will all of you who have ever written to a radio station, expressing approval or disapproval of its policies, please hold up your hands.' Timidly two hands were held up, their owners feeling something akin to social ostracism.

The same executive later asked how many of the teachers would donate an hour a week for the preparation of educational broadcasts, if radio facili-

ties were at their disposal. This time half a dozen hands were counted.

Recently I inaugurated a weekly broadcast of candid motion-picture reviews, designed for adults, in which I not only recommended outstanding films, but denounced as drivel those numerous ones unworthy of anyone's time. This innovation (and don't think for a moment that the men who backed it were not courageous) found an appreciative but not particularly responsive audience of educated, reflective folk, who thought the project worthy. Some of them were even brave enough to say so in writing, though we did not solicit testimonials. But with few exceptions these letters from professors, artists, teachers, lawyers, and others began: 'This is the first time I've ever written in about a radio programme, but I do enjoy, etc., etc.' — as if the writers had lost caste.

Two years ago, the Los Angeles Philharmonic was threatened with dissolution, and a public-spirited radio station offered facilities for twelve broadcasts, spanning three months. The campaign was intense and carefully planned. Authorities believed that out of two million taxpayers one hundred thousand might be found financially able or musically spendthrift enough to contribute one dollar each to saving the orchestra. The estimate was faulty, because there were only six thousand!

Nor is that all. Radio advertisers have a way of learning things about the public. Having six concerts to spare, the Los Angeles orchestra, anxious to make new friends, offered to broadcast the programmes free of charge to any sponsor who would defray the nominal expense of local radio time. A sponsor could not be found. Advertisers figured that there were only six thousand people with a dollar's interest in symphonic music; why divert advertising appropriation to them?

What would happen if we walked into a shoe store and said, 'I came here because you people enabled me to hear Arthur Schnabel playing a programme of Beethoven sonatas last week!' — and then helped to defray the cost with the profits on a pair of oxfords? And if our friends did likewise? Last year one of the national networks offered, on sustaining and sponsored time, four hundred symphony concerts by the best American orchestras. If that company had tangible proof — nothing more than sincere and unsolicited letters — from half the people who enjoyed some of those concerts, it would not be very hard to get the manufacturer of a dog food to seek your good will by bringing you *Parsifal* instead of Joe Palooka!

IV

I should like to quote from a comprehensive report compiled by the California Association for Adult Education, which offered five broadcasts weekly for six months during 1935, the air curriculum embracing art, literature, history, physical and social science. Participating in this experiment were the University of Southern California, California Institute of Technology, Loyola University, Occidental College, Los Angeles City Board of Education, and the Southwest Museum. They pooled their resources and broadcast scripts prepared from authentic sources, with editorial supervision and production supplied by station experts, utilizing as performers actors recruited from the federal arts projects. Necessary funds for the experiment were supplied by the American Association of Adult Education, and the National Broadcasting Company coöperated not only by keeping air channels free, at the necessary times, but by broadcasting certain of the historical dramas itself.

The educators wrote: 'The traditions and ideals of scholars have not proved equal to the task of taking over the new instruments of communication. Men of commerce have captured the public ear by superior energy and organization. An analogy may be drawn between modern scholarship ignoring the instruments of press, magazines, and radio, and mediæval scholarship clinging obstinately to the Latin tongue. If scholarship makes the necessary effort to master new forms of expression, there is reason to believe that they may become once more the guardians of our intellectual culture. . . . Radio lies open to any group of men who can produce material of real interest to the general public or to any substantial section of that public. The only way to combat worthless radio material is to produce work of intellectual integrity in equally attractive form.'

Translating this attitude into practical activity, these educators went to work on programmes. Believing that radio lacked (as it does) the equivalent of the well-written magazine article, the teachers decided to 'dramatize intellectual interests' and concluded that 'radio is probably more suited to convey intellectual drama than either stage or screen,' since the listener sits at his own fireside under ideal conditions for meditation. Dramatic sketches were deemed best for educational broadcasts; and with the Socratic dialogues as perfect models, using four to six characters, the teachers sought to present ideas entertainingly, simply, and yet with authority.

In literature this was relatively easy. Recalling the mediæval bards, and the extreme effectiveness of oral recitation, the teachers supplied scholarly abridgments or adaptations of such works as Socrates' *Crito* and *Phædo*. These were followed by excerpts from Lucian, Greek pastoral idylls (done as dia-

logue), and the colloquies of Erasmus, the series finishing with Goethe's *Faust* and the poetic drama of D'Annunzio. The audience's response was encouraging, though even the educators felt compelled to write, 'Obviously the type of listeners interested would be unlikely to write letters of approval or disapproval to radio stations.' As a result of the trials the teachers prophesied that such works as Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* could be faithfully reproduced on the air, but indicated that the preparation of scripts was no easy task for those without training in the ether medium and that radio education should have its University Press, which, endowed by research organizations, might employ competent writers to prepare scripts for all interested broadcasting groups.

A popular presentation of history offered more difficulties. Objectivity is difficult on the air, and listeners are incendiary when prejudices are aroused. So the committee chose foreign backgrounds. With dictators as a theme, they illustrated the growth of dictatorship historically, employing the drama *Octavia*, sometimes attributed to Seneca, to portray Nero; source material on Savonarola; Carlyle on Cromwell, Marat, and Frederick the Great, ending with portions of Bulwer-Lytton's *Richelieu*. Convinced that they must relate history to modern life, they then decided to concentrate on the economic and social phases of history, omitting the military and political side. Fourteen broadcasts chronicled the lives of 'the Littletons,' a representative middle-class family, from the time they were yeomen in the fourteenth century until they resided in the America of the sixteenth. 'The results,' says the report, 'were not very different from ordinary historical dramas broadcast commercially.'

Experiments in discussing aspects of social science on the air proved in-

timidating. Too many Townsends might be listening, and they are great letter writers. Art proved an impossible subject for popular treatment, also, though it was suggested that the educators might dramatize the building and decoration of a house and work it in that way. A programme of Oceanography, broadcast with the assistance of the Scripps Institute at La Jolla, found support, but the most successful of all efforts was the course in anthropology. This re-created actual field expeditions to various portions of the Southwest, and the 'campfire atmosphere fitted in well with traditions of radio presentation.'

I have quoted the report in detail, not only because it is straightforward and honest, but because the results are typical of so many experiments of this type. These results have practically convinced the radio interests that educators are not entirely happy in the rapidly developing medium when given too much responsibility. When offered time for educational broadcasts, to-day, many schools are apparently restrained only by main force from broadcasting their own paraphrases of crooning, clowning, or capers à la Cantor, which lack merely the necessary talent to duplicate the fare that they decry in convention halls.

V

Radio has never been morally reprehensible; its chief offenses have been against good taste. Voluntarily it has banned much objectionable material that once cluttered up the air, and although the most recent housecleaning may have been prompted, in some instances, by the Federal Radio Commission, the industry's leaders attribute self-imposed reforms and improvements to the listening public. The educated, cultured minority that takes pride in its intellectual standards de-

serves no credit for better programmes, except in rare and isolated instances where individuals have replaced the usual reticence with active coöperation. The audience that has done most for radio has been the larger one: people who originally, at least, preferred light entertainment, but who soon developed keener perceptions and a more critical attitude toward programmes in this category. Since these listeners were not afraid to acquaint the broadcasters with their preferences, there has been general improvement in the quality of popular presentations.

Large groups have responded warmly to programmes coupling Ed Wynn, Beatrice Lillie, and Alexander Woollcott with products of the companies which signed their checks. Because of the definite reactions of audiences the trend is now toward inoffensive and telegraphically brief commercial announcements; if every listener will take the trouble to register disapproval, progress in this direction may be hastened. Radio dramas for the most part are still poorly written, but the serials patterned after a successful formula seem to please the large audience which scans the comic strips day after day. Thousands of that audience *say* that they are pleased. If people who relish classical drama or the best modern plays take the trouble to do likewise, they may hope to hear *Cymbeline* or *Back to Methuselah*. To-day radio is not afraid to broadcast Mahler or Bruckner symphonies, but it first had to be shown that there was a public for such works.

Some way must be found to combat that inattention which is the most demoralizing effect the little box in the corner has had on most of us. How often we dial in merely to obtain an obbligo for other activities! We listen with one ear only, are alternately vexed or vaguely pleased with what we half hear, until some sonata twanged on a

musical saw or something of the sort rouses us to action. Because people have their radios turned on constantly, the broadcasters must follow the clock, grinding out sound, hour after hour. No agency on earth can provide worthwhile entertainment from dawn until midnight, or later. We want good programmes, but they cannot be produced in gross lots. 'Radio consumes words with unexampled voracity,' concluded the educators; and they are right.

Ultimately it may be necessary to make listening cost more. If you paid a tax each time you bought a new detector tube, whose life might be limited to one thousand hours, you might learn to discriminate as carefully between radio programmes as you do with everything else costing money. When your favorite station disappointed you, or if the sponsor of an eminent artist nullified your enjoyment of the concert with obtrusive comments, you would be

likely to retaliate. Stations cannot operate for long if you and your friends tune them off. Merchants would not knowingly irritate even a small fraction of their customers through tactless radio blunders. But you must let them know!

If the majority of our discriminating listeners express themselves, they will do more to improve the standards of American radio programmes than any number of commissions and committees. Evolving programmes that are wholesome, entertaining, and of cultural value amounts to a large order. Slow progress, trial and error, active co-operation between anxious broadcasters and every element of their vast audience, must precede standards of uniform excellence, which lie a long way ahead. My hope resides in the dialing fingers of every responsible listener, reflecting the quality of his tastes as well as the probity of his indignation.

TENNIS AND TEMPERAMENTS

BY R. NORRIS WILLIAMS, 2ND

I

OWING in a large measure to the superlatives of ballyhoo, the American public has come to believe that we are the greatest sporting nation in the world. From the point of view of victories, this may be true, for over the past twenty-five years we have had more than our share in nearly every form of sport. But from the point of view of permanent and widespread interest in sporting events we can in no way compare with the English. I am not speaking of the size of the crowds, which are admittedly much larger in England; I am speaking of a genuine devotion to the sport, irrespective of whether or not the team is of championship calibre.

It is, of course, a fallacy to believe that the Englishman takes his sport more lightly than we do. Everything disproves it. As a player he works quite as hard, practises quite as dutifully; probably with less talk, certainly with less advertising from the newspapers. As a spectator, particularly the tennis spectator with whom I am familiar, he is far more serious, knows more about the game, and follows it more keenly than the average American spectator. Good teams or bad, the English turn out with enthusiasm for their sport; over here, when the ability of an American individual or team declines, so does the attendance, and to a certain extent the interest in the sport itself.

The English have a natural advantage over us in time and education: think of the many sporting generations that have been disciplined 'in the playing fields of Eton.' Their abiding interest in sport is well exemplified at Wimbledon. For years no Englishman had better than an outside chance of getting very far in the tournament, and yet interest in the event never lagged. If the final rounds of our tennis championships are watched by, say, twelve thousand people, the fact will be mentioned in the headlines. At Wimbledon, where the tournament lasts a fortnight, between sixteen and eighteen thousand people crowd around the centre court, with some ten thousand watching the other enclosures. So great is the demand for reserved seats that applications are made in January and drawn by lot in February or March; the tournament is a sellout four months before it begins.

That so large a crowd can gather around the single centre court at Wimbledon is due to the fact that two large sections are reserved for standing room. This, in my opinion, is an extraordinary example of the true love of sport. Matches at Wimbledon last into the late evening; and as you leave through the main gate, comfortably seated in a large car that will bring you back the next day in time for your match, you will note long lines of people forming in front of the ticket windows to await

their turn to buy an admission. There they will stand, or sit on a folding chair, all night long till eleven o'clock the next morning, to buy a ticket. And to what does this ticket entitle them? To *stand* as tightly packed as sardines in a can and watch tennis all afternoon until seven or eight o'clock in the evening.

What is more, the English are as appreciative and impartial as any audience I have seen. Their likes and dislikes are not based on snap judgment, but on the traditions that have grown up about the game. Brilliant as the individual may be, if he has unfortunate mannerisms or does not conduct himself according to their standards, his shots will be applauded, but he will never win their friendship; and it is a friendship well worth having.

Let me give you an amusing illustration of Wimbledon tradition. Some years ago, on the first Saturday of the tournament, I went out rather earlier than usual to have lunch with one of the officials. On arriving I found tremendous commotion; telephones were ringing, telegraph boys were dashing in and out, worried officials paced the floor. I feared the worst. At the first opportunity I asked the club secretary what was the matter, and received this startling reply: 'We cawn't find any rawspberries.' I was nonplused, but a second discreet question brought the answer. It seems that at the Saturday Night Dinner of the first Wimbledon (some fifty-odd years previous) raspberries and ice cream had been served for dessert, and this had been the traditional dessert ever since. Now, alas, the crop had failed, and not a single ripe raspberry was available in the British Isles! Tradition must not be broken; so the officials telephoned to Paris, had raspberries put on a plane, and that night we had raspberries and ice cream for dessert. At first you may smile and think

of it as nothing more than an absurd story, but on second thought perhaps you will agree that there is something very real behind it.

II

Now consider for a moment the countries that are new to the sport, countries where the correct thing has not yet become a tradition — countries, in short, that have not had raspberries and ice cream for fifty years.

Each year, during the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup, representatives from the competing nations meet to consider any changes that might improve the rules and regulations. At the meeting that took place this past summer, the Ceskoslovenska Lawn-tennisova Asociace proposed some regulations which tell a story between the lines. Six additions to the rules were proposed; the first four related to the naming of neutral referees, but the last two were of more general interest: —

5. If a match is interrupted by spectators, the Referee to have power to stop the match or declare it void and direct it to be replayed with different umpires and linesmen; and in the event of a Nation refusing to replay, the Referee to have power to declare such Nation the loser.

6. The Referee to have power to demand that the stands or part of the stands be cleared, and should this be unenforceable, to direct the match to be replayed with the ground closed to the public, and to appoint umpires and linesmen of his own choosing.

These amendments were supported by an argument which asked the reader what he would do in each of the following situations. In other words, what would you do

(2) when some of the onlookers make offensive remarks concerning the players and continually repeat same?

(3) when the cloth barrier between the players and public is torn down and the

public encroach on the court, the officials being unable to control them?

(5) when the crowd jeer and laugh at bad or mistimed strokes of the visitors, continually crying out 'Repeat, repeat!'?

(6) when the linesmen give wrong decisions against the visitors so often that it is obvious that it is purposely done to handicap the visitors, and when no change of linesmen has any beneficial effect?

(7) when the footfault judge footfaults the visiting player when he makes no footfault and fails to see the home player's footfaults when he is continually doing so?

(10) when the referee is appealed to and has always the same reply: 'I have seen nothing'?

III

Differences in tradition — or sometimes the lack of tradition — are reflected in the players quite as much as in the spectators or officials; they are, in short, differences in temperament. And differences in temperament are never more conspicuous than when that eternal argument arises: How do players of 'yesterday' compare with those of to-day? This question is discussed at practically every major tennis meeting, but is most provocative when taken up by representatives of different nations gathered about the tea tables of Wimbledon. As might be expected, the English — and to a certain degree the Colonials, who inherit the English traditions — are unanimous in their opinion; to them the greatest players that have ever existed were the two Doherty brothers, who reigned during the first decade of the present century. Their admiration for the two brothers is close to reverence.

The Continentals, having heard so much about the two brothers from the mother country of tennis, have also, it seems to me, a tendency to rate them much too high. I am perfectly willing to agree that the Dohertys were the best in their day; in fact, I will credit them, together with

our own pioneers, — Sears, Larned, Davis, Ward, and Wright, — with lifting the game out of obscurity and leaving it well along the road to popularity. But to believe that the excellence of their day could stand up to the modern game is, to me, incredible. I doubt that they would be ranked in the first thirty to-day. Indeed, I doubt if Brooks, Wilding, and McLoughlin, who followed them, could do better than the second ten. I don't say this to disparage: the truth is, this second group pulled the game out of the society column and had it recognized as one of the most strenuous of sports.

My reasons for this attack on tradition are to me quite simple and logical. In the first place, there is that constant tendency to glorify the past and to attribute to our heroes qualities they never possessed. But in the second place, — and this is the real basis of my argument, — the game has progressed. There is no reason to believe that tennis is in any way different from other sports, such as track or golf. All track records are of modern vintage; one has only to remember Berlin. And to-day Bobby Jones is only one of a considerable number of golfers who can score in the 60's. That being so, why should not tennis have progressed equally fast? And it has!

The American twist service invented by Ward and Wright has been vastly improved upon, for speed has been added to the twist. The smash so gracefully executed by the Dohertys would seem childish compared with the power behind those of McLoughlin, and these in turn are not as fast as those of Vines, Budge, and his contemporaries. The volleys of yesterday may have been well placed, but they were more of a block shot; to-day they are a crisp and decisive stroke, as exemplified by the beautiful volleying of Allison. The steadiness of Sears or Larned was not

only improved upon by Tilden and Lacoste, but was made aggressive and more effective by the addition of spin as well as severity. The ground strokes of modern tennis, which skim the net with terrific speed, were but slow Lawfords in the Gay Nineties.

It is all quite logical, for, as in other lines of sport, tennis equipment has been greatly improved, in particular the ball. Furthermore, remember that we have a much larger number of people playing the game. Obviously, with larger numbers to draw from, there are many more chances of finding good players than fifteen or twenty years ago. In fact, some of the best players of to-day have been developed in countries that in 1905 probably had never even heard of tennis.

I am talking, of course, of world tennis, not what is merely happening in one country. For a country, like a team or an individual, can go into a slump. France, after a number of years of being at the top, now seems to have a dearth of good players. Meantime the game has gone forward elsewhere. In 1905 there were only a handful of nations in the Davis Cup; to-day anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five challenge each year. Surely, with all this activity, the game must have been speeded up.

It is my theory that each tennis generation makes its contribution to the game, and that those who follow profit by what has been done before them.

IV

The cosmopolitan tournaments are always the most entertaining. The mixture of nations, with their different temperaments and traditions, adds vastly to the picture. We had a taste of this during the time we held the Davis Cup, when foreign nations came over to challenge; to judge by the enthusiasm of our tennis public, they thoroughly

enjoyed it. Abroad you have it constantly and in its most extreme form, especially in the smaller tournaments and the newer tennis nations.

In England, of course, everything is quite serene and according to custom, even to the clothes that you wear. At Wimbledon, for example, a black or dark blue pin stripe in your white flannel trousers is not permitted. A friend of mine ran short of white flannels and in extremity donned a pair with a very light gray pin stripe; as he was about to enter the centre court he was sent back to change. It is n't done, that's all. As can be imagined, there were long and earnest debates when girls first proposed wearing shorts on the centre court. A compromise was finally reached permitting foreigners to wear them but stipulating that English girls must appear in skirts.

The English have a great sense of humor, but they will not appreciate a funny situation if it is out of place — that's simply bad form. To them a tennis court is not the stage for antics or humor. Therefore, when one of the greatest players of his day, a Frenchman, became so exasperated with his bad playing that he sat down in the middle of the court and sobbed like a child, it caused more than a little consternation. When a Spaniard, on missing a side-line volley, would vault the net, rush to the back stop of his opponent's court, pick up the offending ball, and bite it repeatedly, there was hardly a laugh. When a well-known Austrian count defaulted in the final of a tournament because his opponent's shadow bothered him, it created more indignation than entertainment. Nor were the qualities of Rumania's best-known player ever fully appreciated. He was the trick stroke artist of the tennis world. His most outstanding shot was a serve, which he would deliver over his shoulder as he walked over the base line with his back to the

court. He was banking on the theory, of course, that his opponent, seeing his back turned, would not be expecting a serve and would therefore not be able to return it. There are many incidents of this nature that I could mention, some much more inexcusable, but this will no doubt suffice to show the conflict of temperament and emotions so interesting in European tennis.

These misunderstandings — even the more serious ones, such as the protest of the Czechoslovaks — are a passing phase. It takes a country but a very short time to acquire the first polish. Even though this veneer may be but skin deep, it is enough to do away with seventy-five per cent of the irritations. I could mention two or three countries that have acquired such self-control within the last ten years, but prior to that time were the chief offenders.

V

Nor am I particularly disturbed by the professional movement which has created so much discussion these past few years. In fact, I am inclined to consider it a very good thing, for two reasons. The first is that golf, it seems to me, has maintained a perfect balance between the amateur and professional players; and it is my belief that a similar healthy state of affairs can and should exist in lawn tennis.

My second reason is not quite so complimentary. For some years there has been a group of superior players (the group is not restricted to any one nationality) who have had a feeling that the game owes them something. They do not realize that their opportunities were made possible by the many generations of tennis players that preceded them; by the untiring devotion of officials; by the fact that associations put back into the game the money that the successful tournaments make. They do not realize that the happiness and pleasure they are seeking are to be found in the playing of the game, the people they meet, and the foreign lands they visit. As long as they think that the game owes them a living, they might as well turn professional. It is only then that they will realize what they have given up.

As I have said, I hope that eventually we shall have a recognized professional group similar to golf, but, as is always the case in pioneering, those that have recently turned professional are finding a pretty rough road. They have given up all the fun for a return in dollars and cents, and that has been very small. I am not going to tell tales out of school. But remember: you only hear of the big gates and the successes; silence or a few meagre lines give only an inkling of the grind and the disappointments.

WINGS IN THE MOON

BY ALLEN H. WOOD, JR.

It was the fourteenth of September. All day the sun had poured its rays upon pavements and roofs, and the temperature had been that of torrid August. Summer was still in the ascendancy, as far as the weather was concerned, yet the prescient urge of the birds to migrate had already actuated thousands, countless thousands, to mount into the sky and point toward the south — as accurately as a compass needle. Some of the travelers terminate the aerial voyage on the lower fringe of the United States, some in Central and South America. Others fold their tired pinions only when the rim of Antarctica lies beneath. Many birds perish on the way. Savage winds beat them into the sea; beacons and lighthouses lure them to mutilation. Yet each autumn finds the avian horde obeying, without hesitation, the instinctive command to migrate.

On a quiet night during spring and fall migrations, the air lanes are thickly peopled by feathered myriads — the medley of various notes is a broad web in the heavens. Attuned ears may catch some of the medley, for the chatter and tinkle and whisper of the songs fall to the earth. Much of the magic chorus is shattered by the noises of civilization, however, and few people ever realize that the flow of wings is even passing. The peculiarly stirring and penetrating call of geese winging overhead is commonly recognized, but the thinner call of high-flying brant or

the lisp of hurrying warblers is lost in the cachinnation of movement and metal which clothes cities and towns, even at night.

The Collector rang the doorbell early that evening. Protruding from the rear of his automobile was a long, clavate package, which I knew from experience contained a cherished and powerful telescope. In the orderly progression of celestial affairs, it was the night of a full moon. We hoped the few visible clouds would remain caught on the horizon and leave the ceraceous disk undimmed; we had plans for it later which shadowing cloud strata would frustrate.

We chugged leisurely out of town into the country, far into the country, where a pasture-crowned hill thrusts its bald head a hundred feet above the trees which cover its base and creep up the sides to the edge of a stone-spattered field. It was quiet here, quiet with a stillness that, paradoxically, almost crackled. Only the faint cadence of insects was audible, with now and then the sleepy grate of a night heron in the swamp below. The amaranthine sky was brightening as the moon swept higher, and the clouds had obligingly wisped into transparent streaks. A coruscating meteor momentarily claimed the heavens, then blackened into cosmic dust as its substance disintegrated.

The telescope was erected between two boulders on the summit of the

hill, its single polished eye directed at the moon. When the Collector's ancient watch, which chimes or not as he wishes, announced a brassy and startlingly loud ten o'clock, we began our observations of the confluent migration. The pitted surface of the moon filled the instrument's eyepiece; it was all we could see at first. Then, as the eyes became acclimated, moving black dots swam across the brilliance. Others appeared in the field of the lens, layer upon layer of birds in flight, reaching, from just above the earth, up, up — up toward the moon. One flock of five winged specks was so high, the wings seemingly scraped the lunar peaks. It was a small company of great whistling swans, possibly en route from Athabaska or the Great Slave Lake to the winter home on Currituck Sound.

We have another piece of apparatus which we trundle along with us on these semiannual night expeditions. Its shape and size have occasioned many difficult moments, yet we would not be without it. The cumbersome thing is a huge metal horn, rescued from a defunct public-address system. The bell mouth is three feet across and the horn measures six feet in length. The gigantic trumpet no longer blats out political propaganda; it has acquired new dignity as a listening device. Into the smaller end has been fitted a modified stethoscope. When the cone is pointed toward the sky, it brings to us the voices of passing birds from the heights — notes and songs that otherwise would dwindle into inaudible vibrations long before they reached the ears. The device is crude and it is an unmitigated nuisance, yet it functions surprisingly well.

The moon's effulgence enables us to see many birds that would be invisible against a dark background; the mellow brilliance also prevents identification of species by color — against the moon all birds are silhouettes. Some species are tabbed by the manner of flight, a few by outline. The giant's ear trumpet adds varieties to the list, for songs are often recognizable when the singers are not.

A regiment of swallows darted past, their down-swept twittering crisp and clear. Warblers were numerous, but hard to distinguish; goldfinches proclaimed their identity by the characteristic undulating flight. Four large shore birds barged past; they resembled Hudsonian godwits, but we could not be sure.

Trying to catalogue wings in the moon is indeed a postgraduate course in ornithology. It is an unsatisfactory yet at the same time most satisfying pursuit. Unsatisfactory, because only a tithe of the birds seen can be classified; satisfying, for it is a privilege to have even visual participation in one of the greatest biological mysteries. Migration has held the interest of the scientific fraternity for years. Thousands of birds have been banded and careful tabulations of their wanderings kept. In this manner something has been learned of the 'where' of migration — little or nothing of the 'why.'

The Collector and I alternated at listening and looking, each trying to outdo the other in the number of birds identified. When the quaint clank of his watch convinced us that four o'clock was time to disassemble the apparatus, the great company of birds swishing overhead had not diminished a whit!

TRADING BUTTER FOR IRON

New Prices for Old over a Century and a Quarter

BY ARTHUR POUND

IN 1806, a farmer brought butter and eggs to the general store at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and traded them for iron on practically an even basis — nine cents a pound for iron, eight cents a dozen for eggs. These prices and many others, culled from the store ledger, may be found in Storey's *History of Cambria County*. The contrast with present prices reveals at a glance the contribution of capitalism in raising living standards for workers.

Johnstown was then a frontier village. Now it sends iron and steel products to all parts of the earth; but in 1806 the only iron it saw came by pack horse over the mountains from the Juniata Valley. Juniata iron was none too good by modern standards, but it helped to break down the chronic iron famine of the frontier, a dearth so acute that any abandoned building was likely to be burned down for the salvage of its nails and hinges. Whatever its flaws, the quality of Juniata iron was probably as high as the quality of the farm butter for which it was bartered pound for pound.

Both materials were produced on low wage scales — forty cents a day for unskilled labor, fifty cents a day for skilled labor, were the going rates for twelve hours a day in the village, and a farmer would hardly handle fifty dollars in cash through the year. The workingman of 1806 could buy with

his day's labor roughly five pounds of either commodity. Or he could buy three or four pounds of nails, which ran thirteen to fifteen cents a pound, or half a peck of coarse salt, not too clean, at eighty cents a peck. To-day, in the same town, with mill and mine wages from five to seven dollars a day, a wage earner can buy with the proceeds of a day's work two to three times as much butter, fifty times as many nails, and enough salt to last his family several years. Better quality, too, in every case.

The contrast is most startling in iron, the basic mineral product. When iron was scarce, it was stocked and sold by general stores to men who would take it home to be laboriously forged by themselves or a near-by smith. To-day the average citizen buys no bar or pig iron, but he buys a host of iron and steel products which come to him already fabricated and assembled for use. Pig iron sells for around twenty dollars the long ton, less than a cent a pound. A Johnstown coal miner, on five dollars a day, could buy a quarter of a ton of iron with the proceeds of eight hours' labor, a hundred times as much iron as his great-grandfather in the same locality could buy with twelve hours of his time a hundred and thirty years ago. The iron products on sale to-day are priced cheaply because the raw material is cheap. Pig iron at a cent a

pound is the basis of steel at two or three cents a pound, and of automobiles at twenty-five cents a pound.

In terms of iron, real wages have increased one hundred times in spite of a one-third decrease in working hours. Even in terms of butter, although the commodity has risen to five times its former price, real wages have doubled. In iron and steel, and in the mechanical and chemical industries generally, a century and a quarter of improving processes appear to have relieved, through lowering prices, a price-and-wage relationship which except for the swift technical advance might have grown intolerably binding on the wage earner and farmer. So far industry has been able to overcome, in the products it brings to market, all the effects of the depreciating value of money and the increase in land values, rents, and raw materials resulting from increasing population.

Over the ages money shows a chronic tendency to decline in value. It is estimated that since the creation of the British pound sterling in the thirteenth century that monetary unit has declined in value until to-day it will buy no more than a tenth of the goods and services it once commanded. There are both economic and political reasons for this decline; supplies of precious metals have increased and changes in content have been a commonplace of government ever since the manipulation of the Roman aureus by Julius Cæsar.

Decline in the purchasing value of money can be measured only in goods prices. For centuries wheat, the staple food grain, was considered a just measure of the purchasing power of the British pound. When Englishmen reached the point of paying double the thirteenth-century price for wheat, they rightly considered their money had declined by half. But with the advent of the reaper and the opening of new lands in the Western Hemisphere, the price

of wheat became undependable as a yardstick of money value. A combination of mechanical ingenuity and natural fertility — the effective application, in short, of an industrial machine to one phase of agriculture — upset the old relationship between money and bread. Since then the inventors and wheat agronomists have been able to keep abreast of both the gold miners and the political money changers, with the result that, except briefly during war, wheat keeps close to century-old prices.

Not so with other agricultural prices. In the one hundred and thirty years in review, median butter and egg prices have risen four to five times in value, which I suspect roughly measures the decline in the purchasing power of the dollar over that period. Both butter production and egg production require close human attention under conditions which do not permit capital aids to take the place of labor in anything like the degree possible in industrial processes. To be sure, there have been important advances in both these agricultural techniques. Butter making, for instance, is on an entirely different basis from what it was in 1806. There has been a swift and steady advance in the quality of dairy cattle, and along with it a series of important innovations — the Babcock butter tester, the power churn, the refrigerator car, the mechanical milker. A modern creamery is a highly efficient, scientifically controlled factory. But these advances, in the opinion of qualified persons, have done no more than to offset the declining fertility of land and increased rent. If their conclusion is correct, the dollar has declined to one fifth of its 1806 value, and the fact that a day's work now buys more butter than it did then must be attributed largely to industrial efficiency which has both lifted wages and decreased the costs on its own products.

In attributing this gain to industry, fairness requires that transportation be included in the industrial factors. Last year the railroads of America moved freight at a cost of less than a cent per mile, as against at least fifty cents a ton mile by packsaddle or wagon on rough roads. Unless ore could be brought cheaply to Johnstown from Lake Superior and other distant points, pig iron could not be sold there for less than a cent a pound. Industry and transport together have created a situation in which a dairy farmer can sell a pound of butter for at least a pound and a half of automobile. This explains why he can afford to own an automobile. Car ownership would be impossible for him if iron had not fallen in price while butter was rising in price.

Now for the root reason of this sweeping economic change. Millions in capital have been poured into iron and steel production, general manufactures and transport, with the result that a given wage will produce more and more goods as machines and improved systems increase the workers' productivity. Industry could absorb capital in almost endless amounts without reaching the point of diminishing returns, while agriculture, by contrast, seems to be limited in that regard. At least we in America have not succeeded in capitalizing agriculture adequately on the modern scale, and perhaps it is beyond us as long as our present system of small farming holds. That is too large a question to discuss here and now, and there is no disposition to upbraid agriculture for doing its job less efficiently than industry. But with agriculture being coddled and industry penalized, it is at least in order to recognize that modern manufacturing has been highly successful in putting inventions and power to work through capital investment; and also that both laborers and consumers have benefited thereby.

One can read the whole history of this unfolding in iron and steel in the story of Johnstown. The town that once starved for iron and paid distress prices for that essential commodity now sends iron and steel products to the ends of the earth. Thither came Dr. Peter Schoenberger from the Juniata, when he learned that there in Prospect Hill beside the Conemaugh lay coal, iron, and limestone in successive layers — the ideal situation for iron smelting. In the early 1850's, the Round Mound on Prospect Hill was considered as profitable as one of the new California gold mines. There arose the Cambria Iron Works, in whose office is now displayed the Kelly converter, which made steel history. After discouraging experiments elsewhere, Kelly, the American Bessemer, found his chance there. Cambria rolled the first American steel rails, and there John Fritz, George Fritz, John Gautier, and others designed, built, and installed the mills and machines which keep their names alive wherever iron and steel are talked. The ironmasters, you see, took modern steel making away from the old-time makers who thought steel was not steel unless it could hold a cutting edge.

In due time Cambria passed to Bethlehem, and Bethlehem acquired Lackawanna, near Buffalo. There, in the new strip-and-sheet mill recently opened, one can see the latest step in the capitalizing of steel production. The technicians say that sheet-and-strip processing is the only really new thing that has happened in steel for twenty years. This mill cost \$20,000,000, which is more than the capital of the entire iron industry of the country a hundred and thirty years ago. Here lineal descendants of John Fritz's original three-way mill roll slabs of red-hot steel down to thin sheets at high speed and with minute precision. As one watches these mighty yet deli-

cate machines at work, the mind is struck by the fact that the steel men have reached almost the ideal of continuous machine production, as exemplified best by the Fourdrinier machine for paper making. For the moment, Lackawanna is at the top in this branch of modern steel, and nothing like the efficiency of its new plant in mass steel production has ever been seen on the planet. But who would say that it is the last word? Not I, or any other sensible person who has watched industrial development. This magnificent ensemble of really glorious engineering will some day be old, outmoded, obsolete. Iron and steel 'do move,' and carry all things with them.

The carpet of red steel sheet rolls on endlessly into the market. Competitors take up the challenge, breaking ground for new mills of the same type. Will this competition glut the market? How can such quantities be absorbed? These are the queries of cowardice; no steel man listens to them with patience. The country, he declares, always has lived up to its steel production except during temporary slumps, and after those totals has gone on to totals higher than before. If and when America cannot use this steel at the present price level, down will come prices bit by bit until

a new balance is struck. In that way, through a hundred and thirty years, iron declined to an eighth of its former price, while wages, rents, and food prices were rising. With capital taking the chief risks, in the American manner, society eventually secures real boons from any industrial undertaking which reduces costs by improving processes.

To divorce statesmanship from history is folly, even in such simple matters as butter and iron. The anti-monopoly cry was raised in iron and steel because of concentrated large ore holdings. Then scrap steel became a market standby furnishing half of present requirements, and large ore holdings are to-day more of a burden than a blessing for their owners. Temporary monopolies in minor lines may result from control of patents, but these soon pass. Some of the rewards of material monopoly may accrue for a time through the possession of superior selling and distributing systems, but these are even more ephemeral unless of real advantage to consumers. They are of little moment for the long pull, in which large-scale, well-capitalized business appears to be doing its particular job — that of producing goods — better than some other factors in our national life.

THE SPLIT IN LABOR

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

IN my first article on labor in the United States, in the *Atlantic Monthly* of August 1934, I said: 'The vertical labor union, whether a company or a Communist union, is the only union system which conforms with the current organization of mechanized industry.'

The logic of labor organizing vertically remains, no matter what view one may take of the personal quarrel between William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and John Lewis, Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Organization. Their differences are press-agented as a fundamental struggle between vertical and horizontal unionism. It is nothing of the kind. It is a struggle for the physical control of the A. F. of L. It is a struggle over the political policy of the A. F. of L. It is a struggle between John Lewis personally and certain presidents of certain international unions personally. Only incidentally is the principle of vertical versus horizontal unionism at stake.

In fact, the evolution of vertical unionism appears everywhere: in the 'company union,' in the employee representation plans, and even in the A. F. of L., which boasts more than one thousand vertical unions. Yet among the unions which compose the C. I. O., some are vertical and some are horizontal unions. For instance, one of Mr. Lewis's strongest supporters is Sidney Hillman, who represents defi-

nite craft unions held together by a principle termed 'amalgamation,' which means that distinct craft organizations combine in an approach to verticalism without altogether losing their craft characteristics.

That the lines and principle are not clear needs to be understood if this major battle of organized labor in the United States is to be understood. And a further fact must be emphasized, if the background of the struggle is to be cleared of mystifying impedimenta — namely, that all factions of organized and unorganized labor are disappointed by the results of the pro-labor policy of the Roosevelt Administration. It does not matter that the Supreme Court threw out the NIRA and the Guffey Bill. It does not matter that it was Senator Rush Holt who filibustered the new Guffey Bill to death.

What does matter is that nothing tangibly beneficial to the worker came of a specific and unmistakable emphasis by the Administration upon the organization of all labor into unions affiliated with and dominated by the American Federation of Labor. All that remains of the Administration's programme is the Wagner Bill, which is being fought in the courts, and the National Labor Relations Board, which will disappear if the Wagner Bill is declared unconstitutional, as many believe it will be.

Louis Stark, of the *New York Times*,

in an article in *Nation's Business* as early as April 1935, pointed to this disappointment:—

In recent months organized labor has suffered reversal after reversal. Its surprise at this almost equals its disappointment because, in the beginning, organized labor looked upon President Roosevelt as distinctly 'friendly' toward labor. It had expected considerable gains under his administration. These expectations have not been fulfilled. . . .

It is always difficult for a President to pursue a pro-labor or an anti-labor policy. He and the Department of Labor and such other labor agencies as he brings into existence are inevitably called upon to act as umpires, and even if, by predilection or political philosophy, they are biased, that bias must not appear, lest vast political disturbances occur in the land. Mr. Roosevelt has been forced by circumstances to carry water on both shoulders—that is, he has sought to support union labor and at the same time to act as umpire between capital and labor. The effect has been disappointing to his friends and distressing to his enemies.

An example of the sort of involvement that comes to individuals as a result of this policy may be instanced in the case of William Green. When the Frazier-Lemke Bill was before the House of Representatives, it was felt by the Administration that there might be some chance of its passage. So William Green was influenced to write a letter attacking the bill, and that letter was read from the floor by the Speaker—an unusual procedure calculated to drive Congressmen into the corral. At the very moment—it was May 1936—that Mr. Green was called upon to do this job for the President, he was in the midst of his fight with John Lewis and needed every ounce of support. He undoubtedly weighed in the balance any possible *quid pro quo* from the White House.

Mr. Green had to take the full attack. He was denounced by Left Wing Republicans and Democrats. He was ridiculed by Congressman Marcantonio, who speaks for such a constituency as appears in the needle industries which John Lewis was then pulling out of the A. F. of L. Mr. Dunn of Pennsylvania practically gave Mr. Green the lie in the following language:—

I am one of twenty-one members of the Committee on Labor of the House of Representatives. I do not know of any member of the Committee on Labor who received any information from Mr. Green or any other person affiliated with organized labor who said they were opposed to the Frazier-Lemke bill. It seems to me if the American Federation of Labor was under the impression that this constructive and humanitarian piece of legislation would be injurious to the laboring people of our country, Mr. Green and other people affiliated with organized labor would have communicated with the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Connery], chairman of the House Labor Committee, and other members of the committee.

It is often difficult to trace cause and effect in an essentially political movement, but it was obvious at the time and is clearer now that Mr. Green's service to the President in connection with the Frazier-Lemke Bill was an expensive diversion in the course of the A. F. of L.-C. I. O. war. And Mr. Green comes out of it a disappointed man, for whatever he thought that the President would do to reward his loyalty has not been forthcoming.

II

Within the Federation of Labor, the more competently and completely organized industries are those which are represented by craft—that is, horizontal—unionism. These are the older trades—carpentry, machinists, teamsters, bricklayers, plumbers, and

so forth. The only deviations from this group are some typographical workers and the principal needle trades. The printing trade unions have mostly remained in the A. F. of L., although some individual leaders have followed Mr. Lewis. The needle trades represent the Socialist and Communist element, centred in New York, and although they are organized as craft unions, they support Mr. Lewis. The railroad brotherhoods are, of course, independent, and the miners support Mr. Lewis.

The great mass-production trades — steel, automobiles, electrical workers, all the new industries which have arisen out of the more recent mechanization of American production — are unorganized. A certain progress in the organization of the rubber industry has been made this year, but no union is recognized by the principal rubber companies in Akron. Steel and automobiles are not at all organized.

The major difficulty that has faced the A. F. of L. in organizing the mass-production industries, apart from the attitude of the workers themselves, has been the question of jurisdiction, for the organization of labor within these industries does not parallel the craft unions in the A. F. of L. Whereas a carpenter is always a carpenter of one sort or another, an automobile worker may be called upon to do all sorts of jobs which cross union jurisdictional lines.

Non-organization has made it possible for the A. F. of L. to dodge this issue, while many mass-production workers employed in open shops actually hold craft-union cards. When they lose their mass-production job, they may go back to an organized craft job.

The importance of the question of jurisdiction rests upon the fact that workers withdrawn from one union to another shift their dues and fees as well as their persons. Thus, if metal work-

ers are all put into a vertical automobile workers' union, the metal workers' union loses members, dues, and fees. It is even within possibility that it may go out of existence. The reorganization of unions to meet the changes arising from mass production cannot then be treated merely as a matter of principle. It is a question of the very existence of certain well-entrenched unions.

The dimensions of this money prize may be measured by the fact that although union men pay only 35 cents per month into the A. F. of L. treasury, the loss from the Lewis defection already amounts to \$10,000 a month, or \$120,000 a year.

III

It can serve no purpose in this article to analyze the motives and ambitions of John Lewis. Without such an analysis, however, it is not altogether possible to understand why he chose this year to crack open the A. F. of L. Suffice it to point out that he has become the leading labor leader in the country. It is recognized that of all labor leaders he is closest to the President and the Secretary of Labor. It is recognized that in the eyes of the public his position is equal if not superior to that of William Green. Some say that he is ambitious to become President, but who can know what are the hidden dreams of any man?

At any rate, it can be said that he seized upon the failure of the A. F. of L. to organize the mass-production industries as the starting point of his fight with Green and the presidents of the old-line craft unions. In a letter to Mr. Green in June, Lewis wrote: —

You do not deny that the American Federation of Labor has frittered away two years of valuable time without effectuating the organization of a single worker in the steel industry. You do not deny that your

executive council is even now scheming to eject our union from the house of labor. You do not deny that the crime for which such ejection will be punishment is the crime of lending aid to the unorganized workers and seeking an expansion of the numerical strength of the American Federation of Labor. Your lament is that I will not join you in a policy of anxious inertia.

The mass-production industries — steel, automobiles, and rubber — offered a fertile field. For reasons apart from labor, the Roosevelt Administration had been particularly antagonistic to the steel industry. A campaign had launched itself (I am particularly guarded in the use of this phrase) to stimulate popular antagonism to this industry. In fact, it had been generally disseminated that in the steel industry wages are unusually low and working conditions unusually unsatisfactory.

In the rubber industry there is also a fertile field. This industry presents the unusual spectacle of unadulterated competition among producers. The competition is so marked that the rubber companies are actually antagonistic to each other and do not cooperate on any question of policy or practice. As much as such primitive competition may be favored by some politicians and social philosophers, this condition is damaging to the rubber industry, particularly in its labor relations. Neither capital nor labor, nor the city in which the industry is located, gains an iota by this lack of coöperation; and this is an important footnote on another but germane subject — namely, that if labor is to be organized, then capital must *ipso facto* be organized.

If Mr. Lewis could organize a general strike in steel and rubber, the automobile factories would have to close down, because they would be without the means of producing automobiles. This was the strategy by which the mass-production industries were to be union-

ized, and this strategy the American Federation of Labor rejected, to Mr. Lewis's disappointment.

Mr. Lewis's argument for such strikes was based largely upon wages. According to him, the mass-production workers — principally the steel workers — were underpaid. In an article I wrote for the *New York Herald Tribune*, I analyzed the wage situation as it affects these problems: —

MASS-PRODUCTION INDUSTRIES

	Year Average Weekly Wages
Automobiles	\$27.04
Tires and tubes	26.73
Steel	23.66

C. I. O. INDUSTRIES

	Year Average Weekly Wages
Anthracite coal mining	\$26.80
Bituminous coal mining	20.29
Weighted average for coal-mine industries	21.44
Metal mining	23.30
Mining and quarrying of non- metals	17.02
Men's clothing	18.43
Women's clothing	18.53
Book and job printing	27.80
News and periodical printing . .	33.37
Textiles	16.14
Petroleum refining	28.15
Petroleum producing	28.89
Hat manufacturing	23.06
Millinery manufacturing	20.99
Glass, stone, and clay products	20.97

It will be seen from this analysis that wages in comparable industries are unrelated to whether the workers are organized or not, and that except for the petroleum industries, which are only about 10 or 15 per cent organized, the mass-production industries pay higher wages than, for instance, those industries which are dominated by the United Mine Workers. The following table of comparable industries makes this point clear: —

Petroleum industries	\$23.52
Automobiles	27.04
Tires and tubes	26.73
Steel	23.66

Metal mining	\$23.30
Coal mining	21.44

Had Mr. Lewis succeeded in organizing steel by August of this year, he would have so completely dominated the labor world as to make action against him by the A. F. of L. impossible. Elsewhere I shall discuss his failure. Suffice it here to indicate that he did fail, and that because he failed by August his personal and political enemies in the Federation sought for public means to discredit him.

On August 4 a trial was held, at which Mr. Lewis and his colleagues in the C. I. O. faced these accusations: —

1. That the C. I. O. is a dual organization functioning as a rival to the A. F. of L.

2. That the C. I. O. was organized to foster and maintain a dual organization and was guilty of fomenting insurrection in the American Federation of Labor.

3. That in forming the C. I. O. the affiliated unions were guilty of a breach of contract with the American Federation of Labor.

4. That violation of the decision of the Atlantic City convention of the Federation and of the Federation's Constitution constituted rebellion against the policy adopted by majority vote at the convention.

The charges are very interesting. First arises the question of dualism — whether a group within the Federation may organize to represent a point of view divergent from that maintained by its executive council. Any organization is justified in objecting to a 'bor-ing from within.' On the other hand, the principle of vertical versus horizontal unionism is fundamental, and how far can members be disciplined for acting upon a difference of opinion? Also it is to be noted that the C. I. O. leaders are not trivial personalities, and that their basic responsibility is to their own members and not to the A. F. of L.

The question of the contractual relationship has to do with the struc-

ture of the A. F. of L. The unions which compose it are independent bodies and are not to be controlled by the A. F. of L., but act through it in certain specific matters. This arrangement may have been necessary when Samuel Gompers founded the A. F. of L. in order to make his organization attractive to the already strong craft unions. Subsequently this form of organization has been utilized to shirk responsibility for the conduct of individual unions. Now it is being used to keep insurgent unions in line. But when the A. F. of L. insists upon the inviolability of contracts, it lays itself open to the charge of inconsistency, because one of the major difficulties in dealing with unions has been that they do not rigidly adhere to their contractual obligations. This is particularly notable in the so-called sympathetic strike, when a union that is under contract not to strike goes out in support of another union.

The objection that Mr. Lewis violates the majority rule is also interesting, because the Federation has never recognized this rule in the organization of an industry. In fact, it has assumed the responsibility of leadership in an industry when only a few workers in that industry had union cards. The most recent example of this is rubber and steel.

From the character of the charges it is obvious that the issue is not the vertical versus the horizontal union, but who shall control the A. F. of L. — John Lewis and his C. I. O. associates, or William Green and his craft-union associates?

IV

Across this curious picture runs the presidential campaign. It has, with one remote exception, always been the policy of the A. F. of L. not to endorse candidates for the Presidency. Some individual leaders have endorsed

Republicans, some Democrats, and some Socialists, and individual unions have even passed resolutions of a political nature. But the American Federation of Labor, as such, has remained strictly aloof from endorsements.

Exactly what such an endorsement might be worth in votes no one can tell. In the United States, citizens have been in the habit of voting as individuals. Politicians have appealed to the farmer vote, the labor vote, the Jewish vote, the German vote, but on the whole there is little evidence that any individual or group of individuals has ever been able to deliver such votes in sizes to count. On the other hand, the support which Woodrow Wilson got from Samuel Gompers seems to have been of some consequence.

In recent years both Republican and Democratic parties have designated important labor leaders as chairmen of campaign committees organized to capture the labor vote. Both parties have designated such gentlemen this year.

But the labor support for Mr. Roosevelt has been different from anything that has thus far appeared in American politics. First of all, Mr. Lewis sought to influence the American Federation of Labor to endorse President Roosevelt. This proposal was rejected. As early as May 11, the Labor's Nonpartisan League opened headquarters in Washington under the presidency of George L. Berry of the Printing Pressmen's Union. Associated with him are John Lewis and Sidney Hillman and all the C. I. O. chiefs. This league is actively engaged in a campaign to reelect Mr. Roosevelt. Many of those who have for years been leaders of the Socialist Party are in the movement. It is interesting to note that the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which has been one of the leading Socialist labor newspapers in the country, is supporting Mr. Roosevelt.

Although William Green has personally gone on record as supporting the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt, he has opposed any action of the A. F. of L. In this he was joined by Frank Morrison, the senior labor leader of the Federation.

In New York State, the Labor League became a political party which will seek a place on the ballot. It has nominated Mr. Roosevelt as its candidate. This action was taken to make it possible for Socialists to vote for Mr. Roosevelt without voting the Democratic ticket, which would be repugnant to them. In a formal statement issued upon its organization, Labor's Nonpartisan League of New York State said: —

The present political conflict is not between two parties, nor between two sections of the country. The conflict is between two camps, which are opposed to each other and are fighting for a major stake that concerns us all, everywhere. On the one side are the nation's Tories, the reactionaries of all stripes and kinds, the manipulators of other people's money and the exploiters of other people's labor, determined to hold on to their unjustly obtained privileges and advantages and seeking to extend them further. On the other side are the people of the United States, the overwhelming majority of the population of our great and rich country, demanding the right to work and live under standards of economic decency and security.

In this battle of the people against the 'economic royalists,' President Roosevelt's sympathies, as expressed in his activities in the past years and in his utterances, have been on the side of the people. On the basis of his record and his public commitments the President is pledged to sponsor the legislation we demand.

From the standpoint of the Socialists, Mr. Roosevelt is running on their ticket as the leader of a class-conscious group in a class struggle. The American Federation of Labor has never endorsed the conception of the class struggle, and, although it is not sur-

prising to find Mr. Hillman in this group, Mr. Lewis's presence in their company breaks a long tradition of antagonism to Socialism on the part of the principal labor leaders of the country.

How far this Socialist support has gone is evidenced by the fact that Louis Waldman, until recently leader of the Socialist Party of New York State, has joined this new party. In fact, conservative labor leaders have been rather shocked by the fact that even the Communist Party has endorsed the C. I. O., and John P. Frey, leader of the metal trades, openly attacked Mr. Lewis for this support. He said: —

While there is no evidence . . . that the C. I. O. has any working agreement with the Communist Party in the United States, there is a mass of authentic evidence indicating that the Communist Party has ceased all of its activities for the time being and is doing all within its power to assist the C. I. O. This policy of the Communist Party constitutes an additional menace to the trade-union movement which has been built up under the guidance of the American Federation of Labor.

The question arises as to just how many votes Mr. Lewis can swing. Will the adherence of Socialist and Communist strength make any difference, and, if the election is close, will Mr. Lewis's support of Mr. Roosevelt tip the scales and thereby make Mr. Lewis the American Warwick? In the labor world, Mr. Lewis's enemies say that in such an event he will be a logical candidate for the Presidency in 1940, and that the Democratic Party may be absorbed by a Farmer-Labor Party.

This factor looms large in the C. I. O. fight. The conservative craft-union leaders do not want to be absorbed in a labor party. They do not wish to become part of a union of labor-Socialist-Communist groups in a 'united front'

movement. They fear such a movement as much as the conservative business men fear it; they speak of it as un-American, just as Fred Clarke of the Crusaders might call it un-American. It is, as a matter of fact, leading to bitterness between those unions which have regarded themselves as 'native' and those in which 'foreigners' are most influential. The latter generally support the C. I. O. in both its political and its labor manifestations.

V

The crucial test of Lewis's strength was the abortive steel strike. I use the word 'abortive' because the first phase of it died a-borning, although the trouble is not yet over.

The steel industry has never been effectively organized by any labor union. The 1919 strike under William Z. Foster ended in failure, first because it was associated with I. W. W. and Communist elements, and secondly because the men would not join. Since 1918, several steel companies have had employee representation plans, and this system is now fairly universal in the industry. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, headed by Michael F. Tighe, has never dominated the industry. To this group Mr. Lewis publicly offered \$500,000 if they would join the C. I. O. and authorize his group to direct the unionization of the steel industry. The offer was accepted on May 13.

From that day until now, the steel industry has been faced with the prospect of a general strike conducted by John Lewis. The steel industry, however, has a long 'open shop' tradition both among the men and among the employers, and steel workers resented the appearance of miners, milliners, and tailors among them as organizers. At the very head of Mr. Lewis's organization was placed, not a steel

worker, but a miner. This was undoubtedly a psychological error.

The A. F. of L., from the very beginning, opposed C. I. O. activities in the steel industry. Mr. Green has time and again issued statements attacking this move. In a statement on June 5 he said: —

For obvious reasons, it will now be impossible to unite and concentrate the full and complete economic, financial and organizing force of the American Federation of Labor in an immediate steel-organizing campaign drive.

It has been quite evident for a long time that those in charge of the administration of the affairs of the Committee for Industrial Organization were determined to experiment in the application of their one form of organization which they had so definitely espoused.

The employers in the steel industry have been anticipating Mr. Lewis's attack, in some form or other, since NRA days. They weathered that storm, but have been expecting recurrences of it. Therefore, long before Mr. Lewis's programme developed sufficient strength to be important, the steel employers issued a statement, through the American Iron and Steel Institute, setting forth their point of view. Before their statement was issued, it was evident to them and to most impartial observers that the C. I. O. was making almost no headway among the steel workers. The Institute statement, therefore, was psychologically well-timed. It is too long to give here in full, but these excerpts will suffice: —

The objective of the campaign is the 'closed shop,' which prohibits the employment of anyone not a union member. The steel industry will oppose any attempt to compel its employees to join a union or to pay tribute for the right to work.

No employee in the steel industry has to join any organization to get or hold a job. Employment in the industry does not depend upon membership or non-membership in any organization. . . .

The steel industry will use its resources to the best of its ability to protect its employees and their families from intimidation, coercion and violence and to aid them in maintaining collective bargaining free from interference from any source.

Almost simultaneously, the Institute reported that by actual ballot 254,000 out of 275,000 workers in the thirty principal plants of the industry had voted in favor of employee representation plans.

Certain facts stand out in the steel situation. Many so-called company unions have in recent months been demanding a wage increase, and there is no doubt in my mind that this would have been granted in some form were it not for the fear that John Lewis would have claimed the credit for the advance. In fact, running parallel with the Lewis movement is a stabilization of the employee representation plan and the company union. They are becoming increasingly fearless in their representation of the worker.

At the same time, the government is bringing action against some of the steel companies for collusive bidding, which is generally interpreted in the industry as support for John Lewis. But the workers are not joining his union, and therein lies the explanation of the action taken on August 5 by the A. F. of L. to suspend the C. I. O. unions from the Federation. It is a curiosity of labor organization that the steel worker has thus far, in the main, resisted the pressure put upon him by so many forces to join the C. I. O. union. The causes for his resistance might well be studied by the sociologist as a distinctive American phenomenon.

Had Mr. Lewis succeeded in organizing steel, Mr. Green would have been without 'face.' Mr. Lewis's failure strengthened the arm of his personal enemies. Nevertheless, it is really premature to use the word 'failed.'

The steel employers have outwitted

and outmanœuvred John Lewis, but they must do much more than that. They have to bring their wages and standards up to the automobile industry before they can be sure that Lewis will make no inroads. They must get rid of obsolete ideas as they get rid of obsolescent machinery. The leading companies have been doing exactly that for some time now, and the entire atmosphere in the steel industry is more cheerful and pleasant than it has been for some years past. Many of the companies are facing employee relations, not as an incident in the production of steel, but as a human responsibility which must be a primary consideration.

Workers sense this, and undoubtedly it has been the principal factor in the inability of the C. I. O. to move fast. The workers will not join, in fear that a strike failure might terminate a favorable situation. They now have vacations with pay, additional compensation for overtime, and there will undoubtedly be a wage increase as soon as business warrants it. The steel industry lost heavily during the depression, but, as soon as business picked up, the progressive leaders of steel companies looked to greater employee participation in earnings. It is already evident that weekly earnings in the steel industry are higher than the general average for mass-production industries. These progressive steel employers feel that Mr. Lewis has arrested a tendency favorable to the workers.

VI

Movements of the nature of the C. I. O. do not disappear because they have failed. John Lewis may cease to be its leader, and the Socialist-Communist-Left Wing Democratic combination may fall apart; but the fight to organize the mass-production industries into vertical unions will continue

as long as they remain unorganized.

The effectiveness of the effort will depend on forces altogether outside the labor movement. If business improves and the men get enough work so that the pay envelope at the end of the week is full, unionizing activities, whether horizontal or vertical, will not succeed. If business is inadequate to meet this requirement, there will be trouble in industry and such movements as the C. I. O. will take root.

On the other hand, the C. I. O. leaders have indicated a distaste for non-political trade-union activities. The NRA and the Guffey Bill have given them a taste of what political power can mean to a union leader. They want that power and they want to extend it. The fundamental struggle among these men is as to who shall wield that power if it is restored to organized labor by Congressional action or by an amendment to the Constitution. This question may or may not be settled by the next election.

On the other hand, the conception of all employed human beings in the United States belonging to one union over which one man is to wield dominating power is a dream too grandiose for most mortal men to reject. It will be fought for as long as there is the slightest fighting chance of its realization. And that struggle becomes personal and political. It transcends the needs and interests of the worker and overlays national politics. It parallels similar movements in Europe, where individual politicians organized the labor mass into a machine of personal advancement. And always, when such leaders gain power, they coerce the worker into being a pawn in the battle to retain and extend such personal power.

I do not believe that any man can do that in the United States. But it would be foolhardy to suggest that no man will try to do it.

WINTERS IN PARIS

BY MRS. WINTHROP CHANLER¹

I

It was decided that we should go to Paris for the winter. Laura, our oldest daughter, showed marked disposition for art and wanted to work in an atelier; some of the older children were to go to English schools, and would spend the long Christmas holidays with us; the younger ones would learn French. My husband would hunt the fox in Ireland and join us now and then when frost stopped the hunting. I agreed to take the flock over in time for the opening of schools and classes; Wintie would follow a little later after enjoying the cream of the October hunting in the Genesee Valley. I found it hard to leave Sweet Briar Farm, where we now lived, when the country was in its autumn glory. Beside seven children and their various attendants, I took my good Steinway piano and a thoroughbred mare to study *haute école* with in Paris. The transatlantic move was successfully accomplished and we soon found ourselves comfortably settled in an apartment on the Rue Boissière.

Wintie and I had often been in Paris since our marriage, always staying at a hotel for a week or two of shopping, eating at restaurants, seeing the new plays; leading, in short, the more or less dissipated life of the foreigner in Paris, the place of all others where

every taste can be cultivated and gratified, the city which knows how to welcome and dazzle the stranger and has so much more to give him than he knows how to ask for. It was a new experience to spend a whole winter there, to dig oneself into the life of the place — an experience and an education. I have done it again and again since that first time when I took Laura to study painting.

The old saying that 'all good Americans go to Paris when they die' is not quite as foolish as it sounds, for to the majority of Americans who go there alive Paris offers in every variety of form the fulfillment and increase of their desires, teaching them the while to desire and enjoy more fastidiously, whether it be the creations of the Rue de la Paix, the *grande cuisine* of famous restaurants, the bouquet of rare vintages, or the more intellectual and æsthetic pleasures of the mind. Where can the history of art be better studied than in the cosmic labyrinth of the Louvre or the gold-glimmering twilight of the Cluny, with its Lady and Unicorn tapestries, its jeweled Visigothic crowns, and its many incomparable treasures, to say nothing of all the other collections, public as well as private, which await the sight-seer's pleasure? If it is learning you seek, the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, with their free lectures by world-famous teachers, keep up their

¹ An earlier chapter from Mrs. Chanler's new book, *Autumn in the Valley*, appeared in the September issue. — EDITOR

immemorial tradition of passing on the torch from one generation to another; and the Institut de France, with its five component academies, covers every field of intellectual endeavor.

There is too much to choose from, and that is why many of our young people who go to Paris unprepared accomplish little or nothing. French life is highly evolved and vastly differentiated. The French child works hard from the time he is seven. Nothing is left to chance and there is little opportunity for play; by the time he is a man he must have learned all he can be taught.

The great star-pattern of the French forests, originally invented to facilitate riding to hounds and later adopted by Haussmann in reordering the topography of Paris with a system of intersecting avenues and boulevards, has always seemed to me typical — almost symbolic — of the French mind, with its taste for clarity, synthesis, and radiation, its aversion to what is vague and undefined. The French park or forest is in this the very opposite of its English counterpart across the Channel, where the whole intention is to make you feel lost in the woods; where a path meanders beside a brook, following its curves; strays through some pleasant dingle; leads you by a clearing that gives you a lovely view; then perhaps, as in *Through the Looking-Glass*, gives a wriggle and a twist and takes you back to where you started from, not whither you had intended to go — if by any chance you had set out with the intention of getting anywhere.

And this symbolizes another racial genius, the genius of Shakespeare opposed to that of Racine, the difference between *Tristram Shandy* and *Madame Bovary*. The essential antithesis runs deeply through the literatures of both these highly talented peoples, both so especially endowed

for literature that this very contrast makes a good point of comparison. The Frenchman is more of a literary strategist. He knows before beginning his book just what things he has to say, just what fields he has to cover, and how the divergent points are to be disposed about the central subject, united to it on straightly logical lines — there you have your star-pattern. The writer of English, on the contrary, and more especially the English essayist, takes you with him on a ramble of discovery. If he has a fixed purpose he does his best to conceal it so as to give the sense of coming upon the unexpected adventure of the mind.

It is interesting to see how much and how little the foreigners living in Paris get from the experience. They all seem to enjoy it; the longer they live there the less they wish to live anywhere else. Some of them never get much further than the clothes, food, and drink stages of initiation; and who so happy as they until gout or digestive troubles overtake them, or dress-maker's bills outstrip their bank account?

There are the light-hearted art students of Montmartre, the young architects working at the Beaux-Arts, the serious youth who is preparing his thesis for the *Doctorat ès Lettres* at the Sorbonne; there are the socially ambitious, who make friends with what is left of the old Faubourg St.-Germain and eventually take their place in the fashionable circles of *Tout Paris* — and many more. While all these follow their own tastes, seeking their own satisfactions, — physical, intellectual, æsthetic, moral, or immoral, as the case may be, — Paris itself, the greatest of universities, is teaching them, according to their capacity to learn, its own lesson of good taste, in small things as in great. Who can see the Place de la Concorde without admiration for its ordered beauty, its disci-

plined magnificence? In the winter twilight when the lamps shine palely in the fading daylight, it takes on a quality of sheer wonder, difficult to describe, but never for a moment does it lose its geometrical distinction. It is never romantic or theatrical; it is the sober triumph of mind over matter and space. And all the splendid 'landscape in stone' along the quays, the bridges and palaces, Notre-Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Ile St.-Louis, teach the same lesson of talented sobriety, of inspiration controlled by reason and good taste.

I have said that the French are highly evolved and extremely differentiated; they fall into manifold groups and categories — the social, the political, the clerical and anticlerical, the artistic, the intellectual, and many more. Their differences are strongly marked. Each group looks on the others with mistrust and they would seem to have little in common but their great art of conversation; in this they all excel. The French are masters in this subtle art of give and take, of knowing how to help, above all how never to hinder, the flow of discourse. The great ladies of the *salons* must have practised it to perfection. They must have known how to eliminate or else how firmly to discipline bores and chatterboxes.

The French have too much skill in their pleasure, and know too well how to give material things their full value, ever to spend money carelessly. Their thrift is to Americans a stumbling-block; it looks to them like so much avarice, while the French take American open-handedness for stupid purse-proud extravagance, which they, upon occasion, are glad enough to profit by. When dealing with money, natural virtues are apt to exaggerate themselves into vices. The French *bas de laine*, the woolen stocking in which the peasant is said to hoard his slowly accumu-

lated coins, stands to him for safety, for stability, for self-respect. He would not trust his savings to a bank, much less to a speculative investment. Safety and stability make but small appeal to the American; he daily hears of fortunes made by lucky speculation; if he has money in his purse it is there to be spent or played with — there must be more where that came from; he banks confidently on the future and buys on the installment plan a house, a car, a fur coat, an encyclopædia, or any of the ingenious devices for cooking, freezing, cleaning, and making a noise.

There is among Anglo-Saxons a general impression that the French standards of morality are lower than those of English-speaking peoples. Max O'Rell in his amusing book on *John Bull et son Ile* called the French the braggarts of vice, the English the hypocrites of virtue. This would tend to establish an equation in their respective moral worth. If you base your opinion of French morality on the examples offered by French writers in their novels little and great, you will wonder if there is such a thing as a happy marriage, a faithful lover, or an honest wife in all France. The French novelist — more particularly the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century novelist — never wearies of embroidering variations on the familiar theme, the irregular human triangle in all its phases. It was a literary convention, it pleased the public — it was the kind of fiction they enjoyed. A friend of mine asked Paul Bourget, one of the most popular novelists in his day, why he never wrote about an honest woman. His answer was that honest women were not interesting to write about. Yet in life he was a devoted and exemplary husband, a good friend, a sincere Catholic, no destroyer of hearthstones. The French are naturally religious; Christian morals have penetrated deeply

into their consciousness for many centuries. Many of their best thinkers have been and still are sincere Catholics. Many, indeed, have turned against religion; then they hate and wish to revile and destroy it. Their very antagonism to it testifies that for them it is always a real thing; they cannot be indifferent to it. And perhaps this is one reason why the conflict between human passion and divinely constituted law — the breaking point of virtue — has always interested them so much.

The *psychomachia*, the battle of the soul, is one of the favorite subjects of French Romanesque sculpture. We often find it following the curve of ancient portals, angels and devils in fierce but unequal combat. The angels have long spears for attack and strong wings for flight, while the poor devils have only their horns and claws to defend themselves with, and their ugly distorted faces which cannot frighten their serene antagonists, who feel sure of ultimate victory. The more modern exponents of the immemorial struggle see less of a foregone conclusion in its outcome; their angels and their devils are not so easy to identify as those of the mediæval sculptors. 'What is good and what is evil?' the present analyzers of the psyche seem to ask, but they know that there are such things as vice and virtue, as brutality and kindness, as meanness and generosity, and that they will fight for the soul of man to the end of time.

II

I like Paris in winter for all its bad weather, scant sunshine, and dark afternoons. Its structure is just as beautiful in rain as in sunshine — and wet stones have more color than dry ones. It is the quiet season for making friends and seeing something of them, for attending excellent lectures at the

Sorbonne, the Collège de France, or the Société des Conférences, for hearing and making music, for leisure rich with choice.

During the two winters spent in Paris in order that Laura should study art, I saw a great deal of Edith Wharton. She and her husband had a pleasant apartment in the Rue de Varenne, where I was often invited.

It was said of Edith Wharton and Theodore Roosevelt that they were both self-made men; she was pleased with the saying and repeated it to me. There was a good deal of truth in it. If it is easier for the camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it would seem just as hard for one brought up in worldly security, with the mental and spiritual inertia it so often engenders, to put himself through the discipline of attaining professional mastery in any field. Both Edith Wharton and Theodore Roosevelt grew up in the complacent atmosphere of New York's *haute bourgeoisie* in the latter nineteenth century, and both won name and fame through their own efforts, to the admiration and surprise of their families and friends.

When I found Edith in the Rue de Varenne she had achieved wide and well-earned reputation with her writings. *The Valley of Decision*, *The House of Mirth*, and some short stories had made her famous. *Ethan Frome* came out that winter. I remember how I read the grim and wonderful story at one gulp, and just as I finished the last chapter, still panting with the tragic sincerity of the tale, I received a note in Edith's flowing capable writing, asking me to come to dinner.

Henry James was a lifelong and devoted friend of Edith's and came to pay the Whartons long visits in the Rue de Varenne. It was delightful to see him and Edith together; there was between them a relation of per-

fect understanding, respect for one another's talents, and whole-hearted mutual admiration. She gave a number of little dinners for him to which I gladly went. As I remember, these were never of more than six or eight, but the guests were carefully chosen for their absolute compatibility, and the stream of good talk flowed and sparkled as it should round the well-appointed table, and later in the drawing-room. But for me the best part of the evening came at the end when the other guests had gone and I was asked to stay on. Then Henry James would draw up his chair to the fire and make us do the same, and say, in his inimitable way, 'Now let us say what we really think,' opening his wise gray eyes a little wider as if to look more deeply into the mystery of things.

He shared with Edith an almost morbid hyperæsthesia in the presence of strangers. A room full of people suffocated them both; crowds terrified them, no matter how friendly and well disposed. Perhaps such extreme perceptiveness as theirs takes in too much at a time. Edith has told me that when confronted with a new face she seems to see it enlarged as in a 'close-up,' with a searching floodlight on it which makes it grotesque and inhuman, with every imperfection magnified. I have often seen her show her dismay on such occasions, to the further dismay of the harmless stranger who was being presented to her merely that he might tell her how greatly he admired her work. When in a small and thoroughly familiar circle, these two were at their most enchanting best — their wit and their wisdom could flash back and forth in cozy confidence.

Both were great letter writers and had for many years carried on an active correspondence. Edith often showed me his letters; they were always enchanting and I was sure they would eventually be given to the public to-

gether with hers, which were probably in their way just as good, for she writes admirable letters. Unfortunately Henry James destroyed all his personal papers, shortly before he died, and American literature has lost what would certainly have been a delightful volume, possibly a classic.

During the Great War Edith valiantly did her part; she provided for whole bands of orphaned children, organized a preventorium in which delicate ones could be watched and strengthened against disease, and was duly decorated with the Legion of Honor for these and other generous activities. Later, when the war was over, she spent her winters in the South of France, in her lovely castled villa Ste. Claire le Château, where I paid her long visits every time I went abroad.

The house is built in what remained of an old convent of Poor Clares, on the side of a hill dominated by the ruins of the seignorial Château d'Hyères. At the highest point of rock and ruin there is a splendid view giving the whole panorama of mountains and sea, bold headlands and the golden islands from which Hyères derives its name. The castle itself was long since destroyed, but its massive outer ring of fortifications still crowns the craggy height. Ilex, carob trees, and wild olives cluster about the old walls; century plants shoot up their stiff candelabra spikes from a rich undergrowth of *maquis*, the luxuriant tangle, thorny, flowering, always aromatic, which covers the stony hillsides of Provence. When I am there I learn the names of all these lovely wildings and then I forget them; tamarisk, mimosa, broom, cytisus, rosemary, are all I can remember — there are many more. Ste. Claire, the charming house, stands on a ledge near the foot of the hill, surrounded by an indescribable garden, or rather a series of gardens planted in terraces among the

rocks, supported and dominated by stony walls and craggy boulders hung with ivy and climbing roses. A succession of rock gardens skillfully planted look as if they had nestled there of themselves, whereas they are full of exotic rarities collected from all parts of the world. There is no end to the flowers and the flowering trees and shrubs. One terrace is a sheet of free-sias with two rows of lemon trees, all glossy leaves and ivory blossoms, leading to a little garden house where one must stop to enjoy the sight and the fragrance. A little rest is welcome, for there are few paths; the beauties of the garden are reached by a maze of stone steps.

A flock of dazzling white pouter pigeons add life to the place. They perch on the old sycamores that shade the brick terrace near the house. They group themselves about the drinking fountain, as if to invite attention; they strut and make love with tender monotonous cooings, and when they fly the whirl of their wings is like the passing of flames.

I seem to feel Edith's searching eye upon me as I write. 'What are you saying about my garden?' she seems to ask, and I hardly dare say any more. She could do it so much better herself, but I doubt if she would try to describe it. It would be telling something too intimate, for her garden is somehow an image of her spirit, of her inmost self. It shows her love of beauty, her imagination, her varied knowledge and masterly attention to detail; like her, it is somewhat inaccessible. Her garden is a symbol of the real Edith.

III

Among the new acquaintances made in Paris during the winters we spent there, none bloomed for me into more affectionate friendship than that of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gay. They, too, are

expatriates who have made an unqualified success of their life in a country not their own. Matilda Gay was the daughter of William Travers, a brilliant New York lawyer whose witticisms are still quoted. While still a girl, she became a Catholic, to the puzzled astonishment of her friends and relations, among whom Catholicism was looked upon as a Celtic superstition wholly inappropriate to people of quality. She was fervent and intelligent. She had much of her father's wit, and has to this day bravely rejoiced in her conversion.

She married Walter Gay, a talented but then comparatively unknown artist; her family thought little of the match. The young couple went to live in France. He studied with the Barbizon School and painted Breton peasants and kindred subjects, acquiring an excellent technique thereby, but no particular distinction. He had exquisite taste and appreciation of beautiful things; he found himself when the poetry of the old château in which they lived entered his soul. He began to paint pictures of their salon, their dining room. He knew how to give a room an intimate sense of life, to make you feel that charming people had just left it, and that room and furniture had belonged to other charming people long ago. He is now so famous for these interiors that it seems idle and presumptuous to praise his most delicate art, but one may always offer a sprig of laurel where laurel is due.

The American public is apt to find fault with distinguished Americans who leave their own country because, be they artists, novelists, historians, or whatever, they find the European surroundings more congenial, easier to work in. Good work can surely be done in these United States, but the fact remains that children of the Muses find Europe more to their taste, and talent must work where it can work best.

Genius has its own categorical imperative. Henry James had much to say on this his favorite subject. He lived in England because he found it impossible to live in America, but he assured me he never felt really at home in the country of his choice, fond as he was of English people; kind and appreciative as they had shown themselves, they were not his own.

The problem is an insoluble one. The fact that it tormented Henry James to the end of his days shows the countless ramifications it must have had in his mind, delicately sensitive as it was to ethical values. His great inimitable full-length portraits, Maggie in *The Golden Bowl*, Milly in *The Wings of the Dove*, Strether in *The Ambassadors*, are all essentially American, the best America can produce, but they seem to attain their full stature, and come to their exquisite humanity, only by contact with Europe. Was this perhaps the pattern in the carpet which the author would not disclose to the literary critic who wanted to write an article about him? Lovers of Henry James will understand what I mean.

I came to know a good many French people belonging to one or another of the many groups, coteries, and *petites chapelles* which outline the many patterns of the Parisian world. It is better for the stranger living in Paris not to identify himself too much with any one of these; he can never become a charter member, and there are amusing people and brilliant discoveries to be made in them all. Edith Wharton, with her delicate appreciation of human values, moral and intellectual, was fond of the great game of eagle or swan hunting.

One day she asked me to come to tea; she wanted me to meet a new light she had recently discovered, a most unusually intelligent young man, bookish and knowledgeable; she was sure I should like him. I went and found him

interesting and agreeable. We had a rather long and exciting talk about books and ideas, in a sheltered corner of the salon. He had a queer name I did not quite catch — I am very stupid about names. The next day I got home late in the afternoon and found the card of a Monsieur —; he had not yet risen to fame and the name meant nothing to me. It did not sound quite like the name of the young man I had met the day before, but I did not see how it could be anyone else. I wrote him a cordial note expressing my regret at having missed his visit and asking him to come to tea the following Saturday to resume the conversation I had so enjoyed at Mrs. Wharton's the other day.

At the appointed time Monsieur —, a complete stranger, presented himself, very handsomely dressed with a fancy waistcoat and beautiful cravat, very sure of himself and his new conquest. I had not the presence of mind to disguise my complete dismay and exclaimed on seeing him, 'Oh, but you are not the right man!' I never saw the expression on a human face change so rapidly. A glass of ice water thrown on it could not have produced more effect. '*Mais, Madame, vous m'avez invité.*' ('But, Madam, you invited me.') And he pulled my letter out of his pocket to show me as *pièce justificative*, rather crossly. I asked him to sit down and have a cup of tea all the same, while I explained what had happened.

He had never heard of me and evidently did not believe a word I said. He saw before him a woman who had, he was persuaded, planned and somehow miscarried an adventure, and could not see why he would not do as well as the other man. It turned out that he had some friends living on another floor of the same house and had left two cards on them, one of which had slipped down the porter's little

rack into the place reserved for those left on me. I could hardly tell him that I was a respectable woman not looking for adventure; the fact that I had written to a man whose name I did not know made him think otherwise.

The uncomfortable situation was solved, to my huge relief, by the entrance of a lady of unimpeachable reputation, who knew us both and was inspired to call at that moment. I could have kissed her — perhaps I did, but not with the grateful ardor I felt for her. Monsieur — never forgave me. When I met him later in the house of some friends, he was formally presented to me and I laughed a little, saying as I shook hands with him, 'Oh, we have met before,' but he did not even smile, and I saw that he did not wish to be reminded of the *mauvais quart d'heure* he had passed in my company. By one of fate's ironic little caprices the young man I had intended to invite turned out to be neither an

eagle nor a swan, a puddle duck rather, doomed to dimness, while the man who came in his stead has achieved international reputation.

Charles Du Bos, the gentle and accomplished man of letters, and his charming wife Zézette lived on the Ile St.-Louis, in beautiful rooms overlooking the Seine and the Choir of Notre-Dame. There, at carefully selected gatherings, small tea parties, or smaller luncheons, I met many well-known authors, poets, novelists, and literary celebrities of every sort. Du Bos has devoted his life to his enthusiasm for the work of others. François Mauriac, Paul Valéry, André Gide, Paul Bourget, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Rainer Maria Rilke, and many more were all his good friends, and held his opinion in high esteem. What good talk there was, and how pleasant to listen to, while the river flowed under the bridges gleaming in the afternoon light as the spires and buttresses of Notre-Dame grew darker against the western sky!

'A LITTLE CONSERVA-TIVE'

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I often think it's comical
How Nature always does contrive
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liber-al
Or else a little Conserva-tive.

— W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe*

I

GILBERT's lines recall Professor Huxley's pungent observation on the disadvantages of going about the world unlabeled. Early in life, he says, he perceived that society regards an unlabeled person as a potential menace, somewhat as the police regard an unmuzzled dog. Therefore, not finding any existing label to suit him, he took thought and invented one. The main difference between himself and other people, as he saw it, was that they seemed to be quite sure of a number of things about which he not only was not sure, but also suspected that he never could be sure. Their minds ran in the wake of the first-century Gnostic sects, while his did not. Hence the term *agnostic* suggested itself to him as descriptive of this difference, and he accordingly adopted it as a label.

The great weight of Huxley's authority forced the term into common currency, where ignorance promptly twisted it into a sense exactly contrary to its philology, and contrary to the original intention which Huxley gave it. To-day when a person says he is an agnostic, it is ten to one he means that he knows the thing at issue is not so. If he

says, for instance, as one of my acquaintances did the other day, that he is a thoroughgoing agnostic concerning the existence of God and the persistence of consciousness after death, he means that he is sure there is no God and that consciousness does not persist. The term is so regularly used to imply a negative certainty that its value as a label, a distinguishing mark, is false and misleading. It is like the hotel labels which unscrupulous tourists in Paris buy by the dozen and stick on their luggage as evidence that they have visited places where they have never been, and put up at hotels which they have never seen.

Something like this appears to be the common destiny of labels. It brings to mind the fine saying of Homer which I have so often quoted, that 'the range of words is wide; words may tend this way or that way.' There are few more interesting pursuits than that of examining the common popular connotation of labels, and observing how regularly it runs the full course from sense to nonsense, or from infamy to respectability, and back again. For example, our voting population is divided into two major groups, Republicans and

Democrats; how many of them know anything about the history of their labels? How many could describe the differentiations that the significance of these labels indicates, or could attach any actual significance whatever to them, except in wholly irrelevant terms, usually in terms which in the last analysis turn out to mean habit, money, or jobs?

The Republicans went into the pangs of parturition at Cleveland last summer, and brought forth a sorry mouse. As one of my friends put it, about the only thing their platform did not do was to give the Democratic Administration a formal endorsement. As far as one can see, all their pledges amount to is a promise to do what the Democrats have been doing, but to do it better.

Similarly the new Russian constitution seems to show merely that Stalin thinks it is easier to run things the way Mark Hanna used to run them than the way they have been run in Russia hitherto. No doubt he is right about that; but meanwhile one wonders what the word *bolshevik* will mean to the average Russian fifty years from now, and how many voters in holy Russia will know the history of the word, or even know that it has a history.

Reflections like these make one quite doubtful about Huxley's position concerning the balance of advantage and disadvantage in the matter of labels. His misfortune was in his honesty; he invented a label that precisely described him, and he could hardly have fared worse if he had worn none, for on the one hand ignorance at once invested it with an alien meaning, while on the other hand prejudice converted it into a term of reproach. I have had a curious experience lately which has caused me to ponder afresh upon these matters, and which I am now tempted to relate.

II

For more than a quarter of a century I have been known, in so far as I was known at all, as a radical. It came about in this way: I was always interested in the *rerum cognoscere causas*, liking to get down below the surface of things and examine their roots. This was purely a natural disposition, reflecting no credit whatever on me, for I was born with it. Any success I had in its indulgence brought me the happiness that Lucretius observed as attaching to such pursuits, and I indulged it only for that reason, never seeking, and indeed never getting, any other reward. Therefore when the time came for me to describe myself by some convenient label, I took one which marked the quality that I thought chiefly differentiated me from most of the people I saw around me. They habitually gave themselves a superficial account of things, which was all very well if it suited them to do so, but I preferred always to give myself a root-account of things, if I could get it. Therefore, by way of a general designation, it seemed appropriate to label myself a radical. Likewise, also, when occasion required that I should label myself with reference to particular social theories or doctrines, the same decent respect for accuracy led me to describe myself as an anarchist, an individualist, and a single-taxer.

On the positive side, my anarchism came mainly as a corollary to the estimate of human capacity for self-improvement which I had picked up from Mr. Jefferson. His fundamental idea appeared to be that everyone answering to the zoölogical classification of *homo sapiens* is a human being, and therefore is indefinitely improvable. The essence of it is that *homo sapiens* in his natural state really wishes and means to be as decent towards his fellow-beings as he can, and under favorable conditions

will progress in decency. He shares this trait with the rest of the animal world.

*Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam; sævis inter se convenit ursis,*

— so long, that is, as irritating interferences, such as hunger, lust, jealousy or trespass, are kept at a minimum. Man's moral superiority over the animal consists in an indefinitely cultivable capacity and will to deal with these interferences intelligently from the long-time point of view, and thus gradually immunize himself against their irritant influence.

Granting this premise, the anarchist position appeared logical to me, as it did to Prince Kropotkin and Bakunin. Putting it roughly, if all men are human, if all bipeds classifiable as *homo sapiens* are human beings, social harmony and a general progress in civilization will be far better brought about by methods of free agreement and voluntary association than by constraint, whether directly under force, or under the menace of force which is always implicit in obedience to law.

The negative argument for anarchism seemed quite as cogent as the positive argument. The whole institution of government, wherever found and in whatever form, appeared to me so vicious and depraving that I could not even regard it with Paine as 'at its best a necessary evil.' The State stood, and had stood in history as far back as I could trace its existence, as little else but an instrument of economic exploitation, a mere mechanism, as Voltaire said, 'for taking money out of one set of pockets and putting it into another.' The activities of its administrators and beneficiaries appeared to me as they did to Voltaire, as no more or less than those of a professional-criminal class. As Nietzsche calls it, 'the coldest of all cold monsters,' the State's character was so completely

evil, its conduct so invariably and deliberately flagitious, that I did not see how society could possibly be worse off without it than with it, let the alternative condition be what it might.

My individualism was a logical extension of the anarchist principle beyond its narrow application to one particular form or mode of constraint upon the individual. The thing that interested me, as it interested Emerson and Whitman, was a general philosophy of life which regards human personality as the greatest and most respect-worthy object in the world, and as a complete end-in-itself; a philosophy, therefore, which disallows its subversion or submergence, whether by force of law or by any other coercive force. I was convinced that human beings do better and are happier when they have the largest possible margin of existence to regulate and dispose of as they please; and hence I believed that society should so manage itself as to leave the individual a maximum of free choice and action, even at a considerable risk of results which from the short-time point of view would be pronounced dangerous. I suppose it may be seen how remote this is from the bogus affair of dollars and cents which is touted under the name of individualism, and which, as I showed in last February's issue of this magazine, is not individualism in any sense.

The single tax impressed me as the most equitable and convenient way of paying the cost of such matters as can be done better collectively than individually. As a matter of natural right it seemed to me that as individually created values should belong to the individual, so socially created values should belong to society, and that the single tax was the best method of securing both the individual and society in the full enjoyment of their respective rights. To the best of my knowl-

edge these two propositions have never been successfully controverted. There were other considerations, too, which made the single tax seem the best of all fiscal systems, but it is unnecessary to recount them here.

Probably I ought to add that I never entered on any crusade for these beliefs or sought to persuade anyone into accepting them. Education is as much a matter of time as of anything else, perhaps more, and I was well aware that anything like a general realization of this philosophy is a matter of very long time indeed. All experience of what Frederick the Great called 'this damned human race' shows beyond peradventure that it is impossible to tell anyone anything unless in a very real sense he knows it already; and therefore a premature and pertinacious evangelism is at best the most fruitless of all human enterprises, and at worst the most vicious. Society never takes the right course until after it has painfully explored all the wrong ones, and it is vain to try to argue, cajole, or force society out of these set sequences of experimentation. Over and above the impassioned outpourings of the propagandist for an untried way of salvation, however straight and clear that way may be, one can always hear old Frederick saying, '*Ach, mein lieber Sacher, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Rasse.*'

But while I have never engaged in any controversy or public discussion of these matters, or even in any private advocacy of them, I have spoken my mind about them so freely and so often that it would seem impossible for anyone to mistake my attitude towards them. Only last year, in fact, I published by far the most radical critique of public affairs that has as yet been brought out here. Hence I was mildly astonished to hear the other day that a person very much in the public eye, and one who would seem likely to know

something of what I have been up to during all these years, had described me as 'one of the most intelligent conservatives in the country.'

It was a kind and complimentary thing to say, and I was pleased to hear it, but it struck me nevertheless as a rather vivid commentary on the value and the fate of labels. Twenty, or ten, or even three years ago, no one in his right mind would have dreamed of tagging me with that designation. Why then, at this particular juncture, should it occur to a presumably well-informed person to call me a conservative, when my whole philosophy of life is openly and notoriously the same that it has been for twenty-five years?¹ In itself the question is probably worth little discussion, but as leading into the larger question of what a conservative is, and what the qualities are that go to make him one, it is worth much more.

III

It seems that the reason for so amiably labeling me a conservative in this instance was that I am indisposed to the present Administration. This also appears to be one reason why Mr. Sokolsky labels himself a conservative, as he did in the very able and cogent paper which he published in the August issue of the *Atlantic*. But really, in my case

¹ Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's theory is that the human being is a distinct species, and that the immense majority of *homo sapiens* is not human, but is merely the raw material out of which the occasional human being is produced. I have already discussed this theory in the *Atlantic* of April 1935, in an essay called 'The Quest of the Missing Link.' If this be true, the anarchist position would give way to the position of Spencer, that government should exist, but should abstain from any positive interventions upon the individual, confining itself strictly to negative interventions. I find myself inclining more and more towards Mr. Cram's view, and shall probably embrace it, but not having as yet done so, I must still call myself an anarchist. — AUTHOR

this is no reason at all, for my objections to the Administration's behavior rest no more logically on the grounds of either conservatism or radicalism than on those of atheism or homœopathy. They rest on the grounds of common sense and, I regret to say, common honesty. I resent the works and ways of the Administration because in my opinion such of them as are not peculiarly and dangerously silly are peculiarly and dangerously dishonest, and most of them are both. No doubt a person who wears the conservative label may hold this opinion and speak his mind accordingly, but so may a radical, so may anyone; the expression of it does not place him in either category, or in any category of the kind. They mark him merely as a person who is interested in having public affairs conducted wisely and honestly, and who resents their being conducted foolishly and dishonestly.

With regard to Mr. Sokolsky, I may not, and do not, presume to doubt him when he says he is a conservative. All I may say is that I cannot well see how his paper makes him out to be one. If, now, he had said *reactionary*, I should have no trouble whatever about getting his drift, for my understanding is that he is in favor of a reaction from one distinct line of general State principle and policy back to another which has been abandoned. This is an eminently respectable position, and *reactionary*, which precisely describes it, is a most respectable term; but I cannot make it appear that this position is dictated by conservatism, or that holding this position justifies a person in calling himself a conservative.

Philology is a considerable help in these matters, but in guiding ourselves by its aid we must make an important discrimination which is set by the presence or absence of a moral factor. It is a commonplace of a language's growth that the significance of certain terms,

like certain interpretations of music, becomes deformed and coarsened by tradition. I once heard a performance of the *Messiah* in Brussels, and was amazed at finding it almost a new composition, so far away it was from the English traditional interpretation, which was the only one I knew. Similarly there is no doubt that terms like *grace*, *truth*, *faith*, held very different connotations for Christians of the first century and for those of the fourth and again for those of the sixteenth, while for those of the twentieth they seem voided of all significance that is relevant to their philology, much as our formula, *my dear sir*, means only that a letter is begun, and *yours sincerely* means only that it is ended.

In instances like these there is no moral quality discernible in a term's passage from one meaning to another which has less philological relevancy, or to one which has none. There is no evidence of any interested management of its progress. In instances where this progress has been deliberately managed, however, the case is different. The term then becomes what Jeremy Bentham calls an *impostor-term*, because it has thus purposefully been converted into an instrument of deception, usually in the service of some base and knavish design.

It is notorious that a managed glossary is of the essence of politics, like a managed currency, and it is highly probable that the debasement of language necessary to successful political practice promotes far more varied and corrupting immoralities than any other infection proceeding from that prolific source. Thus terms like *conservative*, *progressive*, *radical*, *reactionary*, as they stand in the managed glossary of politics, are made to mean whatever the disreputable exigencies of the moment require them to mean. The term *radical*, for example, stands

to account for anything from bomb-throwing to a demand for better wages. Again, we all remember Mr. Roosevelt's culpable debasement of the term *tory* to further an electioneering enterprise; and the manhandling of the term *liberal* into an avouchment for the most flagrantly illiberal measures of coercion, spoliation, and surveillance is surely well enough known.

The term *conservative*, which in the course of the campaign this summer we have heard applied to a curious medley made up of all sorts and conditions of men, suffers the same abuse. On the one hand, Mr. Smith is a conservative, and so is Mr. Raskob, Mr. Owen Young, the denizens of Wall Street, and the whole du Pont family; while, on the other hand, so is a majority of the Supreme Court, so is Mr. Newton Baker, Mr. Wolman, Mr. Lewis Douglas, and so, it seems, am I! What an extraordinary conjunction of names! On the day I wrote this I saw a headline which said that 53 per cent of the persons polled in a questionnaire or straw-vote conducted by some publication reported themselves as 'conservative.' I read further, and found that when all comes to all, this means that they are against the Administration, and that their difference with the Administration is over the distribution of money.

In the glossary of politics and journalism, the commonest, nay, the invariable connotation of 'conservatism' is in terms of money; a 'conservative policy' is one by which a larger flow of money can be turned towards one set of beneficiaries rather than towards another, while a 'radical' or a 'progressive' policy is one which tends more or less to divert that flow. According to this scale of speech, the policies of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, which turned a great flow of money towards a political pressure-group of stockjobbers, speculators, shavers, were

eminently conservative; while those of Mr. Roosevelt and his associates, which largely divert that flow towards a rival pressure-group of job-holders, hangers-on, single-crop farmers, unemployed persons, bonus-seekers, hoboes, are eminently radical. The designation follows the dollar. Even Mr. Sokolsky, whose valiant stand against the Administration I so much admire and so cordially approve, seems to associate his idea of conservatism rather over-closely with 'prosperity'; that is to say, with money.

So one can imagine Mr. Justice McReynolds, for instance, surveying the rank and file of his fellow-conservatives with some dismay while he wonders, like the hero of French comedy, what he is doing in that particular galley. The thought suggests that it might be a good thing all around if we who are so indiscriminately labeled as conservatives should stand for a time on the windward side of ourselves while we examine this label and see whether or not we can properly take title to wear it. What is a conservative, and what is the quality, if any, that definitely marks him out as such?

IV

This question can best be got at by considering an incident in the career of an extraordinary personage, about whom history, unfortunately, has had all too little to say. In a lifetime of only thirty-three years, Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, managed to make himself a most conspicuous example of every virtue and every grace of mind and manner; and this was the more remarkable because in the whole period through which he lived — the period leading up to the Civil War — the public affairs of England were an open playground for envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. The date of his birth is uncertain; probably it

was at some time in the year 1610; and he was killed in the battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643, while fighting on the royalist side.

Falkland had a seat in the Long Parliament, which was divided on the specious issue of presbyterianism against episcopacy in the Church of England. When a bill was brought in to deprive the bishops of their seats in the House of Lords, Falkland voted for it. He was all for puncturing the bishops' pretension to 'divine right,' and for putting a stop to the abuses which grew out of that pretension. The presbyterian party, however, emboldened by success, presently brought in another bill to abolish episcopacy, root and branch, and Falkland voted against it.

Hampden, in a bitter speech, promptly taunted him with inconsistency. In reply, Falkland said he could see nothing essentially wrong with an episcopal polity. 'Mr. Speaker,' he said, 'I do not believe the bishops to be *jure divino*; nay, I believe them not to be *jure divino*; but neither do I believe them to be *injuriâ humanâ*.' This polity had been in force a long time, it had worked fairly well, the people were used to it, the correction of its abuses was fully provided for in the first bill, so why 'root up this ancient tree,' when all it needed was a severe pruning of its wayward branches, which had already been done, and for which he had voted? He could not see that there was any inconsistency in his attitude. He then went on to lay down a great general principle in the ever-memorable formula, 'Mr. Speaker, when it is not *necessary* to change, it is *necessary not* to change.'

Here we get on track of what conservatism is. We must carefully observe the strength of Falkland's language. He does not say that when it is not necessary to change, it is expedient or advisable not to change; he says it

is *necessary* not to change. Very well, then, the differentiation of conservatism rests on the estimate of necessity in any given case. Thus conservatism is purely an *ad hoc* affair; its findings vary with conditions, and are good for this day and train only. Conservatism is not a body of opinion, it has no set platform or creed, and hence, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a hundred-per-cent conservative group or party — Mr. Justice McReynolds and Mr. Baker may stand at ease. Nor is conservatism an attitude of sentiment. Dickens's fine old unintelligent characters who 'kept up the barrier, sir, against modern innovations' were not conservatives. They were sentimental obstructionists, probably also obscurantists, but not conservatives.

Nor yet is conservatism the antithesis of radicalism; the antithesis of *radical* is *superficial*. Falkland was a great radical; he was never for a moment caught by the superficial aspect of things. A person may be as radical as you please, and still may make an extremely conservative estimate of the force of necessity exhibited by a given set of conditions. A radical, for example, may think we should get on a great deal better if we had an entirely different system of government, and yet, at this time and under conditions now existing, he may take a strongly conservative view of the necessity for pitching out our system, neck and crop, and replacing it with another. He may think our fiscal system is iniquitous in theory and monstrous in practice, and be ever so sure he could propose a better one, but if on consideration of all the circumstances he finds that it is not *necessary* to change that system, he is capable of maintaining stoutly that it is *necessary not* to change it. The conservative is a person who considers very closely every chance, even the longest, of 'throwing out the baby with

the bath-water,' as the German proverb puts it, and who determines his conduct accordingly.

V

And so we see that the term *conservative* has little value as a label; in fact, one might say that its label-value varies inversely with one's right to wear it. Conservatism is a habit of mind which does not generalize beyond the facts of the case in point. It considers those facts carefully, makes sure that as far as possible it has them all in hand, and the course of action which the balance of fact *in that case* indicates as necessary will be the one it follows; and the course indicated as unnecessary it not only will not follow, but will oppose without compromise or concession.

As a label, then, the word seems unserviceable. It covers so much that looks like mere capriciousness and inconsistency that one gets little positive good out of wearing it; and because of its elasticity it is so easily weaseled into an impostor-term or a term of reproach, or again into one of derision, as implying complete stagnation of mind, that it is likely to do one more harm than it is worth. Probably Huxley was wrong, for while it may be that society regards an unlabeled person with more or less uneasy suspicion, there is no doubt that it looks with active distrust upon the person who wears an equivocal and dubious label; and equally so whether one puts the label on oneself, as Huxley did, or whether it is put on by interested persons for the purpose of creating a confusion which they can turn to their own profit.

This is true of all the terms that we have been considering, and therefore it would seem the sensible thing simply to cease using them and to cease paying attention to them when used by others.

When we hear talk of men or policies as conservative, radical, progressive or what not, the term really tells us nothing, for ten to one it is used either ignorantly or with intent to deceive; and hence one can best clear and stabilize one's mind by letting it go unheeded. It is notoriously characteristic of a child's mentality to fix undue attention on the names of things, and in firmly declining to be caught and held by names one brings oneself somewhat nearer the stature of maturity.

By this, moreover, one puts oneself in the way of doing something to mature and moralize our civilization. Every now and then some prophet, like another Solomon Eagle, warns us that our civilization is at the point of collapse. We may regard these predictions as far-fetched, or we may say with Emerson, when an Adventist told him the world was coming to an end, that if so it were no great loss; or again, we may feel towards our civilization as Bishop Warburton felt towards the Church of England.² But however much or little we may think our civilization worth saving, and however we may interpret its prospects of impending dissolution, we may hardly hope that it can keep going indefinitely unless it breaks its bondage to its present political ideas and ideals.

We must observe, too, that it is held in this ignoble bondage largely, perhaps chiefly, by the power of words; that is to say, by the managed glossary of politics. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, for example, will be long in living down the scandalously misapplied term *conservative*, if indeed they ever

² William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, 1760-1779. He said, 'The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of the unclean beasts that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.' — AUTHOR

do; and there is a vicious irony in the fact that Mr. Roosevelt and his associates will always be known as radicals or liberals, according as it is meant to hold them up either to blame or to praise.

The main business of a politician, as Edmund Burke said, is 'still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions, and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities'; and a managed glossary is the most powerful implement that he applies to this base enterprise. We hear a good deal about inflation at the moment, and inflation is indeed a formidable thing. Our people have no idea of what it means, and I, for one, distinctly do not care to be around when they find out what it means, for I have seen it in action elsewhere, and have seen enough. But dreadful as it is, a far worse form of inflation, the most destructive that politicians and journalists can devise,

is inflation of the public mind by pumping it full of claptrap.

The words we have been discussing are standard terms in the politician's managed glossary. By recognizing them as such, and resolutely disregarding them, we should disarm the politician and journalist of much, perhaps most, of their power for evil, and thus give our civilization the one service of which it especially stands in need. If we are looking for an example of wisdom, insight, and integrity in their application to public affairs, let us find it in Falkland. Instead of permitting our attention to be caught and held by recommendations of person, party, or policy as conservative, liberal, radical, progressive, let us rather employ it in rigorously determining what the actual needs of the situation are, and then permit it to come to rest upon the simple and sufficient formula: 'Mr. Speaker, when it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not* to change.'

IMAGINARY PERSONS

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

It is characteristic of mankind that our dreams are better than our waking hours, our fiction than our daily lives, and our imagination superior to reality. This arises, shall we say, from the existence within each of us of a sort of imprisoned super-self, conscious of a better world than the one about us. Only in our higher moments — in the thrill of danger, in the flush of creative effort, in the benevolence of Christmas — do we enter for a brief space within it. But we carry round, in much that we do and say, certain vestiges of this better world, like the poet's trailing clouds of glory.

Nor is there any better instance of this than in our intercourse with the queer set of imaginary persons whom we have created out of next to nothing to be the companions of our pilgrimage. I am not thinking here of the characters of fiction, the people 'out of a book.' Such people as Huckleberry Finn and Mr. Pickwick and Sherlock Holmes belong elsewhere. The people I mean were never in a book, or, if they were, escaped from it so long ago and so completely that all trace of their origin was lost, and they entered upon a life of their own.

I am thinking, in other words, of such persons as Davy Jones, and Jack Robinson, of Punch and Judy, John Doe and Richard Roe, and John Bull and Uncle Sam. All these are real enough and all carry with them the queer imprint of our super-self in be-

longing to a better world than that of our daily walk.

Of many of them the origin is utterly lost, of others it can be traced back a certain distance and then disappears; of others, again, it is quite traceable as a matter of scholarship but quite unknown to those who daily deal with its descendant. Who, for example, was Jack Robinson? Except for the fact that his name became a symbol for rapid speech, and that things happen before we can say Jack Robinson, we know nothing of the man. He apparently has a French cousin called Jean de Nivelles, known not for his own sake but for his dog, '*qui s'enfuit quand on l'appelle.*' But that is all we know of him, unless he is one of the trio 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson,' otherwise familiarly known as 'Tom, Dick, and Harry.'

But look at Punch and Judy, whose origin we know absolutely. What a grim tragedy of human history is reflected here! This queer jocular Punch, who fights with Judy in his little show-box, wicked without knowing it, all agrin with malice, which seems somehow to run the gamut of emotion and turn to merriment! Who is this? This is — save the mark! — Pontius Pilate, come down from a sacred miracle play of the Middle Ages, and the Judy with him is Judas Iscariot. What a commentary on the story of mankind, in which the most tragic chapter of human history is turned to the laughter of

country clowns! It is like the '*hoc est corpus*' of the Sacrament, which slowly passed into '*hocus-pocus*.' Yet the real significance of Punch is that in the course of time even the greatest of our sorrows takes on the soft coloring of retrospect, that in the long run human happiness wins out over human suffering. It must be so or our lot would be too hard to bear. We are compelled, as it were, to 'laugh it off.'

Oddly enough, Punch and Judy, as they passed down the decades of history, picked up other accessory characters not part of the original miracle play. The baby which they throw about originated in the change of Judy's sex from that of Judæus, though it may have an irreverent origin of its own. The dog Toby seems straight out of the infernal pit — he may be Tobias, son of Tobit, of the Apocrypha. Another character who came into the Punch story much later is Jack Ketch, a sort of imaginary or generalized hangman. The English Punch and Judy picture books put him in on the last page, carrying his portable gibbet, with the legend, 'In the end Jack Ketch comes to hang Punch.' His face is concealed, after the correct fashion of the executioners of his time. As a matter of fact, Jack Ketch once existed as the 'headsman' of King Charles II's and King James II's reign. Apparently he was a very poor one. Macaulay tells of his beheading the unhappy Duke of Monmouth on Tower Hill in 1685. 'Monmouth,' he writes, 'accosted John Ketch, the executioner, a wretch who had already butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name during a century and a half has been vulgarly given to all those who have succeeded him in his odious office. "Here," said the Duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell."' After which Macaulay describes the hideous scene of butchery that followed

as Ketch hacked away with blow after blow at his wretched victim.

Out of all this has come our Mr. Punch, chastened somehow of all wickedness, a genial character whom we know as well as ourselves: 'as pleased as Punch,' we say, or 'as proud as Punch' — using him as what the mathematicians call a 'frame of reference.'

Punch thus represents a full and elaborate record. Other imaginary people are often connected only with a single attribute or a single performance. Thus Davy Jones has no other function except to keep a 'locker' to which drowned sailors go. His name is really 'Duffy' Jones — 'duffy' being a Negro word for ghost. He is the ghost of Jones — that is to say, of Jonah of the Old Testament, whose nautical experiences are well known. His pious origin is paralleled in the nautical sphere by that of 'Mother Carey' (*Mater Cara*), whose chickens are the stormy petrels. Very different is 'Mother Goose' of the nursery rhymes, who was actually a Mrs. Goose and kept a little shop and sold nursery books in bygone Boston. But who is Gilroy who had the kite? People of fairly ripe age will recall how frequently, about fifty years ago, we used to talk of things being 'knocked as high as Gilroy's kite.' I never heard of anyone investigating who Gilroy was. But I think I can guess it — or, as Sherlock Holmes would say, 'deduce' it. When the first suspension bridge was to be built over the Niagara Gorge, a prize was offered for the first kite to be successfully flown to carry a string across. Something tells me that must have been Gilroy's kite.

But the two prize winners among imaginary people are the famous characters John Doe and Richard Roe. I defy anyone to find out their origin. It is easy enough to trace them back for five or six hundred years. That's nothing. But what were they before

that? They grew to maturity — or rather, like Pallas, they leap into full size — in the law courts of the Middle Ages. They appear as imaginary people used as legal fictions where real people could not be cited. This was chiefly in the case of claims against owners of land.

The Middle Ages — and indeed England until quite modern times — had a great regard for the sanctity of property in land. To disturb it was taboo. In an age before scientific record and documentation, possession was everything — ‘nine points of the law,’ as the old phrase had it. Hence the common law courts in England could not directly entertain suits for ejecting a man in actual possession. What was done was this. The claimant to the land conveyed all his rights to his good friend John Doe. In early times he was not restricted to John Doe; there was a rival person called, rather transparently, ‘Thomas Goodtitle.’ But he was offensively obvious and dropped out. John Doe, as soon as he got his communication (which in reality he never did, but the law acted for him), then got out a writ against a man called Richard Roe on the ground that Roe was keeping him by force out of his property. Here again there was a mediæval alternative in ‘William Styles of Newbury in the County of Berks,’ but Heaven knows how he ever got in, and he proved too explicit to survive. Hence John Doe and Richard Roe got the whole field and kept it for centuries.

The writ that Doe swore out against Roe accused him of terrible things — namely, that he had ‘with force of arms, that is to say, with swords and staves and knives entered into the said tenement with the appurtenances and ejected the said John out of his said tenement and other wrongs him did.’ This bloodthirsty accusation passed harmless off Richard Roe’s accustomed

hide. He answered, without heat, that while he himself had no concern with the property, he was aware that such and such a person (naming the man in possession) was actually sitting on it and suggested calling him into court to say what he knew. This did the trick and the suit for ejectment went right ahead without needing John and Richard. In any case they had other things to do. They were always busy, having picked up a variety of odd functions. For example, they supplied bail for debtors, and the like. The old law did not allow a man to put up money to bail himself; but John Doe could put it up for him, so he gave it to John Doe first. This ‘common bail’ naturally proved very often ineffective and led to the demand for ‘special bail’ which Doe could n’t give, having no special existence.

Poor Doe and Roe came to an end, as far as England is concerned, with sweeping law reforms of 1852. Ejectment suits were made by a direct process; their other uses were terminated, and Doe and Roe expired by act of Parliament. The lawyers of the London Inns, who had made a harvest from them for centuries, celebrated their demise with banquets, toasts, and witty memorial verses. One such runs: —

Now Doe and Roe, ’t is grief to tell,
For law’s reform you die,
And as I bid you both farewell
A tear bedims my eye . . .

on which follows an ‘Old Lang Syne’ chorus.

I understand that Doe and Roe, however, survive in the United States, or in some of the states, where they still keep one of their earlier English activities. Their names are used in the pursuit of criminals whom they are supposed to have assisted. Thus, in trying to arrest the imaginary John Doe, the law apprehends the real criminal — or fails to. But of this I speak

with no certainty, being (very fortunately) unacquainted with American criminal law.

Equally conspicuous among imaginary people are those who stand for a whole nation at a time, such as, most triumphantly, John Bull and Uncle Sam. No other two nations have so successfully embodied themselves in abstraction as have the British and the American. Beside these heroes, such creations as John Chinaman, Fritz, and so forth, are hopelessly vague, and others, like Jack Canuck, feeble and ineffective. But John Bull and Uncle Sam actually live and breathe. Oddly enough, John Bull originally came out of an eighteenth-century book, long forgotten. He stepped so far out of it, and the book was forgotten so completely, that his existence has nothing further to do with it. We see the same thing happening to-day to Sherlock Holmes, who has been 'generalized' far beyond his creator's pages. People in distant countries talk of him who never read a word of him. So with John Bull; he has from the eighteenth century his appetite, his rolled-top boots, his costume of a country squire in a market town — and with that he carries forward from generation to generation.

Uncle Sam had a more complicated origin. His actual name was taken out of the letters U. S., which arose with the independence of the United States. The anagram, or joke, or whatever you

call it, must have occurred not to any one person only, as often narrated, but to hundreds — it is so obvious. But the character was not properly created till the 'Comic Yankee' had been worked out on the stage (where Uncle Sam got his clothes) and exploited by Major Jack Dowling and such chroniclers.

Once created, Uncle Sam went strong. But, as a matter of fact, he had for many years a sort of rival, or alternate, in the form of 'Brother Jonathan.' This was the same character, more or less, but without the full habiliment. Jonathan was a real person, a certain Jonathan Trumbull of revolutionary times, on whom George Washington greatly relied. The nickname 'Brother Jonathan' is right out of history, the words being Washington's. But Uncle Sam proved the better type — and survived. A recent entertaining writer has told us that Uncle Sam exactly represents the American face and physique of the pioneering days — the 'roaring forties.' The days of the Revolution, he says, tended to produce the statesmanlike face of lawyers and politicians, the pioneer days the rough energetic faces of Abraham Lincoln and Uncle Sam; the modern days of city life and office existence produce a face much like an apple. Leaving out of question the apple theory, — which no foreigner would dare to endorse, — the Uncle Sam part of the idea certainly sounds good.

HARVARD HAS A HOMICIDE

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

AMATEUR though he was, Jupiter Jones — the eccentric graduate student who discovered Albert Singer's body — had certain advantages over Sergeant Rankin of the Cambridge police when it came to following up clues and finding motives in the murder of the celebrated Fine Arts professor. For Jupiter could work from the inside: he knew Arthur and Connie Fairchild, for instance, and Professor Hadley, — three of the suspects in the case, — so that he was more readily convinced than the detective of their innocence. But Fitzgerald, the visiting portraitist, was another matter — and Miss Slade, Singer's secretary, whose reticence and mysterious behavior after her hysterical accusation of Fitzgerald had become increasingly significant. However, Jupiter could scarcely take all the credit, since without the skillful observations of Betty Mahan, pretty and engaging librarian at the Fogg Museum, — and almost Jupiter's single pretext for ever visiting that institution, — all his suspicions and well-laid plan of action might have come to nothing. . . .

XIV

JUPITER was dressing. After the Slade interview he had decided some exercise would be in order and he had played squash with Bob Berrings. There was still no news from the Sergeant.

He went out, got his car, and picked up Betty. She had on a neat little hat and coat. She was n't quite a blonde.

'Lovely as always,' said Jupiter.

'How hangs the horrible Harvard homicide?'

'How long did it take you to think that up?' he grinned.

By the time they had reached Locke Ober's and Jupiter had ordered the meal and cocktails she was up to date.

'Did you see Miss Slade?'

He nodded. 'Reticent is the word for Slade.'

Betty frowned. 'I think Miss Slade knows something.'

'I think she thinks she knows something,' Jupiter qualified.

'The same old psychoanalyst,' sneered Betty. 'Are n't you afraid of Freud?'

He disregarded her. 'Let me see that piece of newspaper you found.'

She handed it to him. 'I don't see why you want to see it. There's nothing except a date.'

He looked at it. 'Nothing but the date, but it's from the *Herald*.'

She was startled. 'How do you know that?'

He smiled condescendingly. 'From the type, darling.'

'You're marvelous,' she cooed. 'So what?'

'So we can find the story that goes with it.'

'Granted that you can find the paper, how will you know what story goes with it?'

'I may be able to recognize it.'

'H'm,' she mused, cocking her eyebrow. 'Let's find that paper.'

Jupiter held up his hand. 'All in good time. The surroundings are very pleasant here and I'm loath to leave.'

'Look me in the eye, Jupiter,' she said seriously. 'Have you any ideas or even suspicions about the murder?'

'Why, certainly, I have hundreds.' Then he saw she was in earnest. 'To tell the truth, I have n't, but there are some things I can't quite make out. Very likely they have nothing to do with it.'

'And they are?'

'Odd. Have you ever seen Fitzgerald's portrait of Singer?'

'No, why?'

'Ever hear anything about it?'

'No, why?'

'I don't know.'

She set her glass down with a bang. 'Don't talk like that. I don't like you when you're supercilious. You must have had some reason to ask me that.'

'Quiet, child,' he soothed. 'I meant I did n't know why you had n't seen the portrait or heard about it.'

'Oh, I'm sorry, but it did n't sound like that.'

Jupiter smiled. 'I did n't mean it to. However, it is funny that I've never seen it or heard about it, and neither has Miss Slade. You'd think a man like Singer, with a portrait by as famous an artist as Fitzgerald, would say something about it. Although Fitzgerald himself told me it was n't very complimentary.'

'And all that proves?'

'Nothing,' he said, rising. 'Shall we find that newspaper?'

Jupiter paid the check without blenching and they went out into the night. At the Herald Building he inquired into the whereabouts of old issues. A girl led them to the files. She looked as if she recognized Jupiter in connection with the Singer case.

Just to be safe he said, 'We're looking for a recipe on how to make old Scottish porridge.'

Betty bit her lip.

'If I remember correctly it was in the March fourth paper,' said Jupiter.

The girl pointed to a file. 'It will be there. You can look through them.'

She left as fast as she could.

Jupiter was looking through the paper for March fourth.

Betty laughed. 'Hey, you've got the wrong number — it was March third.'

He did n't look up. 'Don't be dull — stories in newspapers are dated the day before.'

He continued his search. 'Of course it would help if I had some idea of what to expect. I'm counting on my intuition. How large a clipping was it? A column? Half a column?'

'Nearer half, I guess; it was n't very long.'

He was nearing the back page. 'Well, well, we're lucky — here she is.'

They read it together.

NEW YORK DEALER FINDS FAMOUS PAINTING

Early Titian Turns up in Forgotten Collection

NEW YORK, Mar. 3 (AP) — A painting, purporting to be in the hand of Titian, was found in a collection of otherwise worthless copies by Mark Epstein, noted dealer in rare art works. In an interview, Mr. Epstein said that there could be little doubt that the painting was an original by the famous Venetian Renaissance artist. The subject was an allegorical scene undoubtedly painted during the latter part of the artist's career. Exhaustive tests by the new X-ray method failed to disclose anything to disprove Mr. Epstein's belief that the work was original. Among the other paintings which are said to be remarkable copies of existing works were likenesses of three paintings now in the Fogg Museum at Cambridge. They are a "Crucifixion" by Perugino, a "Madonna" by Lorenzo Lotto, and a portrait of a soldier by Tiepolo. Mr. Epstein would not disclose where he had purchased the collection, but said that they had come from Italy.

Jupiter said, 'See anything particularly murderous about that?'

Betty sighed, 'No, I'm sorry. You were right about Miss Slade; she tore that up in small pieces just for the hell of it when she saw me in the basement. Do you know, I read that little story when it came out; I'd forgotten all about it.'

Jupiter tore out the clipping and put it in his pocket.

'We'll save it, anyway. They won't miss it. Now if it's not against your principles we might have a drink.'

They found a quiet bar and sat on stools in front of it.

Betty toyed with her Scotch. 'Sorry to cause you all the trouble of that newspaper, Jupiter.'

'No trouble,' he answered. Then to the bartender, 'Got a phone, Jack?'

The bartender jerked a thumb toward the back of the room.

'Pay station,' he communicated.

Jupiter handed him a dollar, asking for change.

'Going to make a late date?' asked Betty, without conviction.

'I'll be right back. Look after her, Jack.'

The bartender flashed the bored smile of all good bartenders.

Jupiter dropped a nickel and dialed Information.

'I have a task for you,' he told the operator. 'I want a man in New York City named Epstein — Mark Epstein. There are undoubtedly several Epsteins in New York, but this one's an art dealer. . . . Yes, person to person. . . . No, call me back. I'll be here, thanks.'

He slid back on to his stool.

Betty said, 'It's a beautiful act, but if I did n't have a lot of self-control, I'd poison your drink. Who did you call?'

'I'm trying to get Mark Epstein,' he said, sipping.

She opened her eyes very wide. The effect was not lost on the bartender.

'Not *the* Mark Epstein of New York?' she gasped.

'The very same.'

'What are you calling him for?'

'I just want to talk to him. Something's been missing in my life and I just discovered it was not knowing Mark Epstein.'

Betty spluttered. The telephone bell eased matters.

Jupiter leaped into the booth.

A voice said, 'I have Mr. Epstein; were you calling him?'

'Yes, thanks,' said Jupiter.

'One dollar and thirty-five cents, please,' caroled the operator.

The bell tinkled merrily as Jupiter deposited coins.

'Hello, Mr. Epstein? . . . This is Lieutenant Harrigan of the Cambridge homicide squad.'

He could hear Mr. Epstein swallow. 'Yes?'

'I'm investigating the Singer murder at Harvard. Have you heard about it?'

Mr. Epstein said, 'Er, of course — what can I do for you?'

'There was a story in the paper about ten days ago about a collection of pictures you had found in Italy.'

'Yes?'

'In that collection were some copies of paintings now in the Fogg Museum in Cambridge. Are you sure the ones in your collection are copies?'

Mr. Epstein took his time before answering. 'That seems a queer question. Is there any reason why they should n't be copies?'

'I'm asking you, Mr. Epstein, if you're sure yours are copies?'

'Yes, I'm sure,' he answered.

'Have you made tests?'

'Of course. All my pictures go through the same tests. They are very excellent copies, nothing more.'

'Have you ever seen the paintings now in the Fogg?'

'Yes, several years ago.'

'Did you study them?'

'I don't see what you're getting at, Lieutenant. I did n't study them, but I naturally took it for granted they were genuine. There must be authorities there who can tell. I can't understand why you called me.'

Jupiter gritted his teeth. 'Please remember, Mr. Epstein, that I am a police officer and would n't call you without reason. I'm interested to know where your collection was procured.'

Mr. Epstein coughed. 'I'm sorry, but I can't answer that question. The former owner in Italy specified that I was n't to give out that information.'

'I don't have to remind you that this is an investigation into a murder,' said Jupiter as seriously as he could.

'I realize that, Lieutenant, but the source from which I get my paintings has nothing to do with a murder. I will try and help all I can, but I cannot disclose a business secret. If you will give me some hint as to what you're trying to learn I'll be glad to help you.'

'Don't bother. Thank you very much, Mr. Epstein. I may call you again.'

Jupiter hung up.

'Damn,' he said. 'Anyway, I doubt if brother Mark gets much sleep to-night.'

He went back to the bar.

'Well, what did you find out?'

'Nothing. A blank. But I did n't expect much.'

He got up. 'The time has come to ask Fitzgerald some pointed questions. If I was n't so lazy I'd go out and see him; as it is, the phone will have to do.'

Fitzgerald was in.

Jupiter said, 'This is Jones. Do you remember me?'

Fitzgerald said yes, he did.

'The police are about to make an arrest in the Singer case, but, before they do, would you mind telling me how much Singer owed you?'

There was a pause while Fitzgerald got his breath.

'Will you repeat that?' he asked weakly.

Jupiter repeated.

'How much Singer owed me?'

'Yes, that's it.'

'Why in the world do you want to know that?'

'Is there any reason why you should n't tell me?'

Fitzgerald sputtered.

Jupiter said, 'Let it go. Did you ever hear of Lotto's "Madonna"?''

There was no reply for a full half minute.

Fitzgerald said, 'Are you drunk?'

'I may be.'

'Where are you?'

'Boston.'

'Why are you calling me?'

'I was lonely.'

'I think you're crazy. The next time I see Sergeant Rankin I'll tell him so.'

'You'll see him. Good night.'

He hung up and went back to the bar. Betty had never seen him looking so happy.

'Did you ask him questions?'

'No, he asked me questions. It was great fun.'

She tipped back on her stool and surveyed him critically. 'When are you going to tell me what it's all about?'

'As soon as I know myself. Let's go to the Ritz; I like a sumptuous atmosphere when I think.'

Driving to the hotel, Jupiter indulged in some strenuous speculation. His telephone calls to Epstein and Fitzgerald had produced nothing of any value, yet he felt he was on the track of something. Whether it had anything to do with Singer's murder he did not know. He was sure Rankin would n't be any help to him at the moment and he saw no reason for getting hold of him. Hadley might help, but that entailed a trip to Cambridge. All in all, he thought, the Ritz Bar is unquestionably the best place for me.

Going down the steps into the bar, he saw a familiar face in a corner. It was Renier, the wavy-haired Frenchman.

'Well, well, just the person who can help me in my troubles.'

'Who?' asked Betty, looking for a girl.

Jupiter pointed. 'The Personage. Come.'

They stopped at the Frenchman's table.

He was alone.

Jupiter said, 'I owe you an apology for running away so quickly this morning. This is Mr. Renier, Miss Mahan. Miss Mahan, Mr. Renier.'

Renier jumped to his feet and bowed, and said precisely, 'Will you not sit down?'

They sat down.

Jupiter said, 'Miss Mahan is associated with the Museum. She works there occasionally.'

'Yes, of course, I remember her,' said Renier like a true Frenchman.

Jupiter ordered drinks.

Renier said, 'I did not comprehend your sudden departure this morning. Did you find what you were looking for? The newspapers to-night said no word about the solution of the mystery.'

'It's not solved yet,' answered Jupiter. 'Are you staying here?'

'Yes. I leave to-morrow. I am sorry; I have enjoyed Boston so much.'

Jupiter said, 'I've always been interested in how people go about discovering fake paintings, Mr. Renier — you must be quite an authority on that. Could you tell me something about it?'

The Frenchman stopped gazing at Betty. 'What? Fake paintings? Oh, I see — yes, of course — you mean forgeries. Copies?'

'Yes. In the case of two paintings of the same subject — if you know one is original, how do you pick the fake?'

'Oh, that! That is simple, very simple. We make very few mistakes in that to-day. That is, of course, if the copy is new, not painted at the time of the original.'

'But you hear all the time about fakes that have been made by criminals with the idea of selling them as originals.'

Renier frowned. 'Yes, that is true. They are clever, some of those fellows, but now with the X-ray we can see through them. Ha, ha! That is good, is it not? We can see through them?'

He continued, 'Besides the X-ray, we

can tell by the pigments. *Voilà!* Old pigments are not, as you say, affected by alcohol. New ones, ah, they melt. And the canvas! That is another way, also. Machine-built canvas and handmade canvas, they are not alike. But it is hard to tell. It is a very great task, very great. It is for the chemists — they understand the paint. There is much to it. It is — let me see — it is a lifework. A lifework.'

Jupiter said, 'Then it would take laboratory work to find out if a painting was a fake?'

'Oh yes. But *non*. No, if the faker, as you say, was not clever, an expert in such matters could discover in a second if the work was false.'

'It would take someone who had had lots of experience to turn out a first-class fraud?'

Renier laughed. 'Oh, yes, yes, yes. I have met these men who devote all their lives to studying one master so that they could make one copy of the work. An ordinary artist could never make a good forgery. *Jamais!*'

Jupiter sipped his drink thoughtfully.

The Frenchman pulled out his watch. 'Ah, *mon Dieu*, it is late. I must retire; I have to catch a train early in the morning.'

He got up.

Jupiter rose with him. 'Well, thanks a lot, Mr. Renier. This morning you unwittingly gave me a tip and now you've helped me some more. If I do solve this case, you'll know you helped a lot.'

Renier gave a short bow. '*Au 'voir*, Miss Mahan. Good night, Mr. — er —'

'Jones.'

'Jones — ah yes. *Bonsoir*, Mr. Jones.'

He tiptoed out of the room.

'I like his hair. He may be light on his feet, but I like his hair,' said Betty into her glass.

'You're getting to the sentimental stage. It's a bad sign.'

When they were finishing their second round, Jupiter said suddenly, 'Would you care to join me in a small robbery?'

She clapped her hands. 'Oh, goody! A robbery! But, Jupiter, you never told me you were on the *Lampoon!*'

'Very funny. Come on.'

They got up. Jupiter scribbled his name across the back of the check.

XV

They drove out to Cambridge. Jupiter parked the car near the back entrance to the Museum.

'All set?' he asked.

Betty whispered, 'You're sure your gun's loaded?'

'Quiet,' commanded Jupiter.

There was a light shining through a window in the basement; the night watchman with his police dog was sitting inside. Jupiter knocked on the door. The man peered out skeptically. Then he saw Betty. He opened the door.

Betty said, 'Greetings, Abner. We've come to read the gas meter.'

The man's mouth dropped open as if someone had cut the muscles in his jaw. 'Now, Miss Mahan — what do you want?'

'Mr. Jones, here, has a test in Fine Arts to-morrow and he's forgotten to study the slides. It's so like him.'

Jupiter said, 'Pay no attention to her, Abner; we want to look at Singer's office.'

They started to walk in. Abner backed away doubtfully. 'I don't know as I ought, Miss Mahan. I have orders . . .'

'Listen, Abner, we just want to see some papers in Singer's office. I'm working with the police on the murder; it's perfectly O.K.,' explained Jupiter.

'That's right,' added Betty. 'The Sergeant has a bad cold and asked Mr. Jones to carry on for him. Would n't you like your picture in the paper?'

Abner was swamped by the barrage. 'Well, as long as you're here, Miss Mahan,' he quavered.

The police dog was n't as convinced as Abner. He gave a few abortive snarls before the watchman soothed him.

Jupiter said, 'Did Singer ever work here at night that you can remember?'

Abner scratched his head. 'Lemme see — I don't remember ever seeing him.'

'Not recently?' said Jupiter. 'Say three weeks or a month ago?'

A light broke over his face. 'Now that you mention it, he did. About a month ago. Came in about nine — said he had important work to finish. Could n't wait until morning.'

Jupiter was jubilant. 'Did he have a bundle with him? Say about this size?'

He made a rough demonstration of a two-foot square.

'Yes, he did! Told me he was going to the laboratory.'

'And he took it out with him?'

Abner nodded.

'How long did he stay?'

Abner surveyed the ceiling. 'I don't know. Not more'n a half hour.'

'Did you stay down here all the time?'

'Sure. Why not?' He seemed to feel a little guilty.

'Good,' said Jupiter. 'Let's go up and see his office.'

Abner switched on a light and they walked through the basement. Going up the stairs, their footsteps echoed through the empty building. It was dark on the main floor; the watchman took out a flashlight.

They went through the library and Abner turned on a light in Singer's office. Jupiter went straight to the desk, opened the drawer, and began going over its contents. No one spoke while he examined every drawer. It took him about five minutes.

'Can't find it?' asked Betty.

Jupiter did n't look up. 'Try the files.'

Betty went over to the cabinet against the wall.

Jupiter got up and took Abner aside.

'Listen, Abner, I've got to go to the toilet. Let me borrow your flashlight a minute. You stay here with Miss Mahan; I think she's a little frightened.'

Abner acquiesced. The spirit of guarding frightened ladies had not died in him.

Jupiter took the flashlight and went out through the library into the hall. The toilet was in the basement, but Jupiter went upstairs to the galleries. He flashed the light on several paintings before he found the one he wanted. The beautifully sad face of Lotto's 'Madonna' in her cool blue robes shone in the light.

He set the light on the floor and carefully lifted the painting from the wall. Even in the darkness he could see the white spot on the wall where the painting had been. He picked up the light and carried the painting silently down the stairs. When he arrived at the main floor, he kept on down the stairs to the basement. The police dog growled somewhere in the dark. Jupiter flashed the light in his eyes.

'Nice doggie,' he said nervously.

The dog was disgruntled, but not beligerent.

Jupiter opened the basement door, went out, and placed the painting gently in an ashcan. Then he went back inside. He ran upstairs and entered Singer's office. It had taken him three minutes.

Betty looked up curiously from the files.

'Have you got it?' asked Jupiter.

She shook her head. 'No.'

'Let me look.' He went over and opened one of the small drawers. After a couple of minutes he said, 'Ah!' and drew out a card. It was a list of Singer's tutees for the year 1932. He put it in his pocket.

They started to go out. Betty said, 'You've been perfectly grand, Abner. We won't forget about this.'

At the basement door Abner said, 'You're sure it's all right, him taking that paper, Miss Mahan?'

Betty smiled. 'Don't you worry, now, everything's going to come out right in the end.'

They went out. Abner watched them start up the driveway, then turned back into the cellar. Jupiter walked back quickly, took the painting out of the ashcan, and hurried up to the car.

In the car Betty said, 'Smooth. Every move a picture. Now that you have it, what are you going to do with it?'

He started the motor. 'Back in town.'

'Going to let the pretty Frenchman have a look at it? He'll be mad if you wake him up.'

'That's an idea, but I've got a better one. Ever hear of Geoffrey Chalmers?'

She had n't. On the trip back to Boston he told her about him.

Chalmers was an artist of indeterminate age. He had a studio in the lee of Beacon Hill filled with drawings and paintings that had never been exhibited. Jupiter had met him back in the speak-easy days and Chalmers had taken him to his studio. He had dropped in on him off and on and Chalmers had even given him one of his drawings — a grotesque charcoal of fishing boats done in Brittany. His unaccountable horror of exhibitions had kept him out of the limelight that his few friends thought he deserved. He had made a precarious living out of copying early American paintings for

high schools and public buildings. In out-of-the-way places some of these had been accepted as originals.

'In his way, he's a genius. Unfortunately the curse of drink is upon him and he has n't done anything for years,' Jupiter concluded.

He stopped the car. They got out and walked up a dark flight of stone steps, stopping in front of a grimy doorway. Jupiter walked in without ringing a bell.

'We're very informal here. I hope he's up. It's the top floor.'

The stairway was both badly lighted and badly ventilated.

At the top of the stairs Jupiter knocked at the door and it was opened by Chalmers. He was a stubby little gray-haired man with short fat hands and fingers.

He said, 'Ah, Jones, my boy, come in, come in.'

Jupiter introduced Betty and they entered.

The room looked precisely like a moving-picture set of a degenerate artist's studio. Chalmers pushed a pile of clothes out of a chair.

'Please sit down, Miss Mahan. You took me unawares to-night, Jones; had I known of your coming, I should have made suitable arrangements. The studio seems to have suffered from the absence of my charwoman to-day.'

Jupiter smiled. The room had n't been swept for weeks.

Chalmers saw the painting that Jupiter was carrying.

'Ah, what have you there, my boy?'

Jupiter held up the painting. 'This is the Fogg Museum's famous Lotto.'

The artist peered at it. 'Oh, of course, the "Madonna" — a lovely thing. But where did this come from, Jones?'

'He stole it,' explained Betty simply.

'Do you think you could tell if this was a fake?' asked Jupiter.

'My dear fellow, do you mean to say you stole this from the Museum?' He was agast.

Jupiter nodded.

'But whatever for?'

'Heavens!' said Betty. 'I don't think he's heard about the murder!'

Chalmers was all eyes. 'Murder? What murder?'

'Did n't you see a paper to-day?' asked Jupiter.

Chalmers looked from one to the other. 'Paper? No, I rarely read a newspaper.'

They told him about the murder.

'And you think this painting has something to do with it?' asked Chalmers when they had finished.

'It may,' said Jupiter. 'That's why I wondered if you could tell if it was genuine.'

The artist took out a pair of bent spectacles and put them carefully on his nose. 'If the authorities at Harvard have been taken in by a fraud, I scarcely think that I shall be able to shed much light on the problem. However . . .'

He switched on an overhead light and placed the painting delicately on a table. His putty-like hands moved surely like a surgeon cutting an appendix. He placed the gilt frame on the floor and turned the picture in its stretcher to look at the canvas backing. Using a magnifying glass, he examined the wood of the stretcher and the canvas. Betty and Jupiter watched him eagerly.

'Yes, yes,' he nodded. 'Wood's old, yes — h'm — canvas seems genuine — can't tell. Hard to, you know, without a microscope. Don't need one. Let's see, now.' He turned the picture to examine the paint.

Even without the glass, Jupiter could see the tiny rectangular cracks in the paint.

'See that cracking?' said Chalmers. 'Paint cracks that way with time. All paint does it, but you can get the same thing using a varnish. Special antique varnish — buy it in a store — used it myself hundreds of times. Proves nothing. Make a test now — only thing I can do. I'm not a chemist — know nothing about pigments, really. Does n't matter. Most forgers use the same pigments that were common at the time of the original.'

He straightened up, walked to a cabinet that was filled with paint tubes and brushes stiff with dried pigment, and returned with a bottle and a piece of waste.

He held up the bottle. 'Alcohol. Pity to waste it on this, eh, Jones? Won't use much. See if the paint is old. Simple test, but effective.'

'Yes,' said Jupiter, 'I've heard of it.'

Chalmers soaked the waste in alcohol and began rubbing it gently over a small corner

of the picture. Then he held up the rag. It was tinted a light brown; the color of the paint where he had rubbed was a dark blue. He frowned.

'Just the varnish. It would come off anyway.'

Betty said, 'If, by any chance, you're wrong about this, Jupiter, you're going to have fun explaining to the authorities.'

'Oh, no. You took all the responsibility. Don't you remember telling Abner?'

Chalmers interrupted. 'That does n't necessarily prove that the paint is old, my friends. A thin coat of size between the paint and the varnish would protect the paint from the alcohol. A chemist could tell us whether or not such a coat has been applied in this case. However . . .' He spread his hands hopelessly. 'I am not a chemist.'

Jupiter said, 'H'm — you don't know of any other way you could tell if the painting was a fake?'

'Surely, there are many ways. But you see we have only this one painting to go on. We have nothing to compare it with. Laboratory tests could tell us, but I have no laboratory.'

'That would take a hell of a lot of time,' mused Jupiter.

'There is a way,' said Chalmers, 'but unfortunately it would damage the painting slightly.'

'What's that?'

'I could scrape down a small portion of the paint and then apply the alcohol. That would prove conclusively if the paint was old, but it would leave rather an unsightly spot on the canvas, I'm afraid.'

Jupiter licked his lips. 'How large a spot?'

'About two inches square would do it, I think. A chemist could accomplish the same thing without leaving a trace.'

'Try it,' said Jupiter shortly.

'I'm afraid I could n't take the responsibility, Jones. It would be almost impossible to restore the damage adequately.'

'I'll take the responsibility. Go ahead.'

The artist shrugged and picked a scraping knife from the floor. He placed a block of wood under the canvas and with rapid yet careful strokes removed the top layer of paint from a corner of the picture. It left a faintly greenish spot on the canvas.

'It comes off easily,' he said. 'Now for the test.'

Chalmers took a fresh piece of waste and dipped it in the alcohol. Betty sucked in her breath. Jupiter held an unlighted cigarette in his hand. The artist flourished the waste over the painting. He rubbed the cleared spot quickly and then removed the waste. The spot where he had worked was clear of paint. The base on the canvas showed through clearly.

'The painting,' said Chalmers unnecessarily, 'is not genuine.'

Betty tittered foolishly.

Jupiter dried the sweat from the palms of his hands on his coat.

Chalmers went on, 'I should hazard that this picture was painted not more than five years ago.'

Jupiter lit a match and said, 'I knew it all along.'

'Give me a cigarette,' said Betty.

He tossed her one. Chalmers was examining the cloth, covered now with greenish blue paint.

He said, 'There's not the slightest doubt — I'm quite convinced of that. Lotto worked about four hundred years ago; naturally his pigments would not be soluble in alcohol to-day.'

Jupiter was putting on his coat. 'Mr. Chalmers, you've been invaluable, but I'm going to ask you to wait until to-morrow morning before I tell you anything. Do you suppose you could be at the Museum at nine-thirty?'

Chalmers nodded. 'I suppose you have your reasons, but I'll admit I'm engulfed with curiosity. You can count on my being present in the morning. Now I think I shall go out and get a newspaper.'

They went out together. Jupiter had replaced the painting in its frame and carried it under his arm. They left Chalmers at the car and again started back to Cambridge.

Betty pestered him for details, but he was uncommunicative. He walked with her to her door.

'Would you like to know who painted the picture?' he asked.

'No, of course not; I'm not the least interested.'

'Fitzgerald painted it.'

She sat down on the steps. 'Is that true, Jupiter?' she asked seriously.

'Unless I'm wrong about everything else.'

'Then he killed Singer? Is that what you think?'

'Bright girl.'

He got up. She stood up with him.

'Won't you tell me about it, please?'

He kissed her quickly and competently. 'Wait until to-morrow.'

'You're a selfish brute and I won't sleep at all to-night. Good night, Jupiter, I've had a lovely time.'

'Good night.'

He decided to leave his car outside, so he parked near Hallowell House and walked to his room, still carrying the painting.

He'd been locked out of his room so many times because he had forgotten his keys that he had solved the problem by never locking his door. He walked in, set the painting against the wall, and reached for the light.

He never reached it. Something hard and heavy hit him solidly on the back of his head. He went to his knees, but he did n't go out.

'That's considered illegal in most leagues, you bastard.' He was surprised to find himself speaking.

He rocked to his feet, holding his arms over his head against another attack. There was none. Dizzily he saw someone open the door and rush out into the hall. He started to follow, but a tidal wave of nausea hit him before he reached the door.

He made the toilet by inches.

It did n't occur to him that he had a slight concussion.

Back in the other room, he turned on a light.

Nothing had been touched. 'Jones, old man, you've just been the victim of an attempted murder,' he mumbled. He walked shakily to the door and locked it. 'If anyone wants to come back and shoot me through the window he's welcome.'

He undressed with fumbling fingers. Any idea of chasing his assailant was far from his thoughts.

For the second night he fell into bed.

XVI

For a while after he had opened his eyes he could n't distinguish the ringing in his ears from the telephone bell. Then he rolled

out of bed, noting blearily that it was eight-thirty. In the other room he picked up the phone and collapsed with it on the couch.

'Ungh?' he managed.

'This is Rankin. Are you awake?'

'There seems to be some question about it?'

'Well, snap out of it; I've got some news for you.'

He opened his eyes and saw the painting against the wall opposite him.

'If you think you have news, Inspector, you ought to hear what I've got.'

'What's that?' asked Rankin quickly.

'I've solved your murder case,' he said.

Rankin said, 'You have, huh? Who did it?'

'It'll take some explaining. Have you seen Fitzgerald this morning, by any chance?' He was enjoying the thought of the Sergeant's face.

Then Rankin floored him. 'Yes, I've seen him,' he said quietly.

Jupiter swallowed. He had n't expected that. 'You've seen him? What did he say?'

'He could n't say anything — he was dead.'

Jupiter reeled mentally. He opened his mouth and shut it again.

Finally he said weakly, 'Tell me about it, Inspector.'

'I've just been up there. Fitzgerald killed himself sometime last night.'

'Killed himself?'

'Yaah. He's had the desk at the hotel call him every morning at seven-thirty since he's been there. They called him this morning and got no answer; finally they investigated and called me. He poured a can of ether on to a handkerchief, slapped it over his face, and lay down on his bed. He never woke up. Been dead about eight hours when we got there. How does that fit with your theory?'

Jupiter thought awhile. 'He did n't leave a note or anything?'

'No. He did n't leave a thing. Just went to sleep.'

'You have n't any reason for his doing it, have you?'

'No, that's why I called you. You said you'd solved the case just now. Do you still think so?'

'Yes, I still think so — I know so. But it

spoils the act I was going to put on for you. I wanted Fitzgerald in person. Can you be at the Museum at nine-thirty? I'll tell you all about it then.'

'I'll be there.'

They hung up.

Jupiter got up, walked into the bathroom, and took three aspirins. He felt jittery; the knock on the head had been harder than he'd realized.

Sylvester came in bearing the morning orange juice. Jupiter sipped it slowly and settled back on the couch. Fitzgerald was dead. Perhaps it's better, he thought, but I was planning a dramatic scene for this morning. He wondered why Rankin had n't been more aroused by his announcement of the solution of the case.

'Run out and get some coffee, Sylvester. My head needs clearing.'

Jupiter picked up the phone book and began dialing numbers.

He was making his last call when Sylvester returned.

XVII

Jupiter walked into the Museum a little after nine-thirty and found his audience waiting. Sylvester, carrying the painting, followed him. They created quite a stir.

A few students, a pair of instructors, and several policemen stood outside the main assembly gaping. Sergeant Rankin, Hadley, Sampson, Betty, Miss Slade, Chalmers, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild were gathered in a curious and nervous group.

Jupiter said, 'Good morning, everyone; shall we go upstairs?'

He tried to sound like a professor greeting a class. He succeeded.

They trooped upstairs. Rankin gave orders to keep outsiders out. Betty walked beside Jupiter.

They went into the central gallery. Jupiter took the painting from Sylvester and hung it in its place.

Hadley started to sputter when he saw the ruined corner.

Rankin stopped him. 'I don't know any more about this than the rest of you. Please let Mr. Jones do the talking.'

'Thank you, Sergeant,' said Jupiter. 'If you will bear with me for a few minutes I think I can clear up the murder of Professor Singer.'

The air was tense. Better than Jupiter had hoped. Everyone had heard of Fitzgerald's suicide. They waited breathlessly. Betty stood back against the wall, smiling faintly.

Jupiter continued, 'It's hard to know where to begin. As the Sergeant will tell you, I had no idea of all this yesterday afternoon. Miss Mahan stumbled on one point that seemed to connect a few things that I had thought of myself.'

Betty glared at him.

'You will remember, Sergeant, when Mr. Fitzgerald came to Singer's room the night of the murder and Miss Slade accused him of the murder, he said that he was owed money for a portrait he had done of Singer. Well, I'd never seen the portrait myself, which, after all, is n't unusual, but I asked Miss Slade and Miss Mahan if they had ever seen it. They had n't. Have you ever seen it or heard about it, Professor Hadley?'

Hadley's head jerked up. 'Me? Portrait? No, I — er — that is, no.'

'Anyone?'

They looked at each other and shook their heads.

'Then I'm forced to believe that Fitzgerald never painted it. You'll also remember, Inspector, the memorandum Singer left on his desk. It was marked important and read "Con plus Mad." I thought at the time it was a lecture note, the plus sign being Singer's abbreviation for a Crucifixion, the "Mad" for Madonna, and the "Con" for Condottiere. I was right about the abbreviations, but they were n't lecture notes. When I found *this*,' — he took out the clipping, — 'with the help of Miss Mahan, I decided that Singer's memorandum was something quite different.'

He stopped. Miss Slade had paled noticeably when he had taken out the clipping.

'I'll read it,' he said, and did. 'You see, Singer's memorandum meant those three paintings. The Madonna was the Lotto. The Crucifixion was the Perugino, and Tiepolo's portrait of a soldier must be "Con," the Condottiere.'

Jupiter went on, 'All this does n't make sense to you now probably, but I'll try to explain. First, Singer made a special note of those three paintings and marked it important. Second, a dealer in New York had

copies of those three paintings which he himself said were excellent. Third, as some of you may not know, Singer had been planning to retire at the end of this year. You all knew him, and none of you will believe, I think, that he would retire without sufficient money to be comfortable. I personally don't think he had enough to be comfortable without the salary he was getting here at Harvard. Fourth, let's see — fourth, Fitzgerald never painted Singer's portrait — yet he was owed enough money to make him burst out in front of Miss Slade. And, last, Miss Slade must have known something was going on when she tore up this clipping yesterday afternoon.'

He had expected her to pass out or scream, but she did neither. She pressed her lips tighter together and clenched her long, bony hands in front of her.

Everyone stared at her, but she did n't speak.

Jupiter coughed and continued, 'Bearing all this in mind, I decided something was rotten in the Fogg Museum. I telephoned Mr. Epstein in New York. Why I did still remains a mystery to me. He added nothing to what I knew, merely saying that his pictures were copies and that they had come from Italy. Miss Mahan and I then negotiated a small robbery out here. I chose the Lotto because it was the first one of the three that I found. Mr. Chalmers, will you please step forward.'

Mr. Chalmers stepped forward. He was wearing his best suit and he looked unusually clean.

Jupiter took him by the arm. 'Mr. Chalmers is an artist, an excellent artist — some of you may have heard of him. Now, Mr. Chalmers, will you please tell us about this painting.'

Chalmers cleared his throat and bowed. 'Mr. Jones brought me this painting last evening. He persuaded me to make a few tests to determine whether it was an original. I have had some experience in this kind of work, but unfortunately I have a very limited laboratory in which to carry on the work. However, I made one test which would prove beyond all conceivable doubt whether the painting was a forgery. This test showed that the painting was a clever and skillful work, but nevertheless a copy from the original.'

There was a general intake of breath.

Hadley stuttered, 'Why — why — that's impossible — really, I mean . . .'

Fairchild said, 'I'll be damned!'

Rankin growled, 'Go ahead, Jones.'

'And that,' said Jupiter impressively, 'brings us to the end of what might be called the Prologue of our little drama.' Things were going better than he had expected. 'By now, some of you have probably guessed who painted this "Lotto"; and the person who painted that also painted the Perugino "Crucifixion" and the Tiepolo "Condottiere." It's really too bad Mr. Fitzgerald is n't here to claim the honor and let us compliment him on his dexterity. However — from now on I am guessing. I may not be right on the details, but I think a checkup will prove that I'm not far off. Miss Slade, if you care to add any bits of information I should be delighted to hear them.'

Miss Slade maintained her stony silence.

'These paintings were purchased by the Museum five years ago. Is that correct, Professor Hadley?'

'Five years ago? Er, no, Mr. Jones — four, I believe. Yes, that's it — four.'

Jupiter nodded. 'Four years ago. Professor Singer supervised the purchase, and the original pictures — not these that we have here now — were duly hung amid the proper ceremony. But before all this happened Singer had hatched as pretty a plan for gypping the Museum out of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars as you'd like to see.'

He paused. It was well-timed. Miss Slade had slumped a little. Hadley gaped openly. Rankin was smiling.

'As a glance at the catalogue will show, Singer bought the paintings in Paris in the spring and brought them back with him in the fall. It so happened that Fitzgerald was there in Paris also. I don't know that for a fact, but he must have been. Anyway, Singer persuaded him to get down to work and make forgeries of the paintings. He told Fitzgerald about his plan and it seemed to Fitzgerald too good to pass up. The plan was this: With the copies all made, Singer returns to Cambridge with the originals, and after the experts have gone over them they'll be hung up. He keeps the copies in storage somewhere until he's ready to use

them. They decide to hold off for a few years until the excitement has died down around the Museum. Time passes. Remember that they were playing for big stakes and time didn't matter to them. All right, Singer scouts for a dealer in New York, who turns out to be our old friend Mr. Epstein, and it takes on the proportions of a gang. The idea is that Singer will switch the paintings, send the originals to New York, and have them turn up as copies.

'Singer's murder, however, knocked the bottom out of the whole affair. It was the one thing that would throw the whole business off, so let's pretend he was never murdered. The paintings turn up in Mr. Epstein's collection as copies. They are advertised as such and experts come to look at them. Pretty soon someone is going to say, "You know, Mr. Epstein, these may be copies, but they're damn good ones; why don't you take them to Cambridge and compare them with the originals?" And that's what Mr. Epstein does. What does he find? He finds that the Fogg's paintings are the copies and his are the originals. Everyone's shocked, terribly shocked, no one more than Singer. He is dumbfounded! He says, "This is impossible! I myself and other experts made tests when I bought the originals. How could we have made a mistake?" There is much talk and excitement, but there's no getting around the fact that the Fogg has a set of neat but worthless copies. Well, Singer takes the blame; he says, "I must have been wrong, but I was so sure . . ." People are sorry; they say what a marvelous man Singer is to take the blame on his own shoulders. Of course, he takes the blame, but the insurance company pays. And in due time Mr. Epstein sells his originals at a pretty price either to the Fogg again or to a collector. Epstein, Fitzgerald, and Singer split the cash between them.'

There was a meaty silence.

Finally Mrs. Fairchild said, 'But that's so — so fantastic!'

Sampson said, 'It's impossible, Jones. There would be an investigation and the whole thing would be traced to Singer. He'd never take the chance.'

'That's true, sir,' said Jupiter. 'There certainly would be an investigation. You can't see an insurance company paying out that much money without looking into it

fairly closely. But, you see, Singer's murder brought the whole thing to light. If he had still been alive, it would have been much different. As I said, I'm merely guessing as to how they went about it, but you can bet fairly safely that Epstein had his answers ready. Look, the first thing an investigator would want to know is where Epstein got his originals in the first place. Remember that this little party had been planned for four years, or even more, for all I know. Well, I should imagine Singer and Epstein would have that worked out. They probably have an Italian count ready to swear that the paintings have been in his family for generations. I think that end would be covered. I don't see how they could possibly trace it to Singer. Look at the man! He's a highly respected member of the Harvard faculty, an expert on Italian painting, and he's taking the blame on himself. He may have been planning to retire in disgrace. You've got to keep in mind the point that fake paintings are turning up all the time both in this country and abroad. I'm not saying Singer didn't take a small chance of being caught, but it was a tiny one against his cut of sixty or seventy thousand dollars.'

Rankin was still smiling. 'Let's let that go for a while, Jones. I'm interested in finding out about the murder.'

'Right,' said Jupiter, leaning back against the wall. His head was still pounding. 'We'll consider that I'm right in my theory about the paintings. Let's go back a little. The originals have been hanging here in the Museum for four years. Singer and Fitzgerald are stalling, waiting for an appropriate time to shift the paintings. Singer gets to thinking; he says to himself, "Why should I split this cash three ways? I'll have to let a dealer in anyway, there's no getting around that. But what about Fitzgerald? Can't I cut him out? Certainly I can." In other words, he decides to put the double cross on brother Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald had made the forgeries, old wood, old canvas — good fakes; he was in deep. If Singer cuts him out with a paltry ten thousand dollars he can't say anything to anyone without getting involved himself. So Singer goes ahead without him. A month ago he switches the paintings and sends the originals down to New York.

There is no hue and cry around the Museum, as no one recognizes the copies as copies. All right. Epstein comes out with his statement in the paper and right here there's a small question in my mind. Fitzgerald was in Cambridge at the time the clipping appeared, and I don't know whether he saw it or not. It was near the back page and there's a chance he did n't. I think he did n't. The day of the murder he's in the Museum and he looks at the three pictures which he supposes are still the originals, and to his amazement he finds they're his own copies. He rushes downstairs to find Singer. He finds him in his office and he says, "What the hell goes on here, anyway? I want an explanation and I want a good one!"

Miss Slade opened her mouth, shut it, and then said, 'Yes, yes, that is right. He said something like that; then Professor Singer said, "We can't talk here; come to my room at six to-night." That was the first I knew about it.'

'Right. Fitzgerald went to Singer's room at six. Singer told him he was sorry, but he was expecting someone else and for him to come back at eight-thirty.'

Mrs. Fairchild blushed slightly and took a deep breath.

Jupiter continued, 'Fitzgerald went up to the Square and thought the thing over while he drank a couple of beers. He realized something was wrong and he even suspected that Singer was putting the screws on him. He decided the hell with waiting, and hurried through his last drink. He went back and found Singer alone. The conversation probably went something like this. Fitzgerald: "What's the idea of going ahead without me?" Singer: "Why should n't I go ahead without you? All you did was paint the copies; I'm taking the responsibility. I'm giving you ten thousand dollars and you're lucky to get that." Fitzgerald: "Not enough. We went into this thing together." Singer: "We went in together, but now you're out, my friend, and there's nothing you can do about it." Fitzgerald lost his head, saw the knife on the desk, and picked it up. He said, "Oh yes, there's something I can do about it!" And he stabbed Singer neatly through the heart.'

'Then what?' asked the Sergeant.

'Fitzgerald went back to his room in a

daze. He began to think the whole thing over and realized he'd made a bad mistake, but there was nothing he could do about it. He was pretty sure no one had seen him go in or come out of Singer's room, so he decided to appear on the scene at the time when he was supposed to meet Singer. He went down there and found you, Sergeant, and everything was going nicely until Miss Slade came in and accused him of the murder. He had a bad moment, because he did n't know how much she knew. He passed it off with the story of the portrait and you let him go. As long as the plot of the fake paintings did n't turn up, he was all right. He thought about it and figured he could get in touch with Epstein and work things out. They could n't trace the copies to him, anyway. He was sitting pretty. I mean he was until I telephoned him and made some cracks about Lotto's "Madonna" and how much did Singer owe him. Then he knew he was on the spot, because I was on to something. I should n't have called him at all, but at the time I did n't know very much and hoped to frighten him into saying something. Well, I frightened him into committing suicide.'

The Fairchilds were murmuring. Sampson was talking to Hadley. Everyone was relaxed.

Jupiter held up his hands for silence.

'My friends, I think you'll all agree that my theory is sound,' he said. 'But there's just one little point that I have left out. And that point is that Fitzgerald did n't kill Singer and he did n't kill himself.'

It was hard to describe. Faces fell as if some giant hand had passed over them, leaving eyes bulging and mouths gaping.

Rankin was the first to speak.

XVIII

'How the hell did you know that?'

Jupiter stared at the Sergeant.

'Do you mean to say you knew Fitzgerald did n't do it?' he asked incredulously.

'I want to know how you knew he did n't,' demanded the Sergeant.

'The guy who killed Singer and Fitzgerald is about halfway to New York by this time, if he's not there already,' said Jupiter.

'No, he's not,' said Rankin.

He walked out into the hall. He was n't gone long. When he came back he was with Illinois. Illinois was holding by the arm an exquisite little man with wavy hair. It was Renier.

'Here's your murderer,' said Rankin.

Hadley looked as if he were going to faint.

Miss Slade did.

Jupiter leaned on Sylvester. Chalmers was making motions with his hands, but not saying anything. Mrs. Fairchild was bending over Miss Slade. No one else paid any attention to her.

Rankin said, 'Tell me how you knew about it, Jones.'

'I don't see how you did it, Inspector, but I'll tell you what I know. Up until this morning I thought Fitzgerald really had done it, but when you telephoned and told me he had killed himself and had been dead eight hours I did n't know what to think. You see, someone was waiting up for me when I got back to my room last night and tried to put me on the spot. I thought it was Fitzgerald come to put me out of the way after my talk with him on the phone. But it could n't have been, because he was dead at the time. Who could have whacked me, then? I knew it must have been someone who knew that I was getting hot on the trail, but who? Epstein knew I was, but he was in New York, and as a matter of fact he does n't even know who I am. Fitzgerald was dead. Then I had a brain wave. I thought of Renier. I had talked with him in the Ritz earlier in the evening; he was an art dealer from Paris; Singer had bought the paintings in Paris; he was on the scene. As a matter of fact, I even knew he asked how to get to Hallowell House on the night of the murder. Joe, the Italian who runs the cigar store, tried to describe him to me. I telephoned the Ritz this morning on a hunch and found that Renier had checked out at eleven-thirty last night. He had told me he was spending the night at the hotel. The whole thing was sewed up when I gave Joe his description this morning and he remembered him as the man who had asked how to get to Hallowell House at about six-fifteen the night of the murder.'

'How did you know Fitzgerald had n't committed suicide?' asked the Sergeant.

Jupiter smiled. 'I did n't. I was just

gambling on that. It seemed too much of a coincidence, that's all. I don't believe Singer ever made up that plan to ream the Museum. It was Renier's brain child. Singer just got the idea of double-crossing both Fitzgerald and Renier. He almost succeeded because Renier could never say anything about the plot without exposing himself as a crook. He was in the same boat as Fitzgerald.'

Everyone was surprised when Renier started to speak. His voice was high and thin, his accent more pronounced. He glared at Jupiter.

'Monsieur Jones is clever, very clever. He is right about your Professor Singer. He was a dog. I kill him! I will tell you.'

Suddenly Jupiter felt sorry for him. He could n't tell why — after all, the man had tried to kill him.

Rankin said, 'You don't have to talk, Renier. You're entitled to a lawyer.'

The Frenchman snarled, 'A lawyer! He could not assist me very much, I believe. *Eh bien*, it is as the young man say. It is my plot, the plot of the pictures. Monsieur Fitzgerald painted the copies — masterpieces each one. A clever man. I have everything ready, nothing can go wrong. The plan is perfect. But Singer, ah!' Illinois took a firmer grip on his arm. 'He was greedy. He — what is the word? — double cross. He wanted all the money. I am in Paris two weeks ago; I pick up the paper and read the announcement. A man, a Mr. Epstein, of whom I have never heard, has the copies. What do I think? I think Professor Singer is up to something, as you say, so I come to America.'

'Did you see the paintings in New York?' asked Jupiter.

'Oui, I see them. They are the originals. I come to Cambridge to talk with Singer. He does not expect me until yesterday. I go to his house. He tells me I am not to get any of the money. He says he has made the arrangements. I am not to get any money!'

His voice was raised to a scream. One arm was waving in the air.

'I have planned for four years to get that money. Four years I have waited! And now I am to get nothing! Nothing! I am enraged. I see there is nothing I can do to stop Singer. I can say nothing. I — I kill

him with the knife on his desk. *Merdel!* Death is too good for your Professor Singer!’

Renier was holding his audience. His famous wavy hair was down over his face.

Rankin said, ‘Then what?’

‘I go away from there. I go back to the hotel; I wait. I read the newspapers — there is no mention of a man like myself. I am expected at the Museum; I must be calm. I come to Cambridge and I learn that the man Fitzgerald is in Cambridge also. I am frightened; I think that he may give away the plot when he learns I am here. There is nothing to do but wait. The evening papers say that Fitzgerald has been questioned, but they do not say what he has told them.’

He stopped, shaking his head slowly. Jupiter could understand the agony of suspense he must have suffered.

‘I decide to wait until morning before I go back to New York. In the evening, this young man Jones meets me and asks me questions about paintings. I know he is trying to solve the crime. He must have a reason to ask me these things. I am horrified. I say to myself Fitzgerald will say something soon and I will be found out. I must act. I go to my room and try to think what to do.

‘I tell myself that Fitzgerald must die. He must die in such a way that it appears he has killed himself. He will be blamed for the murder of Singer! It is a good idea. I telephone him and say I am coming to see him. I find the number of his room. I buy a can of ether at the druggist. I go to Fitzgerald’s hotel. I take the elevator to the fifth floor and I walk down to the third — no one must know I have been to see him. It is a clever plot. We talk for a little time.’ His voice was getting weaker. It was little better than a whisper. ‘I must act. I must kill him. I —’

He collapsed on Illinois’s arm. The policeman pulled him to his feet, but he was limp, his face gray.

Rankin said, ‘I think I can finish his story. He hit Fitzgerald over the head with a candlestick. I don’t know how he did it, but there was a mark on his head when we found him. I guess he just meant to knock him out easy and not leave a mark. Well, then he took Fitzgerald’s handkerchief and

poured ether over it until he was dead. He put him on the bed and straightened out the room. Then he left.’

‘That’s fine,’ said Jupiter. ‘But why did he try to kill me?’

Renier had opened his eyes. He stared at Jupiter.

‘I do not know,’ he whispered. ‘I lose my head when I leave Fitzgerald. I say to myself this young man knows something. Maybe he knows that I killed Singer. He must die too. If you are dead, Fitzgerald will be blamed for that also.’

Jupiter said, ‘But why did you run out after you hit me? Why did n’t you hang around and finish the job?’

Renier hung his head. ‘I think the first blow will make you unconscious. I am frightened when you speak to me.’

‘But why did n’t you come back?’

The Frenchman had collapsed again. Rankin ordered Illinois to take him out. When he had gone, there was a short silence in the room.

Jupiter turned to the Sergeant. ‘Now you might explain a few things yourself, Inspector. How did you get hold of Renier?’

The Sergeant smiled. ‘Oh, I’ve had him locked up since last night. He confessed killing Singer when I first spoke to him.’

Of all the shocks Jupiter had had that morning that shook him most.

‘You had him locked up last night?’

‘Sure, he confessed killing Singer; but when he found I did n’t know anything more about it, he shut up like a clam. That’s why I wanted your explanation this morning. I had no motive for his doing it.’

‘But how did you pick him up? Or why, if you had no motive?’

Rankin was grinning. ‘One of my men picked him up on a charge of assault.’

‘Assault! On who — or whom?’

‘On you,’ said Rankin.

Jupiter leaned back against the wall. Things were happening much too fast. His head could n’t stand it.

The Sergeant went on: ‘I’ve had a man following you since the night of the murder. How else do you think I’d know you went to see the Fairchilds?’

Jupiter saw the light. ‘That’s what I’d call dirty politics, Inspector. Then this hound of yours trailed me last night?’

‘Right,’ said Rankin. ‘He followed you

to your room and was waiting outside when Renier came running out carrying a piece of pipe in his hands.'

Jupiter thought that one over for a minute. Then he said, 'And one of your men, one of Cambridge's policemen, left me to bleed to death while he hurried Renier off to the station?'

'Oh, no. You see, he had strict orders not to let you know he was following you. He recognized Renier as the man you'd been talking with at the Ritz earlier in the evening. He was all set to go in and see you when your light went on and he saw you walking around inside perfectly healthy.'

'Perfectly healthy!' growled Jupiter.

'There's not much more,' went on Rankin. 'Renier would n't talk after he had admitted killing Singer. He said nothing about Fitzgerald and I was more than surprised when I got that call from the hotel this morning. Renier is better at thinking up plots to steal paintings than he is at making a murder look like a suicide. I don't think there ever was a suicide by the use of ether. Even if Fitzgerald had poured the whole can on his handkerchief it would have evaporated before he was dead. You have to keep applying the stuff in small doses to kill a man, and that's what Renier did. Fitzgerald could never have done it himself. And also there was that bump on his head, which was hard to explain. Renier had meant it to be a light whack, but the examiner found it just the same. Renier would have been better off if he'd never decided to put Fitzgerald out of the way.'

Against the Museum regulations, Jupiter lit a cigarette.

He said, 'Well, why did you tell me Fitzgerald had killed himself this morning?'

'I'm sorry about that, Jones,' said Rankin. 'It was professional jealousy, I guess. I was trying to cross you up. I still did n't know how much you knew about everything that had happened. You fooled me when you said Fitzgerald did n't kill Singer. I thought all along you believed it.'

'Well, I guess we came out about even, Inspector.'

Miss Slade was on her feet. The Sergeant faced her.

'How much did you know about this, Miss Slade?'

She was shaky, but she did n't collapse. 'I knew about the paintings, but I did n't know who had killed Professor Singer. I'd suspected that something was bothering him for some time, but I did n't know what it was. When Mr. Fitzgerald said he owed money for a portrait I knew he was lying. The news of Professor Singer's death was a terrible shock to me; I could n't think clearly. . . . I — I can't think clearly yet — oh, it's dreadful — it's —'

She was weeping.

'I think she knew something about the paintings, but nothing definite,' said Jupiter. 'If she'd told us what she suspected it would have saved us a good deal of trouble.'

'But we would n't have had so much fun,' said Betty.

'True,' answered Jupiter. 'And Fitzgerald might have still been alive. But then, he would have gone to jail for a while anyway.'

Rankin addressed the audience. 'Well, there does n't seem to be much more we can do here. I'm certainly glad everything is cleared up.'

Hadley said, 'But the paintings? What about them? Shall we get the originals back?'

'Sure,' said Jupiter. 'The Inspector will get his buddies down in New York to pick up Epstein and everything will be all right.'

The Fairchilds were leaving. Sampson and Hadley joined them. Miss Slade walked out alone. Chalmers was talking with Sylvester, whose eyes had n't stopped rolling from the time he came into the room.

Rankin came over to Jupiter and Betty. They shook hands.

The Sergeant said, 'Jones, if you ever want a job as a detective, I think I can get you one.'

'No, thanks, Inspector, I'll keep my amateur standing. If we have another murder, maybe you'll trust me a little more.'

The Sergeant grinned. 'Hell, I'll put you in charge of the case.'

He went out.

Jupiter said to Betty, 'Well, my pretty friend, I suggest you knock off work for the day and that we go in town and have a little champagne by way of celebration.'

'You would,' said Betty.

They went.

(The End)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TIME AND THE FUNNIES

WE used to sing at morning chapel, when I was a schoolboy, presumably to cheer us up for the Latin class to come: —

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away.

This sad fact has inspired many writers other than hymnologists with the wishful dream of a life indefinitely prolonged. Even Mr. Shaw conceived a play in which certain characters, by a mysterious process called creative evolution, successfully defied Time and arrived at a stage of almost perpetual life where babies were hatched from eggs at the point of development represented by the youngest and most charming actress in the Theatre Guild company, and the oldsters enjoyed themselves by all talking at once like G. B. Shaw. The Wandering Jew was not so happy in his defeat of Time, and many of the plays and stories on this theme end with the refusal of the timeless one longer to accept his or her freedom. But that may be the author's way of comforting his mundane audience, all of whom are painfully aware that to-morrow they'll be a day older.

There is one form of this escape-from-Time literature, however, which feels no necessity for reintroducing the inexorable advance of age as a climax, and which goes on and on as happily unaware of Time and Change as a cat by an abandoned mouse-hole. I refer, of course, to the comic strips in the newspapers. If you are not a follower of the comic strips, you are missing a chance to escape from the shackles of reality, from first pages loaded with tales of desperate revolutions in the world you have cherished, from inside pages where if you are middle-aged you turn to see who died yesterday, into a never-never-land where nothing changes, where nobody grows any older, where Time is not.

How many years ago it was — full thirty, surely — that I first encountered Mutt and

Jeff in the old New York *World*! The *World* is no more with us. Its founder died. Its founder's son grew up and grew weary, and one morning New York awoke to find this paper vanished from the stands. All its great staff were on the street, looking for jobs, which was change enough for them. But the other day I picked up a Sunday paper in Connecticut, and lo! from the sheet of colored 'funnies' there leaped to my eye the two once familiar figures, not altered in a single lineament, not a tittle more governed by the sobrieties imposed upon you and me by life's hard realities. I pounced upon them with joy.

Since that day I have been paying renewed attention to the comic strips, even to some for which I have no affection. All of them have this element of timelessness. The world may have imposed a few changes, but only a few. The motorcar, for example, has supplanted the horse and buggy, and aeroplanes (of astonishing design) are frequently employed. But that is about all. Consider the Katzenjammer Kids, who began the persecution of their uncle and other adults certainly as early as the turn of the century. They ought now, by all the laws of reality under which you and I have to live, to be more than forty years old. But they are not. They have n't grown a day older. Punishment has had no effect upon them. They continue to 'express themselves' with all the freedom of children in progressive schools, and to be even happier in the process. Caspar Milquetoast year after year demonstrates that the meek shall not inherit the earth and comes no nearer to either old age or self-assertiveness. Wash and Gozy, two soldiers of fortune who have no visible means of support, but who turn up in mythical kingdoms like Zenda or in Texas oil towns, always in the thick of the most exciting adventures, have been pursuing their stirring career in my home-town paper six afternoons a week I should guess for twenty years. They have known nothing of the depression. They

have as little conception of a world of stern realities as — well, as Robert Louis Stevenson. They go on and on, ignoring Time and Change, on the next-to-the-last page.

You might suppose that each comic strip would perish when the artist did. But you would be wrong. Clare Briggs created a famous strip called 'Mr. and Mrs.' in which Joe and Vi enacted domestic scenes that appealed because of their homely familiarity. Briggs has been borne away on Isaac Watts's 'rolling stream' lo, these many moons; yet Joe and Vi survive, untouched by Time or Change, ageless and eternal, in the pages of the New York *Herald Tribune*. They are, to be sure, copyrighted in Washington, but that seems unnecessary. It is a bit like copyrighting the North Star. Nothing earthly can touch them now. They are outside our restrictions altogether, in a metaphysical realm where there is no yesterday or no to-morrow, and panting Time toils after them in vain.

'SUCH A NICE TIME, THANK YOU'

THE hour is after after-dinner coffee. The company is a dinner party made up of the nicest people, who have somehow failed to coalesce. These are the times that try men's souls.

If it were allowable to remain silent, if one could simply sit and contemplate respectfully the line of a gown or the turn of a face — but no, the one blessed relief is accounted crime. To be still is the one thing forbidden. Everyone's larynx has been mortgaged in advance by the invitation to be present. Every set of vocal cords must keep working. The result, often enough, is a psychological phenomenon familiar to teachers, lecturers, clergymen, political orators, and victims of after-dinner trance: the phenomenon of *automatic speech*. The consciousness of the victim begins to lapse. Fatally, irresistibly, he feels it sliding away, oozing off. When he comes to again, he seems to be at a remote and amazed point, far off in space. In surprised detachment, he hears a voice booming on and on, making sounds which somehow bear an unexplainable resemblance to meaning. With astonishment he realizes that this voice is his own. It seems to be self-propelled. There

is no discernible agent anywhere about to supply it with thought or intelligence. But it needs none; it is purely automatic. It grinds out subjects and predicates and modifiers; it is a grammatical voice, using all the forms and machinery of reason, while the true personality, the real thinking and feeling man, sits far off and looks or listens down on it in comic alienation.

It seems impossible that someone should not discover the cheat, should not see that this is mere empty voice. It seems impossible that the company should not be rather badly frightened to find itself listening to a voice without a speaker. And worst of all, it seems impossible that the voice should go on making sense. Pretty soon, if this keeps up, it will begin to say, 'Globber like a glue bloose,' or perhaps something egregiously tactless or indecorous. And then, horrors! But the company listens politely, every face composed in the usual mask. No terrified or sinister look appears in anyone's eye, as if to say, 'The man has gone off his casters. What shall we do?' The trance continues unbroken.

Sometimes the hypnosis takes other forms. Anyone who has tried to drive an automobile while acutely sleepy will be familiar with the struggle to concentrate and focus the mind on reality, which will not, despite the most heroic efforts, quite become real. One seems to be tearing at veils, trying to fight through layers of mist to get back one's usual prosaic vision of the commonplace solidity of things. One deliberately imagines a crash, for the sake of remembering that moving bodies do turn out to be solid when they hit. One scowls at trees and barns and hens and road signs in the effort to drag back the consciousness from the ethereal and delicious surrender it longs to make. And still the world remains a shimmer, a strange dreamlike swarm of intangible shapes and hues, all faintly wrapped in subtle cocoons.

The same trance-like unreality descends on me in after-dinner hours. I bring my eyes to bear on faces, on furniture and prints and books and glasses. No use; none of them quite exists. All are floating up and down, backward and forward, in unreal perspectives. But I must *make* them real, settle all these unmoored wandering dreams in their proper and prosaic stations on the

floor, the walls, the hearth. I wrinkle up my eyes and peer at them with vigorous purpose; but I feel my vision glaze over irresistibly. If I could somehow creep out in front of myself and meet my own glance, I should see the glazed eyes of a little animal quietly dying under a desert sun.

Many a man is made prematurely senile by these ordeals. I mean that he is forced, at an early and unseemly age, into the habit of telling his good ones over and over again. This habit used to be a prerogative of years and ripeness; it used to be correlated with failing sight, with the deaf ear and the defunctive tooth and those other phenomena so eloquently described in the book of Ecclesiastes. It used to go with hardening of the arteries and softening of the brain.

But the cause of this habit is no longer biological; it is social. Sometimes a man's friends will even unite to force on him the rôle of repeater, although they know they will like him less for the change. The monologue of the Ohio woman being shown through the harem, the story of the Bishop and the tropical fish — once told, these will be demanded many times again, even by those who do not want to hear them, but who are glad to shift the onus of what is called conversation to a larynx capable of sustained flight. And the luckless man who can get them off, though there should not be a gray hair at his temple, is thenceforth in his dotage by social compulsion, a teller of oft-told tales, a victim of spiritual senility.

Another manifestation of the trance is the *canalized* conversation. This begins with a topic that seems innocent enough, but which turns out unluckily to be one of those subjects about which everyone in the room has something to say. Before we know it, the topic has become a pair of dikes between which every spoken word must flow without hope of escape. We are canalized for fair. Like leeches who have forgotten how to let go, we cling to our topic and cannot get loose. We torture it, twist it, wring it, worry it; as if drowning men should not only cling to a straw, but dissect its every fibre. Sometimes little windows of escape appear. The topic peeps out, but like a prisoner so long confined that he is afraid of sunlight, it pops back again, and plods around the familiar dungeon circle.

Once, I remember, when there were a number of young men in the room, rowing was mentioned. All the company immediately began to row. A compulsion seized us; we recapitulated the experience of the race in hand-propelled craft. Everyone in the room had his pennyworth to offer; those who had no information asked intelligent questions. And so we rowed. We seized heavy oars and laboriously wrestled with dories full of codfish in the chopped Atlantic off Newfoundland or Maine. We swayed to the rhythm of powerful eights in the Henley Regatta. We urged forward clumsy Polynesian outriggers with long rough-hewn sweeps. We poled canoes up rapids in New Brunswick. We beached our kayaks on the ice floes of Alaska. We punted on the Cherrwell. We committed all the blunders and suffered all the disasters known to rowing-craft. When it seemed that the entire encyclopædia of rowing had been spelled over syllable by syllable, we passed by a natural transition to floods. We were inundated past the imagination of the Psalmist, and in the distinct style of every separate topographical region of the country. And when the Americas failed, we sought out floods in Asia and Africa and the Oceanic Isles.

But do not think that the evening was profitless. I shall remember, for example, the house in the Mississippi Valley which disappears seasonably under water each year, leaving the annual problem of finding a new tenant who does not know what is in store for him. And even if I repeat this tidbit in the same company (wife not counted), I shall claim the excuse of all good modern criminals — I shall put the blame on society.

I shall not want employment for all my little store of anecdotes, witty definitions, apt retorts. Biologically I am far from senile; socially, we are all hairless doddering infants at thirty-five. I think over my little stock, and it seems pitifully small to last as long as I mean to live. But I shall use it — and be no worse thought of than my neighbor. For we all extend to each other in these matters an instinctive charity, resting on a profound if unacknowledged understanding. One of our chief social obligations, after all, is to help each other endure our pleasures.

TRAVEL-as you like it

THERE IS—in the speed, comfort, safety and dependability of the modern American railroad train—something for *each* traveler especially to enjoy.

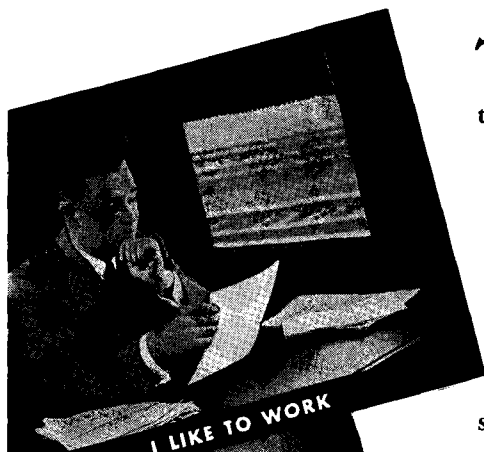
You can do the thing you *like* to do, while you ride, almost with the same freedom and peace of mind that you would have in your own home.

You know when you start out that you will get there on schedule. You know you will cover distances with the minimum of exertion, the maximum of ease. You know that whatever the weather or the route or the season, security and friendly service will attend you.

These benefits of railroad travel have become so familiar they are taken for granted. What may not be so familiar, unless you have traveled by train lately, is the extent of the improvements made and the new features added in recent years.

So next time you have a trip to make—and want to make it in the pleasantest way possible—go by train and see for yourself.

See how faster schedules, modern equipment, air-conditioning, and *billions* put into heavier rails, safety signals and roadway maintenance, are keeping the American railroads out in front as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!



I LIKE TO WORK



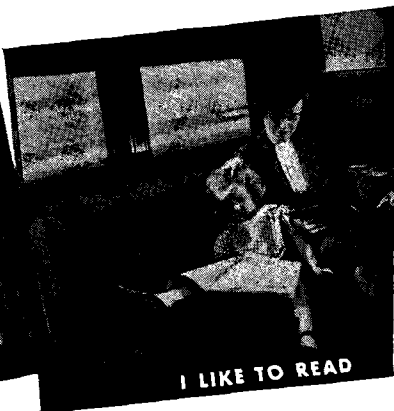
I LIKE TO EAT



I LIKE TO MOVE AROUND



I LIKE TO SLEEP



I LIKE TO READ



ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
PRODUCT OF AMERICA
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Ernest M. Hopkins (p. 385) is one of the great collegiate administrators of our time. Trained in personnel work, he served a sympathetic apprenticeship with the late President Tucker, and has himself guided the affairs of Dartmouth for a generation. President Hopkins is widely known as a leader of liberal social thought, and his lifework has been the mental, physical, and moral preparation of young men for citizenship.

The Letters of **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** (p. 392), which have been collected for book publication this autumn, proclaim that the gentlest of arts did not perish with the Victorians. An English novelist quite at home in America, she will be remembered for her popular success, *The Little French Girl*, and for her stories of rare vintage which appeared in the *Atlantic* more than a decade ago.

Walter Lippmann's (p. 403) famous column in the newspapers is based on the definite social philosophy he is describing in the *Atlantic*. It may be said with truth that his whole active life has been spent in direct preparation for this important series.

Napoleon carried a sachet of poison through the Russian campaign and up to the eve of Elba, by which time it was so stale it had lost its potency. The account of his attempted suicide was recorded by one of his most devoted aides, **General Armand de Caulaincourt** (p. 413). After being suppressed for a hundred years, the Caulaincourt diaries came to light and have now been ably translated by an American, George Libaire.

Recognized as one of the ablest critics of the lively arts, **Gilbert Seldes** (p. 422) has spent recent months in Hollywood and is thus able to give us an inside view of the most glamorous industry in the twentieth century. Mr. Seldes has devoted serious thought to the preparation of his new book, *Mainland*, which reaffirms his faith in an America which shall be neither Fascist nor Communist, but itself.

Harry Harrison Kroll (p. 432), who makes his first but by no means his last appearance in the *Atlantic*, has pulled himself up by his own boot-

straps. His father came to western Tennessee in a covered wagon and there settled down to be a share-cropper. Young Kroll was farmed out by his mother, and picked up whatever education he could in the fields and woods. Not till he was over twenty-one did he cross the threshold of a country school; he entered with the sixth-grade children, managed to get a teacher's license in six months of intensive study, and so began his career as an 'educated' man. He has one book to his credit, *The Cabin in the Cotton*, and more to come.

R. S. (p. 442) is the nom de plume of a withdrawn and sensitive poet whose home is not far from the State House on Beacon Hill.

Richard Sheridan Ames (p. 444), formerly Western news editor for N.B.C., tells what the producers of broadcasting have to contend with when they endeavor to please the world and his wife.

Ranked close to the top in American tennis in the years immediately before and after the war, **R. Norris Williams, 2nd** (p. 453), is a stylist, a good sport, and as likable a representative as the United States has ever sent abroad. We know of no one better qualified to discuss a game which has now become international.

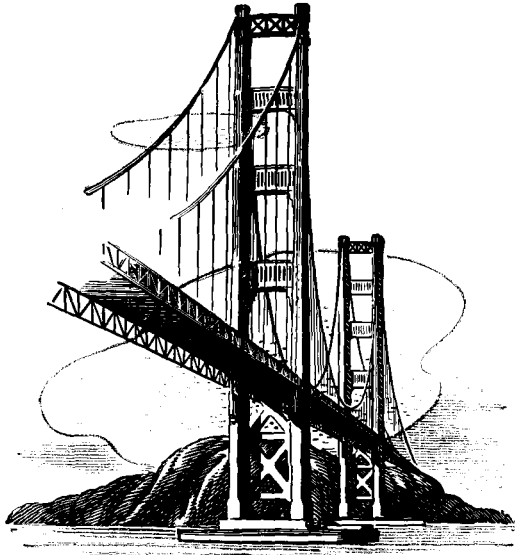
Allen H. Wood, Jr. (p. 458), who lives in Boston, has devised a perfect outdoor sport for October evenings.

Arthur Pound (p. 460) is an economist well versed in the theory and practice of our industrial age.

We have asked our reporter at large, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 464), for a close and informed view of the rivalry between William Green and John L. Lewis.

Mrs. Winthrop Chanler (p. 473) is a cosmopolitan who has lived the world over and who is now bringing together, in the serenity of her Genesee farm, the mellow reminiscences which made her first book, *Roman Spring*, a national best seller. A second and concluding volume, *Autumn in the Valley*, has been announced for publication this fall.

Masterwork of Construction



FOR countless years iron lay an inert and shapeless mass of ore in the depths of the earth until the progress of science converted it to human use. Today, the talons of the steam shovel, the fingers of white-hot flame in blast furnace and open hearth, the kneading hands of the forge and rolling mills take ore, smelt, refine and, finally, fashion it into practical shapes for industrial and commercial application.

Such are the processes out of which, from visions of a bridge to span the Golden Gate and link San Francisco with the Wine Country and Redwood Empire to the North, grew the graceful towers and arching cables of the Golden Gate Bridge. Here is a huge masterwork of construction which tempts those who have a part in it to more than usual enthusiasm.

Bethlehem Steel Company, largest steel construction company in the world, has built the towers. The cables have been spun. Now Bethlehem is building the deckwork for the main span of this lofty edifice. Thus do the steel workers interpret a majestic symphony of steel

from conceptions projected on paper.

The Golden Gate Bridge has the longest single suspension-span in the world. It is 4200 ft. long, 700 ft. longer than the span of the George Washington Bridge—also a Bethlehem structural feat. Each of its 746-ft.-high towers consists of two spires, built of steel cells stacked one on another.

Instead of the conventional network of bracing, both spires of each tower are trussed together in portal fashion so that travellers in crossing the bridge will see each tower as a great cathedral doorway.

The Golden Gate Bridge represents another chapter in Bethlehem's long history of achievement in the construction field. This company pioneered the development of the Grey structural mills which made possible the wide-flange section and opened the way to decisive economies in steel construction. Bethlehem engineers built the steelwork in the locks for the Panama Canal, erected the bridges for the Pulaski Skyway, and are equipped to undertake whatever structural projects the future may bring.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

Albert Jay Nock (p. 481) is

. . . either a little Liber-al
Or else a little Conserva-tive.

He has been accused of being both. Personally, we think he is just a little bit Independent.

When **Stephen Leacock** (p. 490) writes about imaginary persons, he is actually identifying for us characters whose names have become so commonplace that we literally know nothing about them. This paper will appear as a chapter in Mr. Leacock's new book, *Funny Pieces*, which will be published in the early autumn.

And finally, the youngest contributor in the *Atlantic* family, **Timothy Fuller** (p. 494), was a member of the Class of 1936 at Harvard.

‘ ‘ ‘

Not the Fan, but the Sword.

Dear Mr. Sedgwick:—

I have read with delight your paper on the Sword of Japan. A detestation of fans (forgiven the Spanish women only because many of them are uncomfortably warm for six months in the year) spoiled my pleasure in your first article; but the sword is another part of speech. It was with the sword that the Japanese were fighting (superb little soldiers!) in the thirteenth century when Marco Polo visited Japan.

I was in Berlin in June 1904, and I went to a dinner given to a Japanese officer who was being recalled to fight the Russians. He was a very little man, even for a Japanese, and the sons of the North looked like giants by his side. When we drank his health, he arose, made the round of the table, and presented the hilt of his sword for each of us to touch. It was a consecrated thing.

I trust all things go well with you.

Your friend always,

AGNES REPPLIER

Few will fail to recall the demand for a thorough investigation of the New York Stock Exchange, following the market collapse of 1929. To Malcolm B. Ronald's comments (in *The Dakota Twins*) upon President Hoover's rôle in the ensuing Senate inquiry, the former President makes reply.

Dear Mr. Ronald, —

I have read with great interest your penetrating article in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

There is one paragraph which I feel, because of the importance of the publication, requires some correction. In connection with an inquiry of the Banking and Finance Committee of the Senate into the New York Stock Exchange in 1932, you say, 'When it became evident that he [Senator Norbeck] planned to expose the entire procedure, President Hoover became alarmed, fearing that such disclosures might frighten prosperity away from her post, "just around the corner." He asked that the investigation be handled "tactfully." Senator Norbeck . . . ' etc.

The facts of the matter are that after several attempts to secure a correction of the abuses in the New York Stock Exchange, I myself took the initiative and asked the Senate Committee to undertake an investigation in order to determine the facts preliminary to Federal action to cure these abuses. This request was made by me through Senator Frederic C. Walcott, a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, in February 1932. There was indeed some delay in the Committee's starting the inquiry and on various occasions, when the investigation lagged, I gave urge for its continuance.

No such conversation as you report ever took place between Senator Norbeck and myself. On the contrary, my notes show that on April 12, 1932, at 4.35 P. M., Senator Norbeck called at the White House and I urged him to leave no stone unturned to get at the truth.

If you will refer to the Myers Newton book, *The Hoover Administration*, on pages 178 and 192, you will find reference to these matters, as well as in the current press.

I am sending this letter to the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, asking that he give it the proper publication. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT HOOVER

The moot problem of 'social security,' discussed by the Chairman of the Social Security Board in the July issue, touches all of us. Here is one rejoinder.

Dear Atlantic, —

The 'approach to security' set forth in Mr. Winant's article does not seem to get to the root of the problem. To begin with, its alleged purpose is to provide for competent people out of a job during a depression. Now during the present depression it seems that all must be provided for, whether competent or not. There would be a terrible hue and cry if anyone were hard-hearted enough to suggest that no money be given to incompetents.

From this it would seem that the real problem is to provide for everyone, not only in hard times but in good as well, for does not Mr. Winant state that during the prosperous twenties one twelfth of the employables in this country were out of a job and had to be supported?

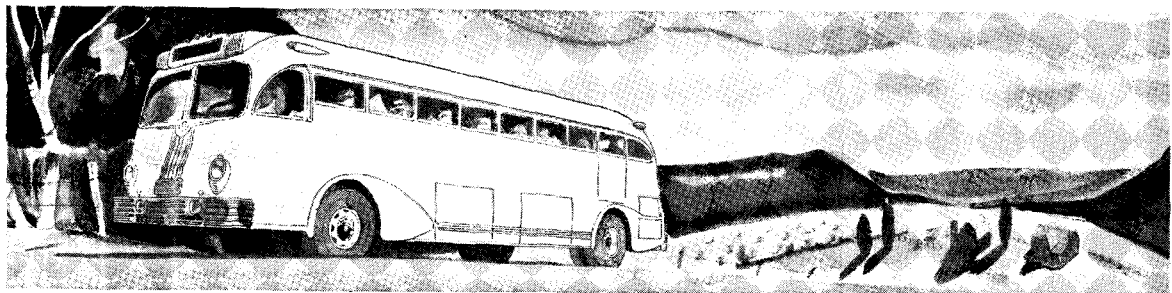
The philosophy behind the federal security legislation does not seem to take into account two important things: (1) Who is going to pay for all this security? (2) How can the Federal Government control economic forces admittedly beyond the control of employers and employees?

One of the arguments offered in favor of the national social security legislation is that the states cannot afford it. That is undoubtedly true, but how can the Federal Government afford it when even the richest states are unable to care for their unemployed without the aid of federal funds, which are supplied to the states in the face of a mounting national deficit?

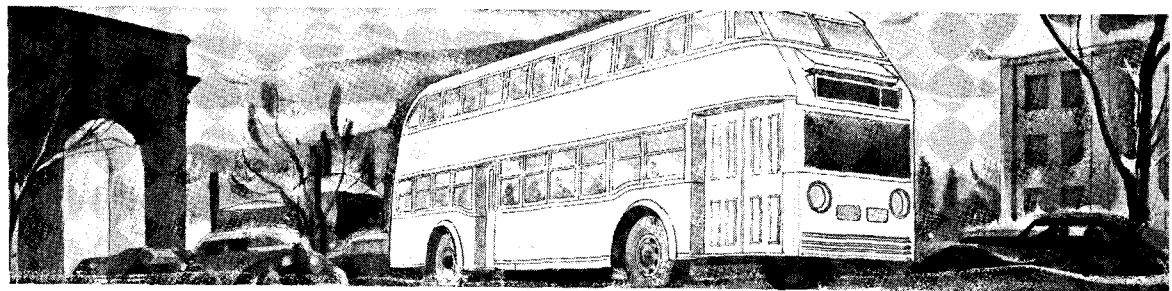
Those favoring social security legislation argue that European countries have recognized the need of unemployment insurance and old-age pensions and have accordingly established them by law. No doubt they have, but unemployment insurance has a strange habit of breaking down when depressions last long



Buses, too, ARE SINGING



THE *Swan Song* OF NEEDLESS WEIGHT



on the highway and boulevard, and in the canyons the metropolis.

Bus transportation is swifter, smoother, safer, because needless weight is gone. The modern bus is built largely of Alcoa Aluminum.

The goal of the bus operator is to take you where you want to go, quickly, comfortably and at low cost. Lightness is the direct road to that goal.

That is why bus operators build of Alcoa Aluminum. Alcoa Aluminum is light. Nature made it so. Research has made it strong. Roomy, rigid and durable buses are built of Alcoa Aluminum without needless weight.

For instance, on buses pictured, Alcoa Aluminum saved from four tons in the largest to one ton in the smallest. One ton of useless weight is too much. It costs money to haul, for one mile, a thousand, or a million.

Bus operators cannot afford to haul needless weight. They do not have to. They build of Alcoa Aluminum.

Nor can truck operators afford to haul the needless weight of heavy bodies. Alcoa Aluminum makes them both light and strong.

When moving parts of any machine are needlessly heavy, extra power is required. That's inefficient, costly. When portable equipment is heavier than Alcoa Aluminum would make it, every user is forced to do needless labor in moving that extra, needless weight.

Lightness in moving things is basic economy.

Alcoa Aluminum achieves lightness, with strength, and durability, and resistance to corrosion. To use Alcoa Aluminum most economically, call upon the "knowhow" of our engineers. Aluminum Company of America, 2116 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The COLUMN

enough to use up the funds reserved, or when they follow each other with such short intervals of prosperity that the reserves cannot be built up in time to withstand the next onslaught. Besides, most European countries have devalued their currency within the last fifteen years, and more are apt to follow in the near future. Devaluation plays havoc with both unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, because the workman who has saved for a rainy day under these laws finds himself robbed when he is eventually paid off in cheapened currency.

No one but a flint-hearted, ultra-rugged individualist would seriously deny that social security for all would be a wonderful thing, but what is the use of embarking on a venture which we cannot afford, or of undertaking a half measure which does not meet the problem on a practical and realistic ground?

STANLEY BRIGHT, JUNIOR
Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania

Those Wisconsin grasshoppers.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Richard Sullivan's 'Thunder' begins its delightful rumbling in the August issue thus: 'The leaves were just beginning to burst,' and an almost immediately sequent reverberation runs: 'Grasshoppers jumped around him high as his waist; they hit his hands as he walked.'

Can it be that the Kenosha grasshoppers are more precociously responsive to thunder than their congeners elsewhere, or is Mr. Sullivan, pedantically speaking, guilty of an entomological anachronism? The phenomenon related might occur in late mid-summer, but I gravely doubt whether even the grasshoppers of progressive Wisconsin could in early April have achieved the amazing high-jump record attributed to them by Mr. Sullivan! Far be it from me to vex the poet's mind, but — I wonder.

MORGAN BARNES
Ojai, California

Epitaphs which reveal more about the living than the dead.

Dear Atlantic, —

Those of us who, like Addison, 'amuse' ourselves with tombstone inscriptions deplore with Glanville Smith the fact that the epitaph has gone out of fashion. We long, as he does, for its return, although our reasons are undoubtedly less practical than his. My own reason is that my collection of epitaphs furnishes me with endless material for speculation. I turned to it after reading 'Young Mortality' in the July *Atlantic* and once again noted one or two things which have always interested me, but which are not emphasized by Mr. Smith.

Why is it that epitaphs often reveal more accurately the character of the living by whom they were written than that of the dead to whom they were dedicated? Was this revelation unintentional on the part of the writer, or was he deliberate in calling more attention to himself than to his subject? What was in the mind of the writer of the following lines, taken from a tombstone in Massachusetts: —

BENEATH THIS STONE
A LUMP OF CLAY
LIES UNCLE PETER DANIELS
WHO TOO EARLY IN THE MONTH OF MAY
TOOK OFF HIS WINTER FLANNELS

Now of course it is possible that the above epitaph was written by a professional more concerned with his own ability to make a rhyme than with Uncle Peter. But I like to think that the lines express the real sentiment of some devoted niece or nephew, and to read into them the conscientiousness of the writer as well as the stubbornness of Uncle Peter.

There is also the inscription on a stone in Fell's Churchyard in Pennsylvania which would seem to indicate that things military were more important to the writer than things spiritual. This example is a match for Fulke Greville's lines in what Mr. Smith calls 'algebraic brevity.'

TO THE MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN FELL
A PATRIOT, A CHRISTIAN
A FRIEND OF WASHINGTON
AND A FRIEND OF GOD

I cannot resist adding one more quotation which I believe Mr. Smith will enjoy — in case he does not already know it — because it establishes the fact that in one instance at least Old Mortality was remembered by Young Mortality: —

HERE LYES YE BODY OF POOR FRANK ROW
PARISH CLARK AND GRAVESTONE CUTTER,
AND YS WRIT TO LET YE KNOW,
WHAT FRANK FOR OTHERS USED TO DO,
IS NOW FOR FRANK DONE BY ANOTHER.

(From the ancient Benedictine Abbey, Selby, England)

MILDRED MASTERS
Chicago, Illinois

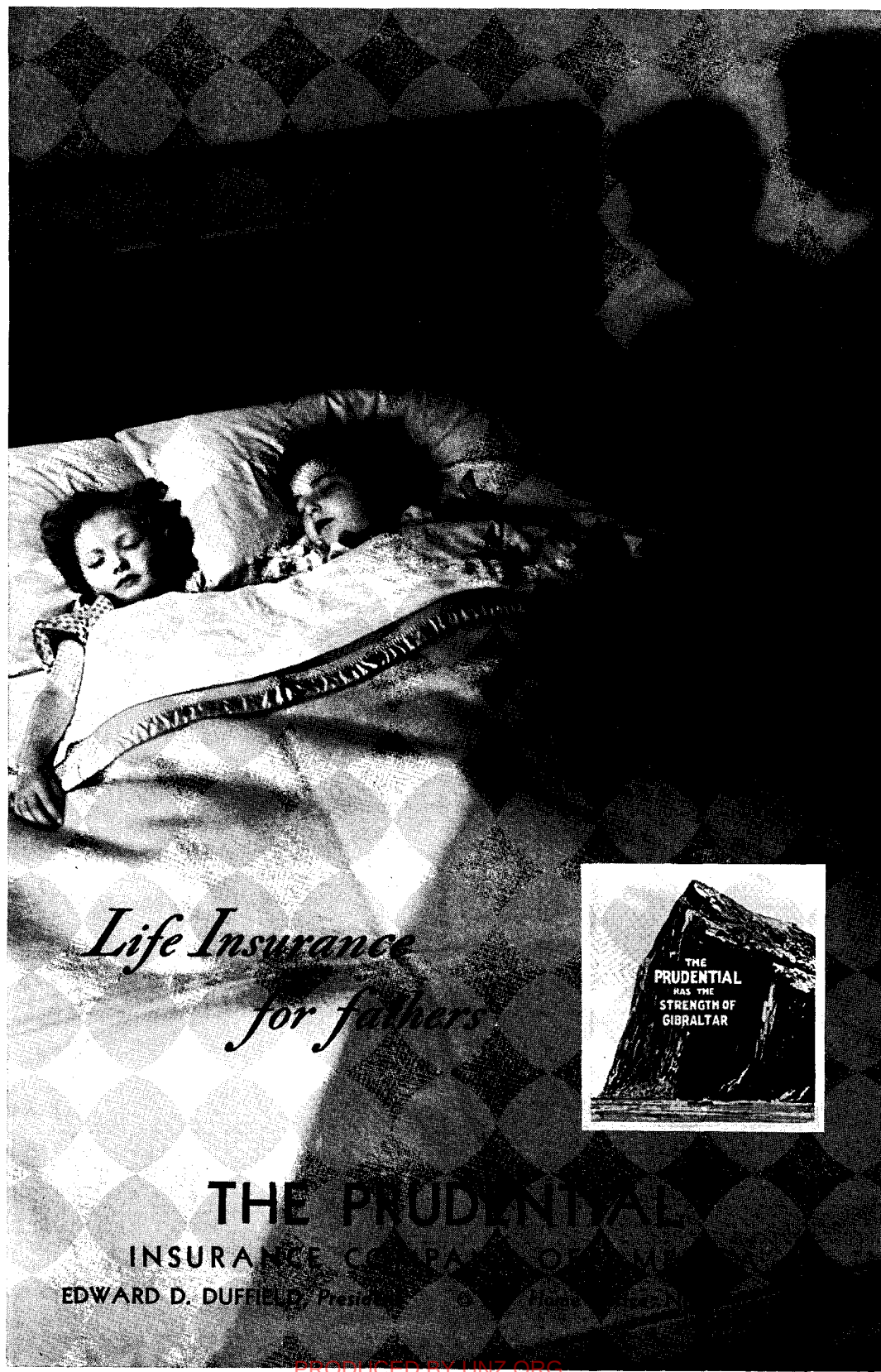
'This man and this woman.'

Dear Atlantic, —

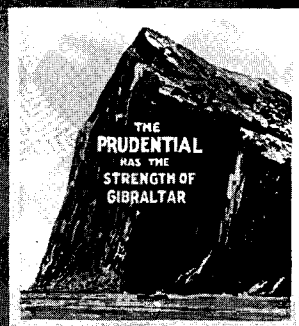
The verses entitled 'Romance' by R. S., in the May number, are charmingly constructed, yet I cannot subscribe to the picture they present; nor can it be admitted that it is typical of the American husband and wife who are still to each other 'this man and this woman' they vowed to be when joined in marriage.

He, having dined well, sits down to the complete absorption of his newspaper, while she gazes wistfully at him through tear-dimmed eyes that see him, again, as the eager, fair-limbed lover of years long gone. Unable, finally, to bear further the change she sees in him, she hastily says good-night and departs with the merest nod from him.

We who follow the sea cannot get that picture. Instead, we visualize the husband standing beside the mantel looking down on her as she sits at the fire and watching her graceful fingers weaving in and out as they knit a garment for a grandchild. How many years, indeed, have those bright needles, so capably guided, created lovely garments for herself, for her children, and now for her grandchildren! Can it really be more than thirty years, he wonders. As he watches her thus engaged, he marvels at the love that has been knitted into every stitch.



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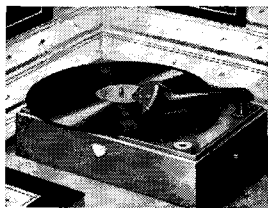
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She looks up and catches his eye. 'You must be glad that all those weeks of manoeuvres are over and that they went so well, as the papers say.'

'Yes,' he replies. 'It is good to be home.'

'I heard from all the children during the week. They are well and send their love to you.'

Their love? It is *her* love through them, is his thought.

'I saw Janet's husband in Callao. He showed me such a happy picture of their little girl whom we have never seen.'

'We'll get a copy, I know. This dress is for her. When it is finished, I will start on a sweater for that bright little boy in Boston — your namesake.'

Thus, together their mingled thoughts go back to the days when, as a bride, she 'followed the ship' and life was gay and young. Separations there were, of course, and many of them, and always hard to bear; but ever present was the joyful anticipation of return.

She has dropped her knitting and her hand lies lightly on the arm of her chair. He leans over and takes it in his as he says, 'Come, darling, let us turn in now.'

This is the picture as we reconstruct it. Call it sentiment, if you will. It is far more enduring than that. But for Heaven's sake do not call it romance, that word whose meaning has been prostituted throughout our land in this day of uprooted basic values.

W. T. CLUVERIUS
'U.S.S. Argonne,' At Sea

The following telegram delivered to the Atlantic office shows that at least one keen reader was on the track of the 'Harvard Homicide.'

Jupiter Jones
8 Arlington St. Bsn.

PONDER ALL NEW YORK STORIES IN MARCH THREE BOSTON NEWSPAPERS SLADE MUST KNOW OF FRAUD INVOLVING FITZGERALD SINGER AND RENIER RENIER SURELY LITTLE MAN WHO INQUIRED WAY TO HALLOWELL HOUSE LOOK FOR STOLEN OR BOGUS MADONNA AT FOGG AND FAIRCHILDS WILD HUNCH HADLEY YOUR MAN DONT LET FULLER GET AWAY

HENRY T. CHAMBERS
Bristow Record

'For one half hour only.'

Dear Atlantic, —

I have just made the acquaintance of 'Jupiter Jones' in the main branch of the New York Public Library, where force of circumstances compels me to do my magazine reading temporarily. I was principally intent on reading 'Bread Line,' recommended to me by a well-to-do friend who assures me she will never again, as long as she has a dollar, refuse a beggar a coin.

Though I should like to be the first to pass along the news, some of your other Manhattan friends no doubt have told you that in the periodical room of the Main Branch of the N.Y.P.L. the current number of the *Atlantic* is tagged 'for one half hour only,' which brings me to the humiliating confession that on sighting this notice I shamefully quit Mr. Sedgwick with his sword and fan, lured to the back of the book by 'Jupiter Jones.'

LUCY MERRION SHIEL
New York City

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In fact, he often delays until he needlessly pays a price which wrecks all or most of his plans. Frequently, his children are forced to wend their own way through life—restricted in opportunities, deprived of promised aid.

And it's too bad, for it is so easy for every Dad—for every man—to insure his plans, simply by insuring himself against these common contingencies.

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Dear Atlantic, —

As you know, on all the big liners it is customary for ladies of wealth to drop about the ship the jewels most dear to them. That this custom holds on this voyage and this ship is shown by advertising notices 'Lost.' Someone misses a string of priceless pearls, another a brooch of large diamonds, another a ruby bracelet.

But in larger letters, amid these cries for the return of lost jewels, burn the strong and simple words: 'Lost. A copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*.'

Yours with appreciation,

HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE
On board 'Aquilania'

And again Africa speaks.

Dear Atlantic, —

No, no — it was very naughty of you to publish the letter from Mrs. Theo Hewitt on 'Housekeeping in Rhodesia' in the July *Atlantic*. I don't blame Mrs. Hewitt one whit for writing the letter; but to have it published hurts every one of us who have come with our husbands to this fascinating Africa or followed them after they have taken root in this soil.

I do not know housekeeping conditions in Southern Rhodesia, but I can't think they are very different from here in Kenya. When I was footloose and a frequent victim of wanderlust, I wandered through South Africa, through Southern Rhodesia via Bulawayo to the Falls, and out via Salisbury and Beira. At Salisbury, — at Miel's Hotel, if my memory is right, — when I came down to dinner, being a lone female, I was put at table with three other women. I was accorded delightful hospitality by two of the ladies and gradually I heard their stories.

The first was the wife of a farmer. He had been a clerk, she a school-teacher, and their future had seemed void, so they risked everything and took a small farm in Rhodesia. I wish you, and Mrs. Hewitt, could have heard the pride in her voice, as she told how her husband's lands had grown in size and productiveness, how his name was adequate security for any amount with the banks in the district, and how all the children were in very good schools. Her health, she said, was not so good just then, but nothing to complain of. She waved to me as she drove away with her husband the next morning, happy to go back to the farm.

Then came the story of the wife of a mining engineer. Life had been very rough as she had known it. Her husband had worked hard, too hard, and had had more than his fair share of malaria, and yet she had nothing to complain of. Her husband had made his fortune while they were still young. They would soon return to England; their house was already picked out in the South of England. They would retire, develop a hobby, and enjoy each other. In a few years they had made and saved more than many would have made in a lifetime at home. She had stood beside her husband always, not stopped in England as so many wives did.

Then the other lady at the table started. There was not one good word she could say for the whole continent of Africa. She hated it. There were no lectures, there were no concerts, no high-brow conversations, no art exhibitions — nothing but tin

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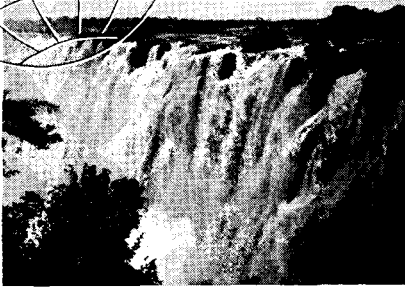
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shacks and dust. At that moment the two ladies of Rhodesia said good-night and left the table. I stayed and tried to defend Africa, which I knew then only as a traveler; tried to argue real versus artificial pleasures. So now I have wasted a whole evening scolding you, dear *Atlantic*. However, I argue not as a wanderer, but after living in Kenya for seven years.

I adore Kenya. I love the gaudy gardens where everything blossoms at once. In this room are roses, chrysanthemums, peach blossoms, and Easter lilies, and in the dining room are roses, carnations, and phlox. I dare not give you a list of the flowers in the garden, bordered with dahlias the size of soup plates. Bananas, peaches, passion fruit, apples, loquats, and avocado pears shelter seedling beds. I have no idea what the names are of half the flowering shrubs along the drive. I love the purple mist in the valleys when the jacaranda trees are in blossom; the sudden splashes of color of the flamboyant; coffee trees in flower like snow or orange trees. I love being lazy, and sitting in a large chair and shouting lustily for a boy to come and close a door rather than move and do it myself. I hated to have to clean my own shoes while I was at an English coast village for a holiday two years ago. I hate split families, but that must be put up with until the coffee and the family are a bit older, and this is really a wonderful place to bring up a family — verandah playrooms, and hours out of doors every day all year long, to say nothing of fresh fruits and vegetables in the garden year round. Then, of course, there is a very special thrill on fine mornings, when far away to the north I can see the pinnacles of Mount Kenya's eternal snows on the equator.

So please don't run down this fascinating, little-known Africa of ours. There are many of us who love it, and although the housekeeping is rather different from that I used to know and there are drawbacks, there are compensations as well, and I personally would hate to have to live anywhere except right here on a coffee farm in Kenya.

MARY E. F. CROWTHER
Kyambu, Nairobi

Postscript to 'Old Abe,' Raiser of Funds.

Dear *Atlantic*, —

Having read Charles D. Stewart's delightful paper on 'The American Eagle,' in the July issue, I am moved to remind him that although Shakespeare may not have said anything about the bald eagle's astonishing downward plunge, Tennyson has observed it: —

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

But the real matter which prompted me to write this letter is Mr. Stewart's brief mention of the work done by the Wisconsin Eagle in the Sanitary Fair of 1865, held in Chicago. That wonderful \$16,000, a great sum for those days, was raised by Alfred L. Sewell, head of a printing firm at 138 Lake Street. Mr. Sewell thought of an army, an Eagle Army, a children's army; almost overnight he formulated his plan. It was necessary that he should be commander in chief, — there had to be one, — but he utilized all the titles from lieutenant general down to corporal.

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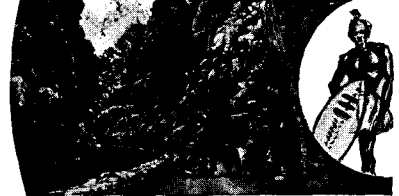
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South Africa abounds in beauty and marvelous sightseeing, travel is comfortable, the climate delightful, and the people are charmingly hospitable.

And there's a wonderful plus attraction this fall—the big Empire Exhibit at Johannesburg, the "Golden City," celebrating its Golden Jubilee and the marvelous progress of South Africa.

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BARGAIN at Navojoa



This photograph was taken at Navojoa, on Southern Pacific's West Coast Route to Mexico City. The Indians here weave beautiful sarapes in brown, blue and white designs, and sell them to passengers on the train for ridiculously low prices.

Navojoa is one of dozens of romantic little villages that dot the West Coast of Mexico Route. To these towns, the arrival of our train is the day's biggest event.

When you go to Mexico, use the West Coast Route one way. See Nogales, Guaymas (site of Southern Pacific's luxurious new resort, Playa de Cortés), Navojoa, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara.

Westerners take through air-conditioned Pullmans from Los Angeles to Mexico City. Easterners take our famous *Sunset Limited* or *Golden State Limited* and meet these Pullmans at Tucson.

For literature, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. AM-10, 310 South Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. For prize-winning booklet "Mexico," with large map in full colors, enclose 25¢ in stamps or coin.

Southern Pacific

He had silken badges printed with a likeness of the Wisconsin Eagle on each and a suitable title. Any child or older person who sold one picture of the Wisconsin Eagle became a corporal, and proportionate sales brought proportionate titles, until some enthusiastic children earned very distinguished titles.

Mr. Sewell brought the plan to the attention of a great many newspapers, and the children sprang to it with utter enthusiasm and loyalty. That feeling was kept up by Mr. Sewell's own inspiring letters, — not many could write better letters than his, — and responses with small enclosures of money began to pour in, soon to be followed by much larger enclosures. The presses were kept busy almost day and night, for the time was limited in which the children could work. Special help was employed to take care of this onrush of mail. The most careful work of human hands and brains was put to the task of sorting, classifying, crediting, sending out badges to the enthusiastic children — sometimes also to many more mature. That is how it was done. And \$16,000 was cleared above all expense, and donated to the Sanitary Fair — a large sum for those days.

EMMA K. PARRISH
Western Springs, Illinois

Dear Mr. President: —

All we know out in the country is what they say in them city papers. Lately we read hicks like us livin' in the country towns, villages, and cities still make or break Presidents, and that if you get another spell in office it will be because we want you. Is this true, Mr. President?

What in land sakes do you mean by sayin' the Constitution is a relic, a relic of horse-and-buggy days? Down our way, Mr. President, we all still got horses and buggies, old-fashioned ways, and American traditions. Did you think them days was over?

You could sure learn a lot from boardin' out in the country a spell. You would see how much time we got for everything, even changes in the government. Maybe we live too slow, like the city folks restin' up here say. But we do stay healthy. You Washington boys, rushin' by hell-bent for election, never see how nice and easy things are goin' here. Why don't you stop a spell, Mr. President, take a rest from them red-tie boys drivin' from the back seats and let things kinda settle down?

You'll admit things are gettin' pretty bad down South when we start agreein' with them Republicans. Take this business about the Constitution bein' a relic. We looked in the dictionary and it says 'relic' is somethin' left behind; the remains; the corpse. The boys don't like the sound of that at all, Mr. President. And this same book says our Constitution is all the physical and vital powers we got; also all the fundamental organs the government's got. Was you plannin' to bury them with other relics — say like us horse-and-buggy folks?

Write me quick, Mr. President, and let me know what you're goin' to do about it — the Constitution, I mean.

Your nervous country correspondent,

BERT COX
New Market, Virginia

P. S. Don't send no red-tie brain busters to explain. The boys don't like 'em.